THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustr Magazine
Founded . Franklin

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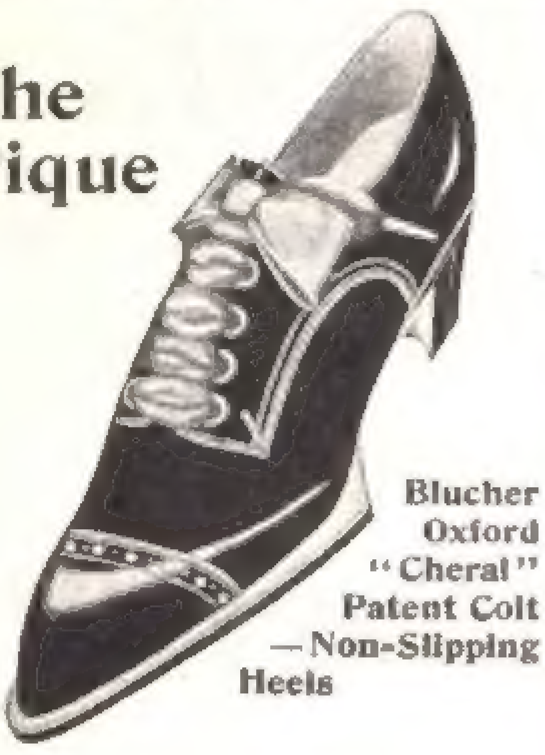

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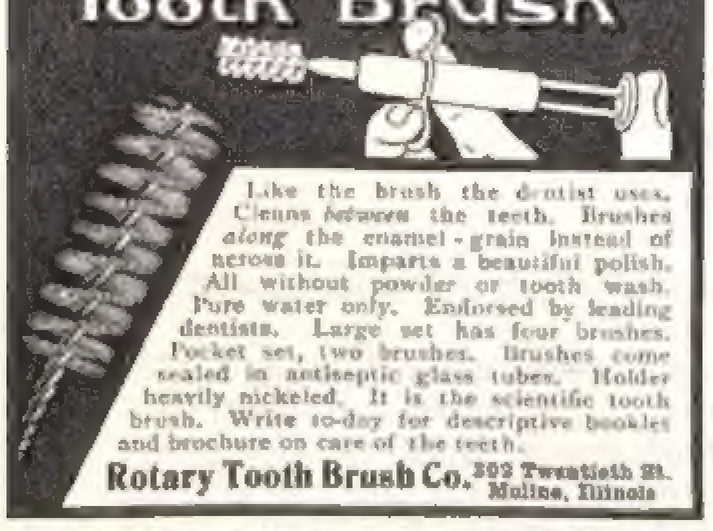

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Rotary Tooth Brush Co. 302 Twentieth St. Moline, Illinois

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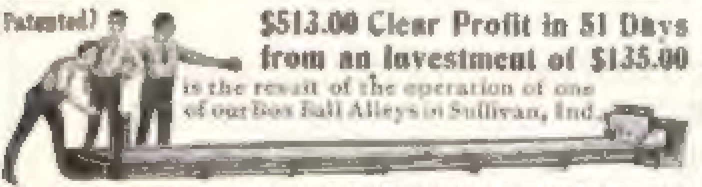

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week — save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile — when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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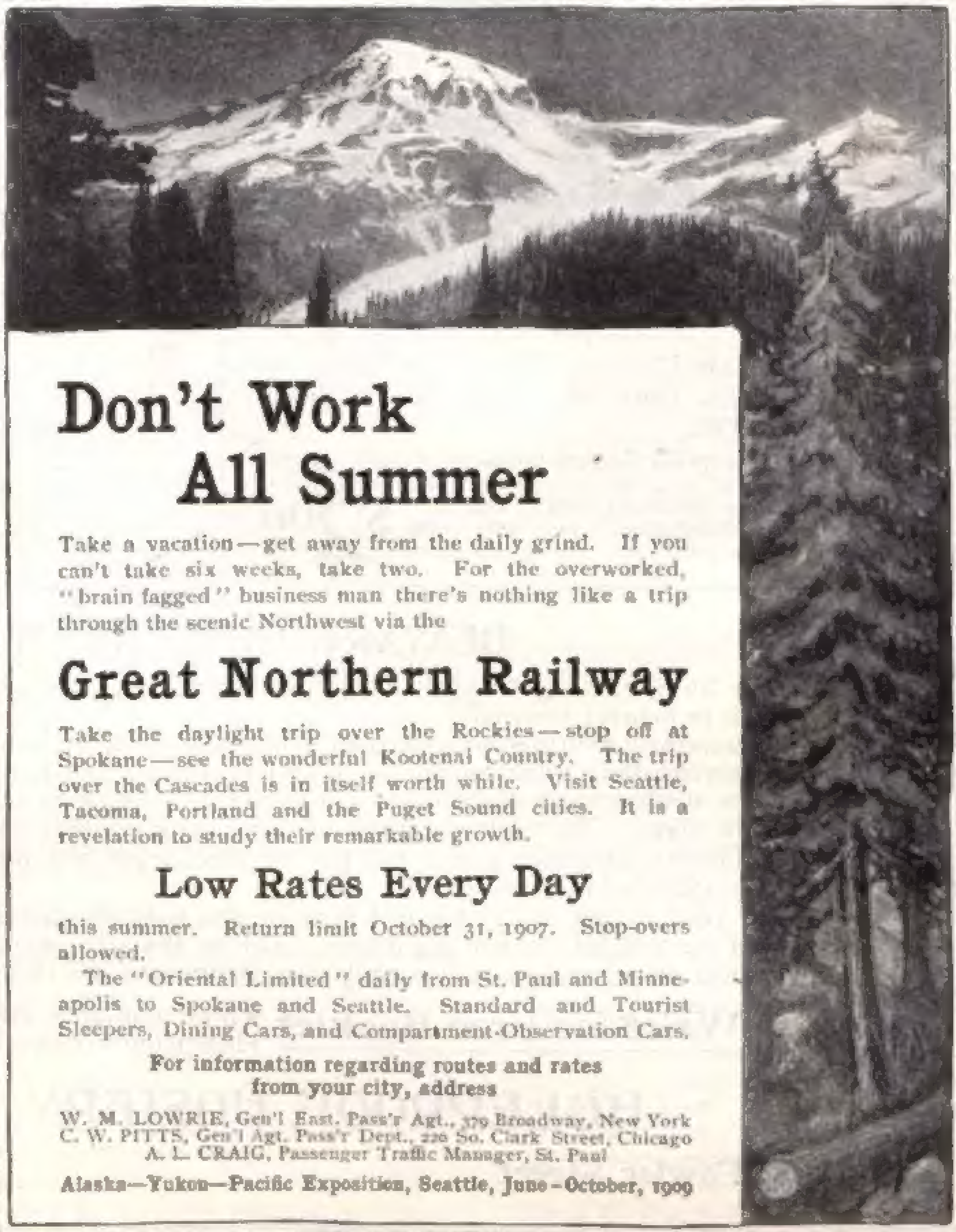
"The bitterer the better." That was, and to some extent still is, the point of view of the people who are their own doctors. Don't you remember the terrible teas that were forced down your youthful throat? Will you ever forget the asafetida, the camomile and the boneset? Dr. Woods Hutchinson, eminent as a physician and entertaining as a writer, has prepared for us an article on the uses and abuses of home doctoring, which we shall soon publish.



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The "Oriental Limited" daily from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Spokane and Seattle. Standard and Tourist Sleepers, Dining Cars, and Compartment-Observation Cars.

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Alaska—Yukon—Pacific Exposition, Seattle, June–October, 1909

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LITHOLIN

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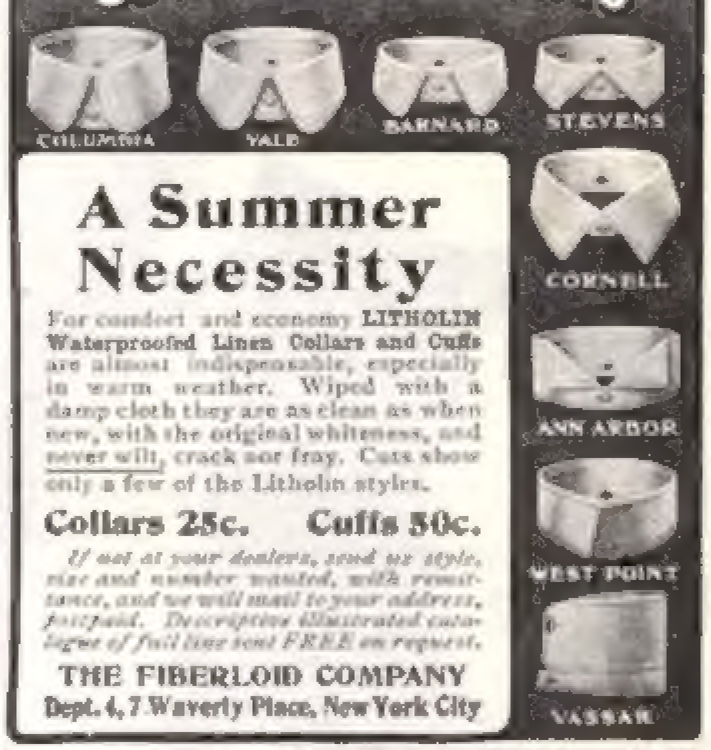

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Largest Retailers Indian-Mexican Handicraft in World

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No Fuse! No Fire! No Danger!

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Money back if you want it.

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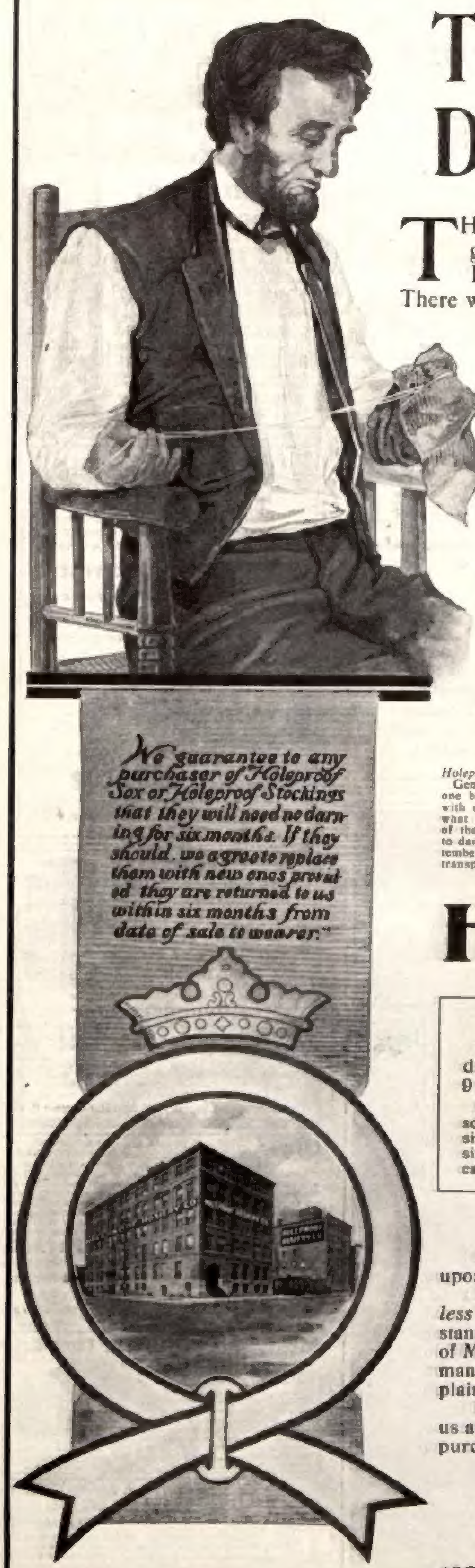

"We guarantee to any purchaser of Holeproof Sox or Holeproof Stockings that they will need no darning for six months. If they should, we agree to replace them with new ones provided they are returned to us within six months from date of sale to wearer."

They Say That Lincoln Darned His Own Sox

THAT was half a century ago, long before Holeproof Hosiery was invented—guaranteed to wear six months without holes.

People were compelled to put up with many inconveniences in those days. There was some excuse for Lincoln, but there is *no excuse for you.* For Holeproof Hosiery can now be obtained in almost every city in the country.

Are Your Sox Insured?

It is no longer necessary to wear the ordinary stockings, which have to be darned after you wear them a few times; and consequently irritate your feet and spoil your temper, until you have to discard them.

Holeproof Hosiery is knit by a special process and the parts subject to the hardest wear are reinforced with specially-spun, long-fibred yarn.

They are as soft and flexible as any hosiery you ever wore. As no mending is necessary, your feet are comfortable until the stockings are worn out.

Few articles of wearing apparel are so frequently renewed as stockings. Why not make the Holeproof test, and convince yourself that *this* hosiery is really the most satisfactory and the most economical you can possibly buy?

READ WHAT THE WEARERS SAY

Holeproof Hosiery Co. Newton, Iowa, May 30, 1906.

Gentlemen — Enclosed herewith find $2.00 in payment of one box of Women's Holeproof Stockings, as per ad herewith enclosed. Stockings to be entire black No. 9. I know what the Holeproof Sox are and so thought would try some of the stockings for myself as it seems so nice not to have to darn my husband's socks. He got a box of you last September, and they are fine. I notice in this ad that you pay all transportation charges. Yours very truly,

Mrs. Ralph Cunningham.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. Pullman, Wash., May 15, 1906.

Gentlemen — Please find enclosed P. O. money order for $2.00 for which I wish you would send me a half dozen, all black cotton, men's socks, No. 11. A year ago last February, I bought a half dozen of these socks from you and I am wearing them today. I have never been able before to secure a sock that would last a month without wearing holes in them. I can honestly say that the goods you put out have no equal.

Respectfully yours,

Royal P. Jarvis.

Holeproof Hosiery

Men's Holeproof Sox

Fast Colors—Black, Tan (light or dark), Pearl and Navy Blue. Sizes, 9 to 12.

Egyptian Cotton (medium or light weight) sold only in boxes containing six pairs of one size—assorted colors if desired—six months' guarantee ticket with each pair. Per box of six pairs **$2.00**

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Egyptian Cotton, sold only in boxes containing six pairs of one size—assorted colors if desired—six months' guarantee with each pair.
Per box of six pairs . . . **$2.00**

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Dishonest manufacturers are attempting to profit by our success, and are offering *worthless imitations* under names as near like Holeproof Hosiery as they dare. In some instances, dealers even claim that such goods are *made by the Holeproof Hosiery Company* of Milwaukee. We wish to emphasize most strongly that "Holeproof" is the only brand we manufacture, and each and every pair of Holeproof Sox or Stockings bears our trade mark plainly stamped thereon.

If your dealer can't *or won't furnish* you with the *genuine* Holeproof Hosiery, write to us and we will fill your order direct. Tell us the size, style and color you want, enclosing purchase price, and we will supply you, *prepaying all shipping charges.*

Write for Free Booklet which contains many interesting facts about Holeproof Hosiery, testimony of wearers, etc.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY
402 Fowler Street Milwaukee, Wisconsin

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Volume 179 PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 15, 1907 Number 50

A Six-Cylinder Courtship

BY EDWARD SALISBURY FIELD

THE romance of my life began when a puff of wind landed a speck of dust in Jimmie Redmond's left eye. It was an obstinate speck of dust; Jimmie winked and rubbed and went through all the approved motions, but he couldn't dislodge it. So I tooted down Lexington Avenue (we had just made the run from Ardsley) to the corner of Thirty-fourth Street, where Jimmie hopped out and entered a drug store. I don't know whether druggists take a special course in it, but they always seem to be able to remove a speck of dust from a fellow's eye.

The first thing I did, then, was to put on my goggles. I'm awfully thankful I did, too; for that instant Fate turned the corner and tried to throw dust in my eyes. Instead, I threw dust into the eyes of Fate.

I don't remember whether Fate was rated a goddess in the classic literature of yesterday or not. If not, times have changed, for my Fate *was* a goddess. Bewitchingly slender and *petite*, with a vivid, alluring face and the nicest eyes in the whole world, she stopped beside the car. And when she asked me a question, I threw in my mental clutch so awkwardly that I seemed, for a moment, to have stripped my transmission-gear of speech. There I sat, like an idiot, my hands on the steering wheel.

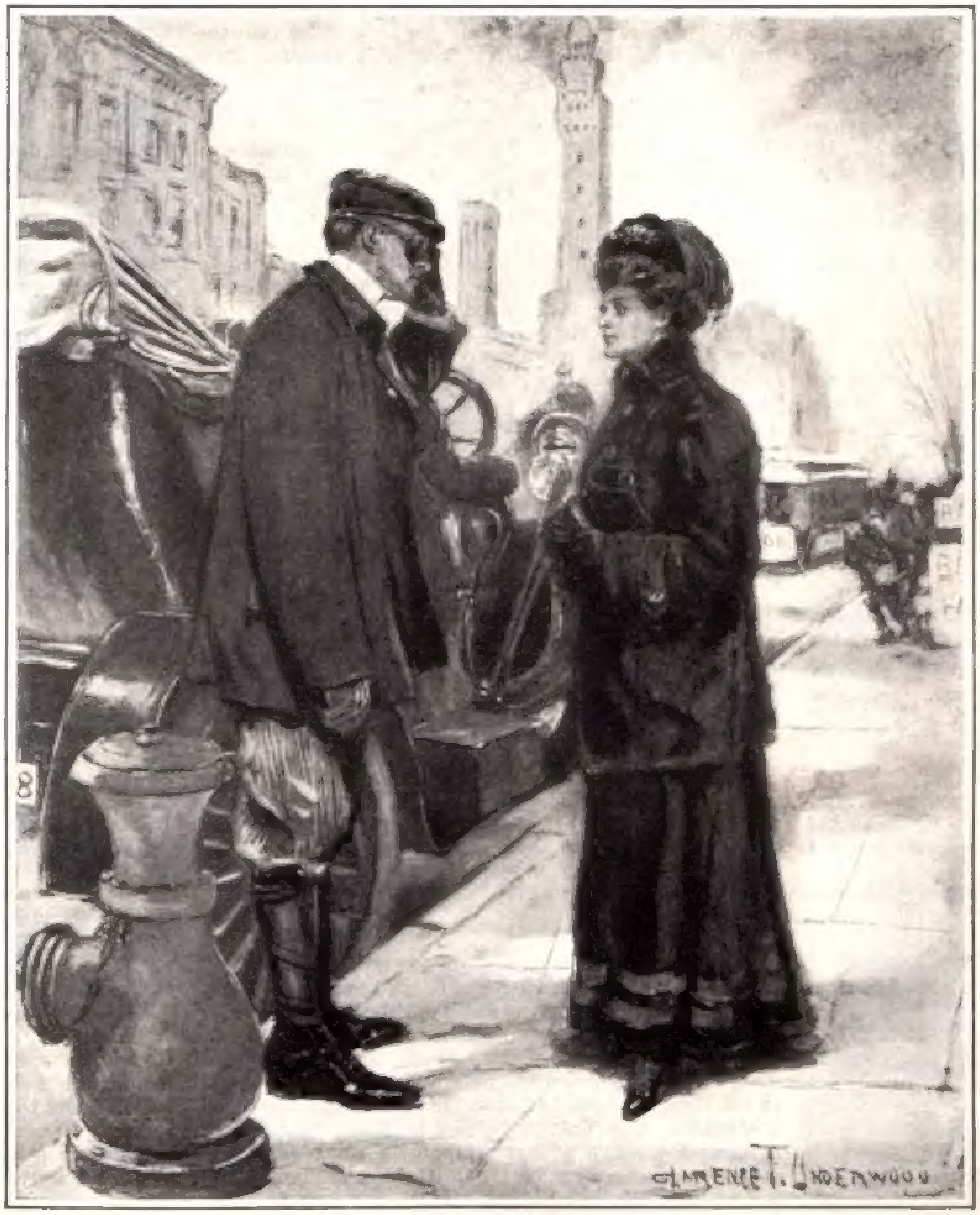
Then she repeated her question, and I was conscious of being towed into Heaven by an angel at the rate of six thousand miles per minute. This mad burst of speed, however, did not prevent me from answering her question. "Yes, miss," I said, "this car is for hire."

"It looks like a good car," she observed, "and I'm in a great hurry."

With that I leaped to the sidewalk and opened the tonneau door.

"Where to?" I asked, touching my cap.

She gave me a number on Fifth Avenue.



"Where to?" I Asked, Touching My Cap

Scared pink for fear Jimmie Redmond would appear, I lost no time in starting. What a blessing that I hadn't killed my engine! I rounded the corner on to Thirty-fourth Street (I had stopped my car on Lexington Avenue) with the caution of a timid mariner rounding the Horn; Jimmie Redmond was the rock on which I feared to wreck, and I prayed, as only a heathen can, that I might make the turn with no mishap. Past the lamp-post on the corner, past the Thirty-fourth-Street entrance to the drug store. "The gods are kind," I thought, and threw in the high speed.

"Hey, Billy!"

I glanced over my shoulder, and there was Jimmie, racing after me.

As if that wasn't enough, the girl called my attention to him. "Somebody seems to want you," she said.

"Yes, miss," I acknowledged, opening the throttle wider.

"Aren't you going to stop?"

"No, miss."

"But it may be important."

"It isn't, miss."

"I must insist on your stopping," she said. "At once," she added, as she saw I made no motion to obey. And that with Jimmie a whole block in the rear!

I suppose I might have lied to her—might have invented some excuse—but I didn't. In the first place, I could think of no proper excuse; in the second place, her command to stop was so imperious that I dared not disobey, for fear of spoiling everything. You may scorn me as one entirely lacking in plausible invention if you will, but who, pray, can plan rapidly when his mind is filled with vexatious thoughts? I was far too busy cursing Jimmie to execute a brilliant *coup*, much less plan one.

I had, however, one flash of inspiration—a primitive flash, perhaps, but, like all primitive things, begot of common-sense. There is an axiom in the world's manual of tactics, gospel alike to soldier, sailor, chauffeur and second-story man; it reads: "If you can't run, face the enemy."

Of course, when my fair passenger had insisted that I stop, I had stopped; whereat Jimmie Redmond, who by this time had probably quite given up hope of catching me, took heart and jog-trotted toward us. Then it was I executed this most excellent manœuvre, in accordance with the axiom before mentioned, and turned sharply round.

"Perhaps I had better find out what he wants, miss," I remarked in my best anything-to-oblige-a-lady manner, as we crawled slowly toward the enemy.

"Thank you," she said.

Jimmie Redmond is supposed by his friends—some of his friends—to be a man of unusually quick perceptions. But of all the stupid, blundering asses —— !

As he came toward us he was nothing more nor less than a human interrogation mark—questioning eyebrows, questioning eyes, and why-in-thunder-did-you-leave-me? written all over his face. That the girl didn't read the whole story at a glance was nothing short of a miracle. Perhaps Fate threw some dust in her eyes just then. Or perhaps —— But I'll leave that for you to decide.

There is another axiom in the world's manual of tactics which reads: "When face to face with the enemy, intimidate him if possible." This I most earnestly sought to do. When within twenty feet of Jimmie I leaned over the wheel, and, sheltered from the adorable eyes of my most adorable passenger, scowled threateningly, shaking my fist the while. If I hadn't needed one hand to steer with I'd have shaken both fists.

While I cannot say much for Jimmie's perceptions—that is, much that is complimentary—my attitude, so alarmingly belligerent, undoubtedly impressed him. He stopped short and gazed at me like one in a dream—an unpleasant dream.

Though puzzled, he was, alas! as miserably interrogative as ever; his eyes and eyebrows were quite as questioning. The one mitigating feature in his conduct was that he let me speak first. Even there, perhaps, I am too generous; I might better say that I spoke first.

"Did you wish anything, sir?" I asked as I brought the car to a halt at the curb.

"Well, really, old chap ——" he began.

"Did you wish anything, sir?" I repeated, with a menacing look in my eyes.

"Er—I don't know," he stammered feebly.

"He doesn't know," I said, turning respectfully to my passenger.

"Of course I know!" Jimmie declared indignantly.

"Of course you know, sir," I agreed. "But if it isn't important, I'd like to go on, sir, as this lady has hired the car. No offense to you, sir."

"Oh, if it's like that!" said Jimmie.

"Very well, sir. Good-day, sir."

We left Jimmie standing on the curb, the picture of astonishment.

II

ONCE more we started on our way toward Fifth Avenue. The beautiful girl in the tonneau may have been a bit suspicious of me; I do not know. Certainly, Jimmie had done his best to spoil everything. But had he succeeded? And what was everything? I might wait at the corner of Lexington Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street till my tires rotted, and yet never lay eyes on my passenger again. I could scarcely hope for a repetition of this charming adventure.

But, surely, there must be a way. Supposing I were to cut rates? No matter how rich people are—she didn't look a bit poor—they enjoy getting things at half price. I would make her a price of two dollars and a half an hour. That might arouse her suspicions, but what woman ever allowed her suspicions to stand in the way of her getting a bargain? "Two and a half, marked down from five! If that doesn't fetch her, nothing will," I thought. Then I stopped the car, for we were in front of the shop she was seeking, a millinery shop. That settled it; she *was* rich.

As I descended from the car to help her alight, I caught a glimpse of myself, mirrored in the window. While indistinctly reflected, the glimpse was most reassuring; a more disreputable-looking person would have been hard to find. Indeed, I was almost too untidy to look professional; what with dust (Jimmie and I had repaired a puncture on the road) and grease (I seem to have a genius for rubbing against grease) I was a sight to behold. My goggles added the last touch. There was no doubt of it: I was the real thing.

"I sha'n't need you any longer," she said, as she stepped to the sidewalk. "How much is it, please?"

"A dollar, miss. My rates is two dollars and a half an hour."

"Isn't that unusually cheap?"

"It's half rate, miss."

"Do you charge every one that?"

"Oh, yes, miss! And I makes more money than any of them, for I never has to hunt far for customers. Would you be wanting me again?"

"Why, I don't know," she replied thoughtfully.

"If you ever want me, here's my number," I said, taking a pencil from my pocket and writing hurriedly on a piece of crumpled paper. "Just ring up 1582 Madison, Number 7, and ask for the Reliance Garage, and Bill Snow. Thank you, miss. Good-afternoon, miss."

And so I left her.

With the first dollar I had ever earned in my pocket, and with love in my heart, I tooted up the Avenue, round the corner at Fifty-sixth Street and into my garage—the Reliance Garage.

"Sha'n't I take you home, Mr. Snowden?" asked little Jerry Spinner, my guide, philosopher and friend in the gasoline world.

"No, thanks, Jerry," I replied. "I'll walk."

My apartment was only a square away, and, after tubbing and a complete change, I'm sure my beautiful patron of the afternoon wouldn't have believed me if I had revealed my identity.

But two things remained to be done, and the day was complete. "Collins," I said to my man, "if anybody rings up and asks for Bill Snow, that's me."

"Very well, sir."

"And no matter what time of day or night they ring, you must call me."

"Yes, sir."

"And, if they ask if this is the Reliance Garage, you're to say it is."

"Very well, sir."

"And, Collins ——"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't let me start out without telling you where I'm going, so you can reach me in case any one telephones."

Later, as I was leaving for the club to look up Jimmie Redmond, I was greatly amazed and equally angry to be interrogated by Collins:

"Where is it this evening, Mr. Snowden?"

"Where is what?" I asked sharply.

"I mean where are you going, sir?"

"By all the powers!" I exclaimed, "this is ——" Then, suddenly remembering, I told him where I was going, for the sake of Bill Snow.

That's all, I think, except that Jimmie was devilish coy, disposed to unpleasant comments. The little beast!

And, yes—I might as well confess it, I suppose—I kissed the dollar she had given me before going to bed that night.

III

TO BE the biggest frog in your own particular puddle has long been considered an enviable distinction. And there are no end of puddles: the Wall Street puddle, the College Settlement puddle, the Society puddle with its miniature eddies and whirlpools, the Cherry Hill puddle, the Mulberry Bend puddle —— In short, New York, from the Battery to the Bronx, is a series of puddles. And in the centre of every puddle is a prize frog—big, complacent, all-powerful, an uncrowned king.

It is not without a certain pride, then, that I announce my own pretentions; for behold, I was, at this time, a prize frog myself, quite in the centre of a puddle of my own. Not the puddle of my club, where, truth to tell, I have always been rated rather a small frog, but in the more exclusive gasoline puddle of my garage, where, as the patron with the most expensive car, the largest monthly repair bill and the reputation for liberality in the matter of tips and other gasoline gratuities, I was considered a very big frog, indeed.

The proprietor of the garage—the Reliance Garage—recognized my superiority in countless ways, much to the disgust of owners of less expensive cars. Jones might rave about his brakes for a week, and Smith might rage at the condition of his carbureter till he grew black in the face, but William Snowden, Esq. (that's me), had only to suggest, and his suggestions were repeated as commands; Jim would stop work on Jones' brakes, and Pat would drop Smith's carbureter and attend to Mr. Snowden's. Which was awfully nice for Mr. Snowden, but rather hard on Smith and Jones.

I had, however, one real friend, the smallest frog in the puddle, who did not eye my change-pocket wistfully, who did not carry his penchant for perquisites into the field of grand larceny—Jerry Spinner, a cheerful, little Irishman, with fiery-red hair and a heart of gold. He was my crutch in the hour of short circuits, my beacon of hope on the dark sea of chewed-up bearings, my oasis in the desert of stripped gears. To him I looked for guidance as a child looks to its father; to him I turned for light as a flower turns to the sun. And Jerry never failed me.

If I were to paint a picture symbolic of Truth, Honesty and Patience I would not paint an anæmic damsel with a torch in her hand and a laurel on her brow; I would paint Jerry in his dirty, blue overalls, his grimy hands, his grease-smudged face. Good old Jerry!

It is not to be wondered at, then, that I should turn to Jerry at this time, particularly as my happiness was so plainly dependent upon gasoline. At an early hour next morning—eight o'clock it was, and that's fearfully early—I had Collins ring up the Reliance Garage and request the proprietor to send Jerry to my apartment at once. On his arrival I guardedly bared my heart to him.

"You see, Jerry, it's like this ——"

"Yes, sorr."

"I want my car to stand up and run as she's never run before."

"Yes, sorr."

"And I can't bother about any repairs."

Jerry looked doubtful.

"I want you to have her full of gasoline, and cylinder oil, and everything she needs, so that I can have her at a minute's notice. She must be as clean as a whistle, and her brass work must outshine the sun."

"Yes, sorr."

"I may not want her for two or three days, but I may want her within the hour. And when I do take her out, the instant I bring her in again she must be refilled and cleaned. By the way, here's five dollars; it doesn't belong to me, so it must be yours."

Jerry smiled beatifically.

"And Jerry?"

"Yes, sorr."

"Don't let anybody touch her unless you're standing by."

"Hadn't ye better write a line to the boss, sorr? There be a new boy on the floor, and I misthrust the looks uv him. And there's me day off to be consithered."

There was wisdom in Jerry's suggestion, and I adopted it. Having dispatched the note and Jerry, I proceeded to kill time; at least I tried to kill it, but only succeeded in disabling it so that it crawled haltingly. I read the newspaper through without skipping a single advertisement—hotels, theatres, rooms to let, boys wanted, swaps, second-hand clothing bought. Truly, a dreary business. I played three games of Patience.

Quarter to ten! Would the telephone bell never ring?

Then I thought of possible complications. I might get caught in some engagement or other if I answered any telephone calls. To avoid this danger, I instructed Collins to tell everybody who called or rang up, with the exception of the person asking for Bill Snow, that I was out of town.

Ten o'clock, and the telephone bell rang. I bounded hopefully out of my chair, only to hear Collins say: "No, Mr. Redmond, Mr. Snowden is out of town."

Then nothing happened for an hour.

Eleven o'clock found me desperate. Twelve o'clock found me more desperate. Why, oh why didn't my fair passenger of yesterday ring up Bill Snow?

At one o'clock I was hungry, yet dared not go to the club for fear of meeting Jimmie Redmond, who had been told that I was out of town, so I had luncheon in my apartment.

At two o'clock Wallie Stuart rang up, and another member of my club was informed that I was out of town. Well, I could get back to town in time to have dinner at the club, at any rate.

At three o'clock I sent Collins down to buy half a dozen books, which shows how up against it I really was, for I never read books. Collins returned with two automobile and four detective stories. The man who wrote the first one had never seen an automobile. The man who wrote the second one had only seen a catalogue. The detective stories were not so bad. I chose the red one because my car is red, and it was a corker; I forgot all about Bill Snow and was tracking bandits through the Sierra Nevada Mountains on snow-shoes —— Then the telephone bell rang.

I waited with my heart in my mouth, only to hear Collins answer: "No, Mr. Redmond, Mr. Snowden hasn't returned yet."

After being interrupted, I couldn't get interested in my bandits and snow-shoes again, so, tossing the book aside, I fell to considering my case and feeling sorry for myself. Here I was, Love's prisoner, a captive in my own apartment, a slave to my own telephone, by George! I stalked up and down, moody and depressed, till I happened to glance toward the window.

Thank Heaven! It had clouded up; it looked like a thunderstorm. Nobody would want to go riding in a thunderstorm. Bill Snow was free till to-morrow.

That's all. Only coming home from the club that night I nearly gave the cabby the dollar I had kissed the night before.

IV

I SLEPT till nine the next morning, and on waking made a dash for the window to see what sort of day the gods had sent me. It was a ripping day, just the kind of day for a beautiful lady to go shopping in an automobile, so I jumped into my bath, whistling, and sipped my coffee and broke my egg with enthusiasm. I even read the paper with interest, and, on the whole, was as egregious an optimist as one could find in a day's journey. Had my old nurse been by she would have remarked that "Mr. William had got up on the right side of his bed."

"I'm out of town again to-day, Collins," I announced.

"And Mr. Snow?" asked the polite Collins.

"Bill Snow's on deck, same as yesterday. And pray remember that this particular apartment is the Reliance Garage."

"Very well, sir."

And so I sat on one comfortable chair, my feet on another comfortable chair; and my thoughts wove delectable dreams: A knight in splendid armor (that was me), with a magnificent dollar in his pocket (did knights have pockets in their armor?), was walking down a pleached alley, leading by the hand a glorious divinity in pale-blue brocade. Somewhere in a thicket a nightingale was singing, and the air was redolent with the perfume of roses—and of gasoline ——

Then the telephone bell rang, and I shot out of my chair just in time to collide with Collins, who had bounded in from the next room.

"Don't apologize!" I entreated. "Answer the 'phone!"

Spurred on by my expression of impatience, Collins took down the receiver. My head whirled dizzily with happiness, for Collins was saying: "Yes, madam, this is the Reliance Garage."

"When she asks for Bill Snow, I'll talk to her," I whispered.

Collins' face now assumed a puzzled expression.

"Anything wrong?" I asked feverishly.

"I'm afraid so, sir."

"What is it? Quick!"

"Why, you see, sir, the boy at the exchange desk downstairs must have been listening, and he had to chip in."

"Go on," I commanded.

"And when I told the lady that this was the Reliance Garage, he said, 'Aw, it ain't either, it's the Luxor Apartments.' And then ——"

"Yes, and then?" I demanded fiercely.

"And then, sir, he cut me off."

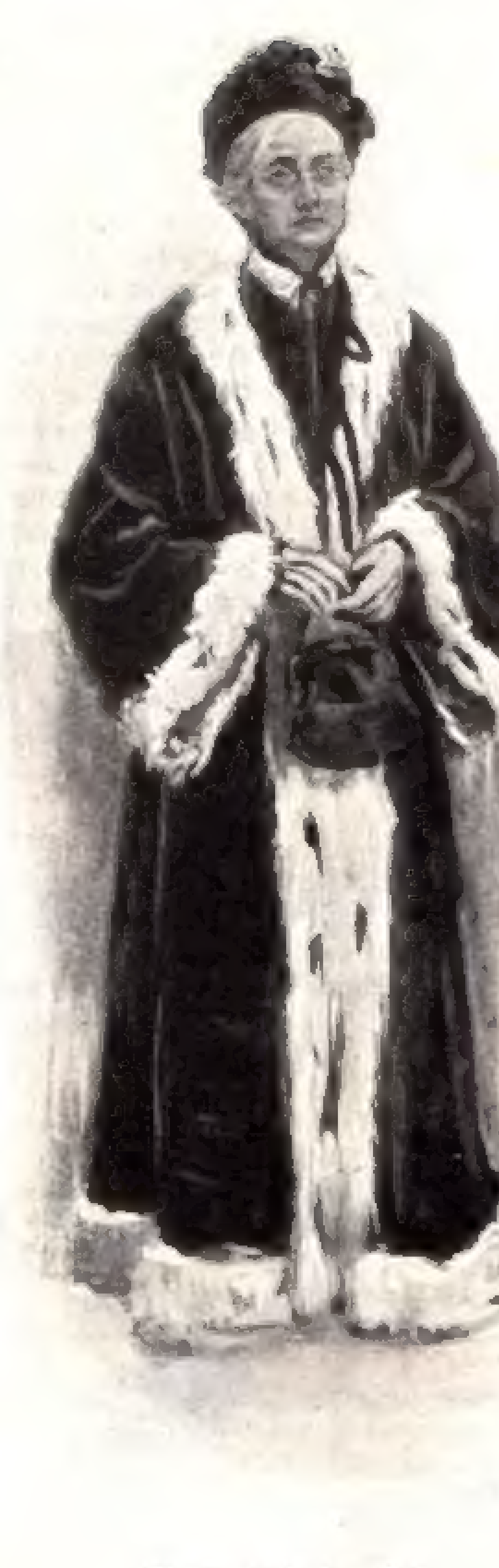
I know now how Napoleon felt when he was defeated at Waterloo, how Julius Cæsar felt when he was stabbed by Brutus. For me that moment was the epitome of all the tragedies of all the centuries. There wasn't a wretched Buttons in the whole apartment house that hadn't been tipped by me to the point of affluence. And now I was betrayed, just at the moment of my greatest triumph. Betrayed! Stripped of my dreams! Robbed of my romance!

But by all that was holy and unholy—it should not be! I would conquer Circumstance. I would snap my fingers in the face of Fate.

"Collins," I said in a strained, unnatural voice, "go downstairs and strangle that young devil at the telephone desk until he looks dead. Then hold a five-dollar bill before his eyes until he revives. Then tell him that Apartment Number 7, 1582 Madison, is the Reliance Garage. Also, instruct him to impress this bit of exclusive information on the night boy, and the boy who relieves him during the noon hour. Now go!"

V

DID you ever stop to think what a fiendish invention the telephone is? Some days it drives you nearly mad with its constant ringing; again it drives you quite mad by its silence. You wish that Mrs. Johnson wouldn't



Was I to Take Auntie?

ring you up, and she does. You wish that Miss Johnson would ring you up, and she doesn't. You go out for an hour, and on your return are informed that Mr. Bellaire has telephoned.

"Did he leave any message?"

"No, sir."

Then you fall to wondering what on earth Mr. Bellaire wanted.

Nothing that Mr. Bellaire has said or done in the ten years you have known him has ever interested you, yet now your curiosity is aroused. What in thunder could he have wanted anyway?

Finally, you can stand it no longer. You call up Bellaire at his club, at his office, at his house—only to learn that he wishes you to attend one of his informal, dreary, little dinners, to meet a long-haired Russian, who has written a novel you've never read.

Then you lie politely, while inwardly you curse Bellaire, curse yourself for being such an ass as to ring him up, and resolve never, never, never to do it again. But to-morrow finds you equally curious, and correspondingly asinine.

It is easy enough to evolve a telephone philosophy now. But as I paced the room in my apartment that morning, hoping against hope that the Lady of My Heart would make another try for the Reliance Garage—1582 Madison, Number 7—I was far from being a philosopher. Instead, I burned with a mad rage toward all little boys in brass buttons, and was possessed with a primitive desire to wreck every telephone office in town. Indeed, I longed to go for the telephone companies with an axe.

My one consolation arose from the fact that Collins was supposed to be strangling the boy at the desk downstairs. Even there, however, I had my doubts; Collins was so uniformly gentle and good-natured. There's a lot in that old saying: "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself."

Then the telephone bell rang, and on taking down the receiver I heard the sweetest voice in the world asking: "Is Bill Snow there?"

"This is Bill Snow."

"Is your automobile engaged for this afternoon?"

"No, miss."

"Will you come to No.—, Central Park West, at two? Two sharp, please."

"Yes, miss. Who shall I ask for?"

"For Miss Standish."

"Very good, miss. I'll be there. Good-by."

Would I be there? Would Bill Snow be at No.—, Central Park West, at two P. M.? Just wouldn't he, though?

And her name was Standish! Mrs. William Snowden—*née* Standish! Once more my castle in the air was complete. Mrs. William Snowden—*née* Standish! But it was quite necessary that Bill Snow should come back to earth and get busy.

The first thing I did, then, was to ring up the garage and tell Jerry Spinner that the car must be ready for me at half-past one.

When Collins showed up a moment later, I was a regular human sunbeam, radiating warmth, happiness and contentment into every corner of the room.

"I hope you didn't hurt the poor, dear lad," I said.

"Well," said Collins, and his eyes twinkled, "I estimate that the finger-marks on his throat will wear off in a few days, sir."

"A five-dollar bill makes an admirable poultice—eh, Collins?"

"It do, indeed, sir."

I spent the rest of the morning deciding what clothes I should wear. When a man's in love he naturally wants to look his best when appearing before his divinity, and that was the one thing in the world I dared not attempt. I finally settled on an old brown suit. Then I asked Collins for a needle and thread.

"Is it something I can do for you, sir?"

"No, thank you. Just a threaded needle, please. And I want the thread to be strong, you understand."

"Silk, sir?"

"No, just thread."

I made a clumsy job of it, perhaps; but when I had finished, the magic dollar, the dollar She had given me, the round dollar of Destiny, was sewed snugly into my waistcoat pocket.

"No risk of spending you now, old chap," I murmured, as I patted the pocket affectionately.

VI

AT THE garage I found Jerry Spinner giving an extra rub to my gas lamps. I'm sure it was affection that prompted him to do it, for no car ever shone more resplendently; the brass-work would have done credit to a man-of-war, while the beautiful red body was like satin—faultless, shimmering satin.

I tell you, it makes a fellow's blood tingle to look at a car like mine, and feel that it belongs to him; a car that will start on the direct drive, a car that will race a railroad train or jog contentedly behind a milk cart, a car that can make a steep hill ashamed of itself; a wild, dashing car that eats up the miles; a faithful, sweet-running car that purrs like a pussy-cat! To own such a car is to own a kingdom; the driver's seat is a throne, the steering-wheel a sceptre, miles are your minions and distance your slave.

To be sure, there are sixty horses to manage, and sometimes they buck, sometimes they balk. But that isn't often. And when you have them well in hand there is nothing you need fear save brass buttons and a helmet, a nail, or a bit of broken glass on the road.

If ever a car ran sweetly, mine did that afternoon. I rang the bell at No.—, Central Park West, with the timidity of a butcher's boy who, having found the area gate fastened, has ventured to deliver the mutton chops by way of the front door.

A gloomy-looking man in livery answered the bell.

"The automobile for Miss Standish," I announced briefly.

He regarded me coldly, and, after a disapproving glance at the car, shut the door in my face.

Ten minutes passed—ten miserable, doubting minutes! Then the front door opened, and a dear, little, old lady in lavender silk came slowly down the steps, attended by the gloomy man in livery.

My heart sank. Wasn't *She* coming? Was I to take Auntie and the pet poodle for an airing?

As if in answer to my thoughts, a maid now appeared leading a black poodle of the Russian variety, fearfully and wonderfully shaved, with a woolly head, a bare back, muffs on its legs just above the ankle, and a tassel on its tail.

By this time I was ready to scream with rage and disappointment. I almost forgot to touch my cap; I quite forgot to open the tonneau door, and the manner in which that blackguardly Beau Brummel from below-stairs did it for me was at once a lesson in deportment and a reprimand.

The little lady in lavender was now safe in the tonneau, the black poodle beside her. After bowing respectfully, Beau Brummel and the maid had withdrawn to the house, closing the front door.

Once more Fate had slapped me in the face. No wonder my cheeks burned! Two lines of derisive doggerel I had heard somewhere ran mockingly through my head:

Smarty, Smarty gave a party,
And nobody came.

I've strained at gnats and swallowed heaps of camels in my day, but I've never swallowed harder than I did over that poodle.

Smarty, Smarty gave a party,
And a black poodle came.

The little lady in lavender was probably her aunt. I pulled myself together with an effort. "Where to, madam?" I asked.

"Nowhere, yet," she answered. "We are waiting for my niece."

I have never quite understood how I managed to keep from flinging myself into the tonneau and embracing her, then and there. And the black poodle's presence in the tonneau meant that *She* was to sit on the front seat beside me.

Then the front door opened, and a delicious figure in a blue broadcloth skirt and an enchanting Russian pony-skin jacket floated down the steps. From her smart toque to her trim little boots she was perfect. What a dear morsel of womankind she was—hardly five feet two! How soft and black her hair! How unexpected, those blue eyes! Blue eyes and black lashes. I felt like a gawky young giant as I helped her into the car.

My orders were delightfully indefinite: "Out Riverside Drive, perhaps, and twice through the Park. It was such a beautiful afternoon. And don't go fast, please; Auntie is a trifle nervous about automobiles."

The drive was a dream. That afternoon I learned many things: *Her* name was Marian. Marian Standish—what a delightful name! Marian Snowden—how infinitely more delightful! Auntie was Aunt Elizabeth, and the black poodle answered to the name of Tou-tou. I drove so carefully that Aunt Elizabeth wasn't a bit nervous. Safe, sane and conservative, that was Bill Snow in a nutshell.

We made the round of the Park twice. I saw at least fifty people whom I knew. But there is little or no harm in a passing bow, especially when the recipient fails to acknowledge it.

I thought my time had come, however, when, caught in a crush of traffic, I found myself alongside Mrs. Larkin-Pryor's victoria. Not that I was afraid of Mrs. Larkin-Pryor. But who should be sitting beside her but Jimmie Redmond!

"Hullo, Billy!" he bawled, raising his hat.

"How do you do, sir?"

Mrs. Larkin-Pryor turned and stared, then waved a fat hand. "When are you coming to see me?" she called.

"To-morrow, ma'am," I replied hastily.

Thank Heaven! The carriage ahead of me was now moving. How I hated Jimmie, and how I loathed Mrs. Larkin-Pryor! What would the girl beside me think?

"You seem to be very popular, Bill."

How delicious it sounded to hear her call me Bill! And how I lied! Ye gods, how I did lie!

"Well, you see, miss," I explained, "I used to work for that gentleman who spoke to me, before I went into business for myself. And the lady with him has just bought a new automobile, and wants me to teach her how to run it."

"I see," said Miss Marian Standish.

That was all she said, but what was it she saw? Did she see deceit? Was my name Bill Snow—or was it Mud?

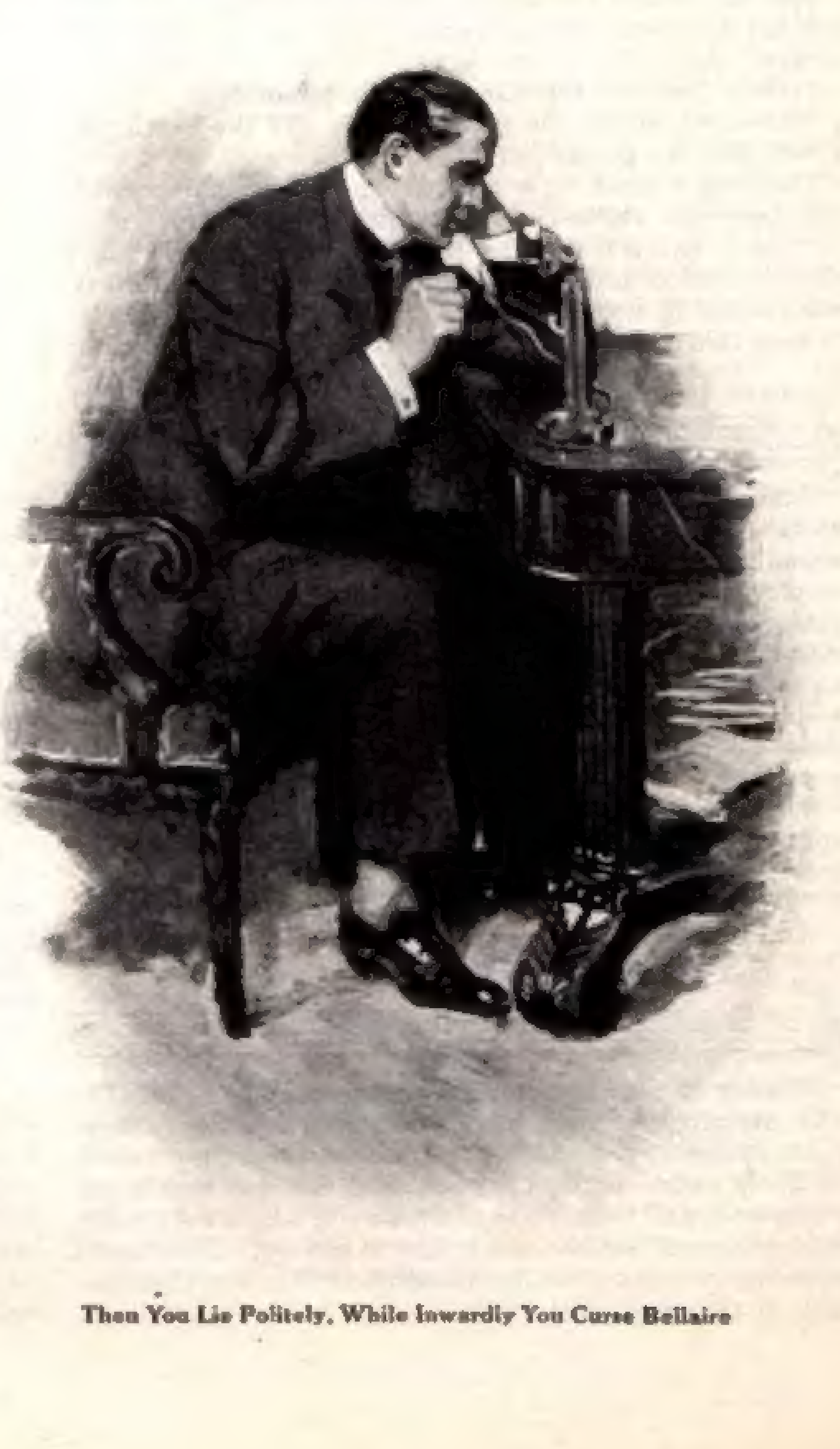
VII

The poet who wrote:

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all,

wasn't such a dry, old bird as his other poems might lead one to believe.

Not that I admitted for a moment that I had lost—I wouldn't lose; I was resolved to marry Miss Marian Standish, whether my name was Mud or not. If I couldn't win her as Bill Snow, I'd woo and win her as William Snowden. And even in New York, where money is such a



Then You Lie Politely, While Inwardly You Curse Bellaire screaming necessity, William Snowden, Esq., wasn't considered a bad match. The social barometer always registered fair weather when he turned up; mothers with marriageable daughters beamed at him approvingly and invited him to dinners and to the opera, to their boxes at the Horse Show, to pink teas, to all manner of inane and unattractive entertainments.

Oh, yes, William Snowden was a popular young man! But that didn't help matters a bit. The one important thing was: What did *She* think? If she thought at all, it was probably that Bill Snow was a careful driver, that his car was an unusually good model, and that his rate of two dollars and a half an hour was ridiculously cheap.

To be a chauffeur in a million is an undoubted distinction; to be a chauffeur with a million borders on burlesque. Yet I wasn't conscious of my absurd position at the time. As I tooted into my garage, after returning from the threshold of Heaven, No. —, Central Park West, I felt at once hopefully despondent and despondently hopeful. It would all end right. It had to end right, that's all there was about it.

"Did ye have a good run, sorr?" asked Jerry Spinner.

"Splendid, Jerry! Splendid!"

"Be ye going out this evening, sorr?"

"I think not."

"To-morrow's me day off, Mr. Snowden. I thought I'd better be reminding ye uv it."

"All right, Jerry," I replied carelessly, "just fix her up as usual. You might try a voltmeter on that wet cell, and be sure and have a good time to-morrow."

"Now, about that new boy I was telling ye about—him that got a job here last week. I misthrust him, Mr. Snowden."

"Nonsense, Jerry; you'd mistrust your own grandmother!"

I dined that night at the club, hoping to kill two birds with one stone, the two birds I had in mind being a good dinner and Jimmie Redmond. Although the good dinner was forthcoming, Jimmie Redmond was missing, dining out somewhere, no doubt. Among the letters in my box I found an invitation for the week-end, a nice, jolly invitation written by that treasure among women, Mrs. Tom Studleigh. At the bottom of the last page was a postscript by dear old Tom himself. Tom and I had been friends since our callow college days—good old Tom!—and Mrs. Tom was a brick. If I got beyond my depth in this Bill Snow affair, I'd count on her to pull me out. She was just the person who would know exactly what to do; nowhere was there a more skilled pilot of the social seas, or one more willing to throw a life-line to a sinking friend.

I decided to accept the invitation provisionally. I could do that with Mrs. Tom. "I'll come if I can," I wrote, "but don't count on me."

I hung about the club till half-past nine, hoping that Jimmie would turn up, for it was high time he and I were having a heart-to-heart talk. I had resolved to throw myself on his bosom and appeal to his sense of chivalry. That meant, of course, that I should have to take him into my confidence. I didn't relish doing that a little bit, but the little beggar seemed to have a genius for appearing on the scene at precisely the wrong time, and if I didn't muzzle him at once there was no counting the damage he might do. I waited another half-hour. Still no Jimmie!

At ten minutes past ten Wallie Stuart strolled into the green-room and suggested we run over to the Casino for the last act of Flirty Gerty, with supper at Sherry's afterward. I accepted with alacrity, not that I cared for Flirty Gerty or supper at Sherry's, but anything was better than just hanging about and waiting.

Flirty Gerty bored me almost to extinction, and at Sherry's —— We handed over our hats and coats, and made for the table Wallie had thoughtfully engaged. Before I had taken ten steps, however, my eyes fell on a party of four, seated at a table on my right. I gazed at them in utter amazement, then turned and fled. For the four people were Aunt Elizabeth (Marian's aunt, you know), a handsome-looking chap whom I had never seen before, Marian herself, and, sitting next to her and chattering away like a little ape, was Jimmie Redmond.

That settled it; my name *was* Mud. In one brief and startled glance I had witnessed the demise of Bill Snow.

As for Wallie Stuart, he never did learn what became of me that night.

VIII

I SPENT next day in my apartment. Of course she wouldn't ring up. Jimmie Redmond had settled Bill Snow's fate the night before. Yet I couldn't help hoping, for at heart I knew Jimmie wasn't a spoil-sport; I was

(Continued on Page 32)

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE

Why it is What it is, and Wherein it Should Not Be

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

AT A LONDON dinner-party one night, when the leaden mace of a sad and wordless dullness was heavily laid upon us to augment the depression wrought by a villainous cook, I was suddenly aroused from incipient slumber by a young woman seated directly opposite.

She had leaned forward and, addressing the man at my left, an American, she said suddenly in a voice that had a razor edge:

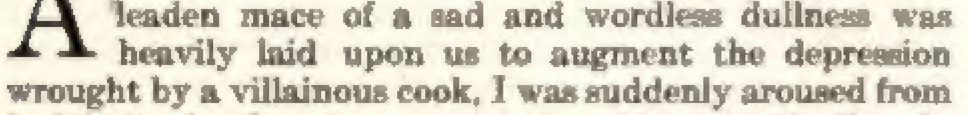
"Have you *seen* the King's new automobile?"

The words smote the silence keenly like the beating of a bell, and the guests jumped.

Startled, I must suppose, from the traditional suavity, the American writhed visibly in his chair and said:

"No, I haven't *seen* the King's new automobile," and then he added under his breath, "and I haven't *heard* it, nor *smelled* it, nor *felt* it."

Now this is the way the young lady asked her question:

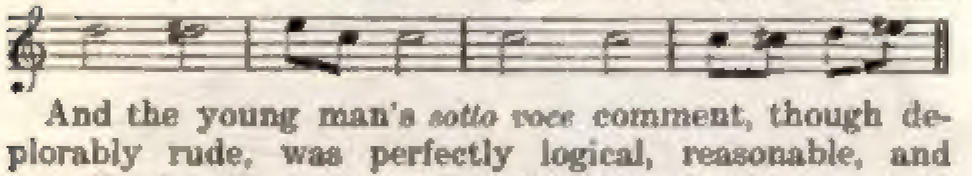


And the young man's *sotto voce* comment, though deplorably rude, was perfectly logical, reasonable, and soundly based on natural principles of utterance and emphasis. For obviously the intended significance of the young woman's inquiry was nothing related to the young man's eyesight: presumably that was good, since he wore no glasses; but only as to whether the King's new automobile had passed under his notice, the machine, and not the seeing of it, being the idea of primal importance in the question.

The next day, going up Fleet Street on an omnibus, a young English clergyman, who was showing London to some foreign friends, said:

"*Take* a last look at St. Paul's. It's well worth while."

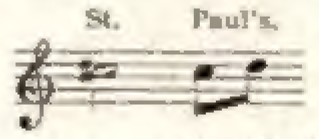
And here is how he said it:



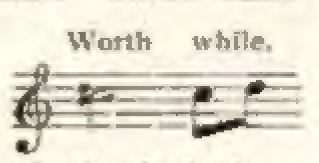
That is to say, he commanded the hearers to *take* the look, seemingly in contradistinction from stealing it, hooking it, grabbing it or holding it—none of which they were at all likely to do—and totally obscured the idea that it was a last look, and that it was at St. Paul's, which were really the important ideas he was trying to convey. They might have many looks at many things, but this was their last look at that particular thing.

"And I Haven't *Heard* It, Nor *Smelled* It, Nor *Felt* It"

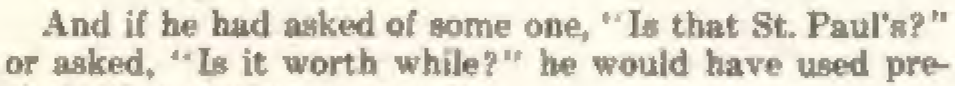
Observe also that he said "St. Paul's" like this:



And he said "worth while" like this:



And if he had asked of some one, "Is that St. Paul's?" or asked, "Is it worth while?" he would have used precisely the same tones, to wit:



Whereas the sense he sought to convey by the injunction, "Take a last look at St. Paul's. It's well worth while," is wholly different from the sense he would seek to convey in the inquiry, "Is that St. Paul's?" or in the inquiry, "Is it worth while?"

Nine in ten among the educated English people would have uttered all of these phrases exactly as the young woman at the dinner-party did. Yet it must be clear that such utterance deprives speech of one of its most valuable aids to the conveying of ideas. Here are a few typical English utterances copied from my notebook:

Do look for my book; I *left* it in the window-seat.

Is the window open? I *thought* I closed it.

Tell James to call a cab. I *want* to go to Paddington.

Is Harriet there? I *want* to speak to her.

Is this the day?

And I say, *bring* your son with you.

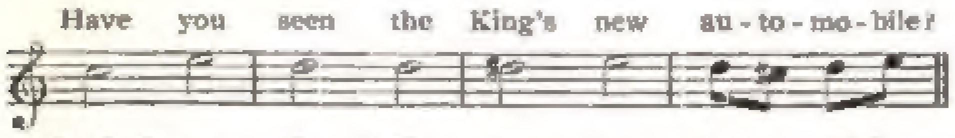
In all of these sentences the distribution of the emphasis will be found on examination to obscure the real meaning; in all it will be found to be most illogical, and in some it will be found to defeat the intended expression. Thus:

"*Is* the window open? I *thought* I closed it."

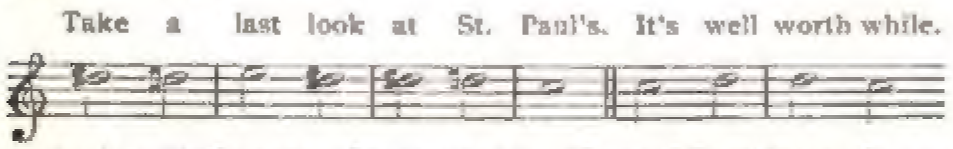
Here the important idea is not the being of the window but whether it is open. And whether the fair speaker thought about it, or only dreamed, suspected, surmised or had an impression, was of trifling moment. The important fact was that whereas she had supposed the window to be closed it was not closed, but, on the contrary, open; a point that she practically obliterated. If the window had indeed been closed, and the one point in dispute had been whether she had thought, surmised or merely dreamed about it, then the emphasis she employed would have been exactly in accordance with the idea she desired to convey; but as she spoke the words the emphasis contradicted the idea. Examination will show that the same principles apply in a general way to the other examples, and to the universal English practice in which the words that receive the most emphasis are the words that have the smallest relevancy to the essential of the thought.

All these observations should be understood as steering clear of the shoal of convention. It is not because in alien ears they sound uncouth or strange that these utterances seem faulty, but for a wholly different reason. After all, few things are harder for men to achieve than with tolerable accuracy and adequacy to transfer ideas from one to another. When they attempt by spoken words to make this transfer they need all the great assistance to meaning that lies in tonal change and emphasis. The words in any average sentence differ from one another in degrees of significant relation to the idea to be conveyed. The emphasis (tonal change) placed upon them determines the relation and often alone conveys the idea. One word can be so uttered with twenty different tonal changes as to mean twenty different things. When the emphasis is placed on the words that have the least significant relation to the idea to be conveyed, or when tonal changes that might readily be used for different meanings are clumsily merged into one significance, speech has lost one of its essential values. Thus, for instance, peoples like the English that ask questions and also make assertions in exactly the same tonal changes have a speech essentially cruder and less highly developed than peoples whose tonal expression is susceptible of wider ranges of meaning.

Here is the first place where the American language differs from the English, and the difference is not merely accidental nor such as might happen in a provincial dialect, but indicates a basic cleavage. By an American the question asked by the young woman at the dinner-party would have been uttered thus:



And the remarks of the young clergyman would have been uttered like this:



And in both cases, laying aside all considerations of custom and convention, the American utterance would have been logically in accordance with the idea that it sought to convey.

This is only one of a thousand citable instances of the growing differentiation. We pronounce differently; with us words the English also use have quite other sounds; we have different constructive methods; we are beginning to have decidedly different ideas about grammar; except in the books of certain publishers we spell differently; and most clearly and unmistakably we are developing a totally different diction.

Listen attentively some time to the ordinary conversation of typical American business men in any city, but particularly in a city away from a seaboard. Compare it the next time you have a chance with similar conversation among a like gathering of English business men. You will find that the two groups have been speaking different tongues. The talk of the Americans has been full of words, terms, phrases, locutions that you never hear anywhere else. Much of it would be utterly unintelligible to Englishmen. Slangy, no doubt; unpolished, very likely; ready, unconventional and possibly a trifle coarse; full of strange words not to be found in the dictionary; but immensely picturesque, strong, virile, nervous, and exactly suited to the country and the conditions of which it is a product.

The Americans have not been talking English. No! They have been talking American, a language vastly better fitted to their use. Take the conversations in the stories of Alfred Henry Lewis or Stewart Edward White.

No Englishman ever spoke anything resembling that language; scarcely any Englishman could well understand it. Yet its perfect reflection of the tongue we know is to us one of the charms the stories possess; it is, to an American, the language of every-day life; something like this he hears and has always heard and will always hear so long as he keeps in his own country and away from the Atlantic Coast. And since language is made from the bottom up and is formed of the speech of masses, we can be quite sure that day after day the foundations are being laid for the future American tongue, that, considering the many sources of its supply and the insistent pressure upon it for condensed and vigorous expression, will probably be the strongest and richest language in the world.

From the German and Latin elements among us we are constantly drawing expressions that, slang at first, eventually work their way into recognized and admitted diction and yet are unknown in England. That fact alone indicates that we have passed out of the normal stage of imitation and are to find our own way and have our own standards. It also indicates that we are to have a speech of unexampled freshness and resources.

Newspaper Language in Two Countries

OR DO but compare the newspapers of the two countries, which is, after all, the best comparison, since the newspaper must always be the accurate reflector of life and manners. It will need but a glance to show that the newspapers of America and the newspapers of England already use different languages. The styles are even further apart than the spellings and the dictions. Those long, turgid and inert sentences that wind their slow length along in the news columns of a London journal—can you conceive of such things in the New York Sun or the Chicago Tribune?

> West-end shopkeepers are unanimous in their condemnation of the new block of shops erected to replace Nash's famous Quadrant in Regent-street. Despite the opposition of the frontagers concerned when the design of Mr. Norman Shaw was first published, the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, who are the ground landlords of practically the whole of Regent-street, proceeded with the erection of the first portion of the scheme, which gives a good idea of what the appearance of the new Quadrant will be like when it is completed.

That is one sweet specimen I found in the London paper I was reading this morning. Here is another, a perfectly fair example of English reporting and English newspaper writing:

> CLEVER BURGLARS AT WORK
>
> The jewellery premises at Perth of R. F. Macaulay were discovered on Thursday morning to have been burgled, and watches and chains, rings, &c., to the value of £1500 stolen. The burglary was evidently carefully planned, as to get access to the shop the burglars forced three doors, cut iron bars, and smashed the window, deadening the noise by smearing the glass with treacle and covering it with cloth. The fact that they left filled gold jewellery and only took articles made of real metal indicates that the thieves are experts.

Spirited, isn't it? The American language contains no such verb as "to burgle," but if really our chief joy is to play the copy-cat we should make haste to add the locution. The warrant for its use is exactly the same as the warrant for spelling parlor "parlour," or for pronouncing past "pahst," or for talking mush-mouth.

The Frenchman Does Not Borrow Words

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" was long an undeserved reproach among us. "Newspaper English" is doubtless bad enough, but "Newspaper American" is a mighty good vehicle. It is usually terse, strong, apt, adequate, and expressive of the idea it seeks to convey. There is no better test of a language. What is wanted as a means of human communication is not speech conformable to the standards of dead men or dying, but speech competent to transfer the ideas of the living. It makes not a particle of difference whether the style of writing in an American newspaper follows the model of Addison or is such as would be approved by dreary dons of Oxford.

The only question worth considering is whether it adequately imbues the mind of the reader with the thought or feeling in the mind of the writer. To do that it must be put into speech that the reader knows, and as most American readers know only American speech, American newspapers are perfectly justified in using that language only. No doubt the language written and spoken in England is good for the people who live there; but it would be very bad for us. There is no reason why we should bother with it except as a curiosity.

We have here a nation of eighty-six million people, rapidly increasing; in wealth and in average intelligence the foremost people in the world. This vast population is drawn from all the races of Europe. The original Anglo-Saxon influence has long been submerged by immigration, climate and conditions. That so great a nation, so formed, should be without a language of its own, or should reverently take its linguistic standards from another people, is absurd.

That our language is different from the language spoken and written in England is nothing against us. Of course it is different; it is made and used by a very different people. There is no more reason why we should regard the usage of England as constituting a model for us than there is why we should try to speak as the ancient Britons spoke. We are not English. We have a nationality of our own. It is high time that we had also a recognized language and recognized standards of our own, and if the learned will kindly cease to try to keep the intellectual swaddling clothes on us, we shall shortly have both. And when we have an American language we shall have an American literature. So long as we walk at the cart-tail of another people's language we shall imitate another people's literature.

Concerning these matters we have been strangely slow in growing up and breaking out of the nursery; though in almost everything else we are not only willing to admit nationality but inclined strenuously to assert it. There is nobody on earth that can teach us to be the political or commercial or industrial vassals of any other nation; in affairs of government we will not take advice from anybody. We have well begun to paint for ourselves, build for ourselves, engineer for ourselves, make our own music, write our own plays, produce our own novels. Why, then, should we continue to teach our children that the only style for our literature is one copied from a community on the other side of the world, or think that by some miracle gross imitation can produce originality? On calm reflection does anything else seem more preposterous?

Consider the efforts through many years of the French Academy to keep the French language French. You would have something of a job to induce Frenchmen to take their language from another nation. Consider the great things the present Emperor has done to purify and specialize the German language of North Germany. He desires that the language of his country shall be its own, not imported nor imitated from nor regulated by the language of any other nation; strictly its own, different from the German of Austria or from any other German, always the German of North Germany, made by and suited to the North Germans. Suppose, for instance, some one should tell the Kaiser that he ought to imitate in his speech the corrupted dialects of Teutonic Bohemia. Would not that be strange? But in reality not so strange as the notion that in any possible way we should take any possible cue for our speech, whether written or spoken, from England.

Isn't it about time to be done with imitation? If "railroad" is the American word, why import somebody else's "railway"? If the American practice is to pronounce it "skedule," why try to learn to say "shedule"? If most of our countrymen are committed to "eether," let's have "eether" for the standard, and forget to try to say "eyether." Store, meaning a place where commodities are for sale, is better for our use than "shop," for it has a distinction in signification that the English do not know. "For rent" is American, "to be let" is English; the American form is shorter and more accurate. Do you suppose you could ever induce a Western farmer to refer to his wheat as "corn," or to his corn as "maize"? Then if, in this respect, his practice is right for him, why are not all his other Americanisms equally right? Can anybody say? Do you think the learned authorities of England can make an American brakeman talk about "shunting" or "throwing the points"?

Why should we wish to change ticket-office to "booking-office," baggage to "luggage," farmer to "peasant," or abandon any other national form of speech? If it is American to differentiate between coördinating and restrictive relative pronouns, let's observe the distinction. We say half-past five, the English say "half after." Let us stick to half-past. Car is good enough for us; we need not learn to say "tram" simply because that is the barbarous English usage. You might as justly call a railroad car a "rail," or a baggage car a "bag." As ninety-nine of every one hundred Americans invariably retain in their speech the old pronunciation of the letter A, why risk our necks trying to make it into an "Ah"? You can no more make the people of the interior say "bahth" than you can make wings sprout upon them. Then why not give it up and make "bath" the recognized American standard and turn the other out upon the waste lands of bad form?

An American Language for Americans

ONCE we were well on the road toward a distinctively American orthography for our American language, an orthography suited to our needs, customs and national peculiarities. Being a busy people and pressed for time, we had dropped from our spellings many redundant, senseless and useless letters still rigidly adhered to in the slow English practice. We had learned to omit the needless u from labor, favor, flavor, honor, parlor, savor, mold and many such words, to discard a superfluous l from traveler and a useless g from wagon, and to shorten in other ways a heavy and lumbering speech, thereby saving valuable minutes and easing the burden of life. We had made that beginning, and there was every likelihood that the progress of common-sense would triumph over the other orthographical lunacies we still recognize. And now the American book publishers have combined to undo all that good work and to bring our language back to the old and moldy moorings. Scarcely an American book now appears in which the British spellings are not reintroduced. The American book publishers have thrown away the national orthography and slavishly taken their standards from Oxford. Labor with them has once more become "labour," favor is "favour," the good old American colors have been hauled down to the English "colours." Why? I hesitate to tell the reason, it sounds so foolish; but after the adoption of international copyright English publishers refused to handle the sheets of American books in which "labor" appeared without the u, and to oblige these liberal and broad-minded gentlemen the national orthography is being remade.

None of the American publishers ever uses the English orthography in his correspondence; nobody sees it in an American newspaper nor in an American letter. So far the only place it can be found in America is in an American book, and it exists there because some bumptious persons in England told us we must adopt it or they would be cross with us.

President Roosevelt's idea of simplified spelling would have done much to help the national language, for there is no chance that the English would have adopted it, and once started upon that road we should soon straighten our orthographical tangles. With great éclat we defeated what was really a wise, useful and patriotic project. Yet in time we shall come to exactly this proposition. The newspapers that every day teach millions are far more efficient instructors than the books few read and none remember, and with total disregard of reverend and obsolete authorities the newspapers are moving steadily toward a national spelling and a distinctive diction.

THE WAGE-WIFE

Who She Is—Why She Works and What She Works For

BY DR. WALTER E. WEYL

A NEW type is arising in American society—the wife who works for wages. It is no novelty for wives to work; they have always labored. But formerly the wife was a housewife toiling at home for the home folks. Now she has left home in search of a job. A million wives have already taken their places in American industry, and their number is constantly increasing.

A million wives earning their own living—a vital fact, this! Nothing could be more important, more far-reaching. The great events that loom large in the public mind—the struggle for tariff reform, for rate regulation, for municipal ownership—all these pale into insignificance beside this fundamental development in the life of the American wife. A million wives laboring for money cannot but leave an impress upon wife and husband and the child, upon home and factory, upon society in general.

Nor is this wage-earning by wives a transient incident, a temporary phenomenon. The wage-wife has come to stay. Her numbers are increasing, in this country and in all countries; increasing faster, moreover, than the numbers of working men or boys, of working girls or widows.

The wage-wife, for the most part, works because she must. The wives of the poor, like the children of the poor, are wage-earners. The negroes, the most destitute element of our population, send a much larger proportion of their wives to work than do the whites. One-fourth of all our married negresses work for wages, mostly as agricultural laborers, laundresses, servants and waitresses. The foreigners in America, being poorer than the natives, furnish to wage-work a larger quota of their wives. But even among the white women native of this country, with parents and grandparents born here, hundreds of thousands live from week to week on the weekly pay-envelope.

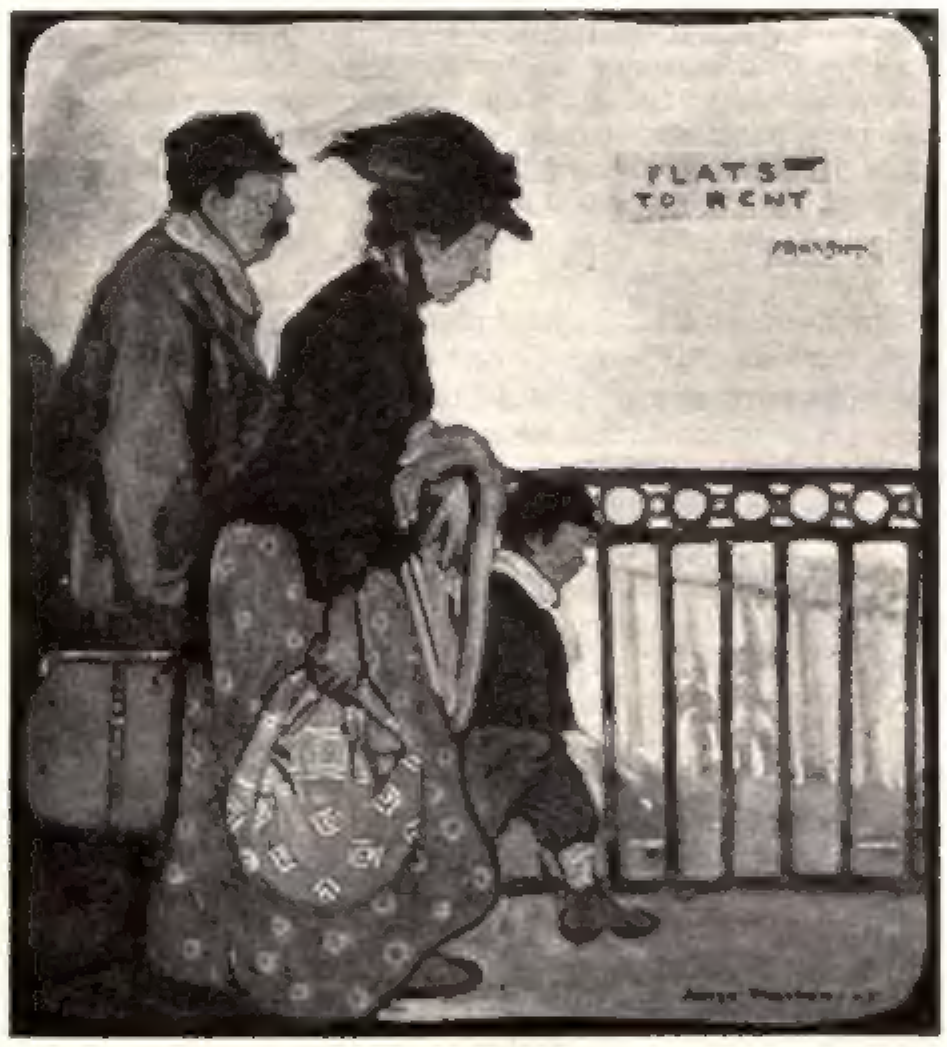
The necessity of the wife's work is painfully obvious to the husband. In great sections of the population, the working-man is no longer able to support his family. His wages, though rising, do not go round. Prices, too, have mounted; trusts are not incorporated to lower prices. The standard of living also has risen; the family demands more, and more of what it demands must be made outside. The father now buys things that were formerly manufactured at home. His wife no longer makes his homespun suit, his shirts, his underwear; she does not, in the majority of cases, even bake his bread. Preserves, canned goods, crackers, preserved meats, pickles and the like, are no longer home products. The factory, which is, after all, nothing but the great, ramified, pervasive, industrial system, has invaded the home. It manufactures cheaper and quicker than the home, and it sends its products into the home to destroy the little home industries that formerly existed.

Like the Devil of mediæval legends, the factory does not confer benefits gratis. It exacts the price. It sends its products into the home, but it takes from the home the women, boys and girls. Already it has taken two million children; it has taken the young girl, the widow and the divorcée; and finally, most momentous change of all, it has taken the wife—taken her and set her to work on farm, in store, in office, in mill, in the house of the stranger.

What's to Become of the Home?

"LET me tell you," said an acquaintance, as he lounged complacently in his library chair after dinner—"let me tell you that the American people will not countenance married women going to work. They will not allow it. President Roosevelt has expressed himself on this matter, and I agree with him. Why, sir, if married women drudge in factories, what's to become of the American home? What's to become of our children? What's to become of the sanctity of marriage, if the husband isn't man enough to support his own wife? It must be stopped," he concluded; "it must certainly be stopped!"—and he brought his fist down on the table.

He was a man of affairs, a lawyer with a lucrative, honorable practice; a successful man, florid, fluent, optimistic. I tried to argue with him, to show that the labor of the wage-wife roots deep in fundamental economic conditions. The factory, our great industrial system, calls for wives, drives them through poverty, pushes them by the irresistible force of an economic law out of the home into the mill, store and office. Through new machines adapted to women, through a change from physical to intellectual and nervous work, brought about by the universal use of machinery, through centralization of industry, through revolutions in the methods of doing business, through our modern industrial education, through the insatiable demand for low-priced labor, sharpened by a fierce competition—through the action of such forces as these, women to the number of six millions, among whom are a million wives and a million widows, are driven, forced, enticed into wage-work. Rebel as they may, they cannot but obey the voice of the factory.



But my companion, full of noble sentiments and a well-considered dinner, reiterated ceaselessly: "It is bad. It is pernicious. It *must* be stopped!" Nor did he cease his protestations against the unwomanliness and unwifeliness of the wife who works for wages, though I reiterated ceaselessly that the wife works not from choice, but from necessity; not because she wishes to, but because she must.

"I Have to Work," Says the Wife

THIS compulsion is omnipresent. I have asked many working wives why, though married, they labor for wages. The reply is a constant iteration: "I have to work"; "My husband can't support me"; "Wages are too low and rent and coal and meat too high." Usually it is unnecessary—even cruel—to ask. One cannot look into white, pinched faces of shivering women carrying babies to a day-nursery in the gray dawn of a snowy morning without realizing how dire is the need that drives these women from home and family.

"It's starvin' or workin'," says a young negro washerwoman with whom I have often spoken. She is a tired, mild-eyed little woman, with ancient pretensions to prettiness, though but twenty-one. She seems weaker than the baby she carries. "It ain't nothin' easy," she told me, "to keep the house, 'tend the little one, and do the washin' and ironin', but it's starvin' or workin'. Mos' of the folks I know *has* to help out, or there wouldn't be nothin' to eat."

The husband of this young woman, though honest and plodding, finds no better work than that of elevator-boy in a Philadelphia apartment hotel. His seven dollars weekly earned in wages and tips do not suffice for rent and food, and more he cannot earn. Like him are tens of thousands of negro servants, waiters, hostlers, janitors, porters and others engaged in menial, trivial or ill-paid occupations. Against these negroes, however earnest and sedulous, the gates of opportunity are locked and barred; even with equal ability (which they rarely possess) they cannot compete on equal terms with white workmen. Many a negro husband earns only five or six dollars a week. Wages remain low; rents and the prices of food rise; there is no making these ends meet. Therefore the children must help, or, if they are too young, the wife must step into the breach. The young negress marries work when she steps to the altar; she submits to a triple yoke when she takes this man for her lawfully wedded husband.

Almost equally onerous lies the family burden upon our immigrants. The low earnings of many Italians and Poles render it impossible for their wives to live without industrial work. The unskilled Italian day-laborer, digging under a sweltering sun in the red earth, earns from a dollar to a dollar and a half a day. During the long winter stretches of idleness, rent, coal, gas and groceries must be paid for as during the open season. The wages of several hundred Italians, husbands of working wives, were recently found to average only sixteen dollars and a half per month, an income which, after deducting nine dollars for rent, left only twenty-five cents a day for heat, light, food and clothes. Even with the earnings of wives and minor children, together with the money obtained from intruding lodgers, the family income remained grotesquely, tragically inadequate to meet the family requirements.

Fatally, inexorably, the factory bears upon foreign and native, upon mothers of Americans, upon daughters of Americans. Married women, sprung from American parents, wives of American husbands, find their way into gainful occupations. Descendants of the Mayflower, potential Daughters of the Revolution, gain, though married, their own livelihood. Perhaps, their husbands are clerks, struggling to make respectability dwell with poverty. The life of these men is pure, poignant tragedy. Conscientious, assiduous, ordinarily intelligent, they are full of an honorable ambition to maintain their families, and yet fail dismally. Perhaps, they lack initiative, some touch, perhaps, of fine unscrupulousness. They are the mediocre, the discomfited, the vanquished, blindly clinging to obscure jobs, unrewarded, unregarded. Pale, ineffectual, disappointed men! They may toil to the point of physical exhaustion, save to the point of physical inanition. Finally a baby added to the family or a dollar to the rent reveals the hopelessness of a single-handed struggle with the factory; once more they discuss in low, tired tones the old, desperately old, question, and then, at last—the wife goes to work. The factory has called.

Sometimes the factory works through the leveled poverty of a whole section of our population; sometimes it works out its purposes through the fault, misfortune or incapacity of individuals. The husband of the working wife may be idle, thriftless, drunken; he may be old, ill, lamed by industrial accident; dull, inert, ignorant, unskilled. Perhaps, he is merely the father of too many children; often it happens that the tiny hands of a newborn babe push a reluctant mother through the factory door. Or the factory sends to its intended victims, the despoiled Egyptians of industry, its ten plagues of human accidents. A husband's sore thumb, an error in figures, a single debauch, a signature lightly attached, and the family is annihilated and the wife sentenced to a life's factory labor.

The Mice and the Lion

SMALL accidents these—mice that ally themselves with the lion—and yet, like Mercutio's wound, they will serve. In a sense, even, they are not accidents at all. Given certain economic and social conditions, and there occurs a certain definite number of calamities destined to drive wives to wage-work, just as in any given population the number of births, deaths, marriages, suicides and crimes are fixed by immutable law and may be accurately predicted. Often these so-called accidents are obviously of the factory's direct making; frequently the factory works indirectly through an individual weakness which it itself has generated. In the face of the tremendous, universal, infinitely subtle influences of our industrial system, personified in the factory, it is difficult to say where, if anywhere, individual responsibility begins.

A certain jovial brakeman, once a boastful fellow, lost his legs through the negligence of a "fellow-servant" whom he had never seen; whereupon his wife went out to work. Another man, easy-going and average, was told on his fifty-fifth birthday that the shop was no Retreat for the Aged. Then there was the paint-mixer. He knew that he was being steadily poisoned; so much his frequent vertigos and the fatal experience of other workers interpreted to him. But because he had a wife and four small children, this man, for ten dollars a week "steady," was willing to buy a chance of death. He can hardly walk across the room, but he still eats and drinks and is to that extent alive. His wife has gone to work in a woolen mill.

In New York lives an Austrian woman who for eight years has supported her blind husband and her three children by laundry-work and restaurant cooking. Before her husband went blind the young pair were happy, ambitious, hard-working, hard-saving. The light failed, the little savings disappeared, the furniture was scattered, and the young couple were thrown upon the pavement. The iridescent dreams of a brilliant future in America shattered on the grim realities. The wife became a worker. For years now she has toiled day and night, she has scrimped, scraped, saved, gone without needed rest and food and clothes; sacrificed her youth and her early good looks. But she has kept her husband and she has kept her children. It has been a good fight, well fought, but not yet won. If she does not become ill, if her strength and endurance do not snap, if no misfortune befalls, she may support the family until that longed-for day when the oldest child will be able to work. Even then the mother's toil, her daily separation from her children, will not cease, but she will, at all events, be at last redeemed from the ghastly, monthly-recurring fear of eviction from the rooms so painfully maintained, in which she lives with children and husband.

Against the onslaught of the factory, drawing to itself the wife and the children, a family divided against itself cannot stand. The woman deserted by her husband must take the place of the missing breadwinner. Often the compulsion exercised by the factory is deeper than appears; the desertion, apparently the cause of the wife's work, is itself caused by a hopeless, fathomless destitution, which, even without the desertion, would have driven the wife to the factory.

Poverty at the Root of Desertion

NOT all desertions, it is true, are due to indigence. Not uncommonly the evading husband is a heedless irresponsible; he dislikes, perhaps, his wife's religion, or her dress, her manners, her female relatives; or he deserts to show an unobtrusive preference for a younger woman. Nevertheless, desertion, which seems to be growing ever more common, facile and irresistible, is due largely to the same causes that force wives into industry. Many deserters, earning small wages at casual, irregular work, leave in despair over the ever aggravating burden of family support; frequently their flight synchronizes punctually with the loss of a job or the birth of a child. The husband himself may be unconscious of the true cause. He is irritated by the sordid penury of his life; the visions of love in a tenement cottage, of love with work, bread, cheese and kisses, fade before the accumulated, petty trials of a monotonous poverty. The wife herself, patient, though perhaps slatternly, the innocent cause of it all, becomes a galling Old Man of the Sea. "Would that I were not married!" is the prayer of thousands, a thousand times a day.

Such a disillusioned husband was a certain Bohemian truck-driver. He had given up his lodge; had cut off his pipe; his beer he had limited to two glasses a day. With all these Spartan economies, he could not maintain his wife and five children. Life dragged; quarrels arose, were settled, arose again. Irritation begot irritation. The wife, unsupported, became insupportable. The honest truckman was aggrieved. "Why should she not work?" he soliloquized. "Everybody else does." He thought of the thousands of other Bohemian wives living laborious days in the neighboring cigar factory. One day he vanished. His wife, unconsoled but convinced, found work at cigar rolling, and, with the diplomacy of the simple woman, speedily, though indirectly, informed her husband's parents. The husband returned, ostensibly to get his overcoat. A reconciliation was effected, the prodigal was pardoned and fed, and once more the course of true love ran smooth in the groove of the wife's constrained resignation. The wife retained her job; the family surrendered at discretion to the factory.

The victory of the factory over the family is not always decisive. Among the Jews of our squalid, intolerably crowded American Ghettos, the close family bond, nurtured and reënforced by centuries of persecution and repression, holds the wife to the home, be it ever so impoverished. In Jewish families it is little short of a disgrace for the wife to enter the factory. It is a confession of marital failure, an unanswerable indictment of the husband. "If he was the right sort," conclude the factory-girls, "he wouldn't let a wife of his go out to work." "And if she'd been wise," retort the less sympathetic, "she would never have married a fellow that couldn't support her."

Through this ingrained family tradition, this tenacious, stiff-necked resistance, married Jewesses are enabled to stay at housework under circumstances which would force wives of other nationalities into gainful employments. Among a number of married home-workers on "pants" investigated by the New York Bureau of Labor, there were found four hundred and fifty-seven Italian women and only seven Jewesses. In a New York cap factory on Delancey Street, one solitary married Jewess worked for a few months among a hundred single girls. It was something of a disgrace, but her husband, "a sort of an actor," had deserted her, and so, through sheer, biting necessity, the young wife was forced into self-support, which she continued until, after being divorced, she was married again, this time, fortunately, not to "a sort of an actor."

"When a Jewish girl leaves me to get married," the manager of a cigar factory told me, "she leaves, and that's all there is to it. I write her off to profit and loss. But when a Bohemian, Polish or Slavonian girl marries, I expect her back. Perhaps, in two days, or two weeks, or a few months or years. Anyway, she'll come back." Among these people the marriage tie seems to bind the wife not to housework but to wage-work. The long continued custom of industrial labor is crystallized into a hard tradition, and the wife steps quietly from altar to loom. In Fall River, Paterson, in many of the textile towns of Pennsylvania, the girl marries "into the factory." For her, marriage is not gilded with anticipations of leisure; it is not a bar to a life sentence at hard factory labor.

Frequently the respite of matrimony is brief indeed. One little wife, fresh from Naples, and married at the Barge Office, began to finish interminable stacks of "pants" within forty-eight hours of leaving Ellis Island. "Sometimes a Bohemian wedding is on a Saturday," a cigar-cutter told me, "and on Monday morning the girl is back at the bench. It is the custom for the married women to work. If they don't know it, their husbands do."

Working for Better Days

NOT all married women in industry find the burden onerous. Many a wife labors lightly and temporarily to raise her family's standard of living. Occasionally a wife in the textile towns, whose husband owns a thousand-dollar house, works in a factory a few months to enable her to purchase a phonograph or a new carpet; or she does "sick weaving" in the temporary absence of her sister, daughter or friend. Often, too, a girl engaged to a man with a low salary decides to work for half a dozen years after marriage rather than try to exist on an insufficient wage. "I would rather work," she says, "and have twenty dollars a week to share with him than be idle and try to keep house on twelve." The work lasts until the first child is born, or until the husband's wage has been sufficiently increased to assure a comfortable living. The girl in this case has clung to the old ideal of an early marriage in preference to the equally old and equally tenacious ideal of a marriage supported wholly by the man.

Again, thousands of teachers continue their work after marriage, and in many cases, where the law closes that profession to wives, the husband and wife, though legally married, meet clandestinely and in constant fear. In professional and business circles thousands of wives labor less from necessity than from a desire to fill out their lives. These women gladly exchange household drudgery for more congenial and remunerative professional service.

Excluding these exceptional cases, however, and excluding married women in control of businesses, the fact remains that most wives work because they must; hundreds of thousands work at any labor they can get for any wage they can get.

The greater the need, the worse the job and the smaller the reward. In the fierce industrial scramble for positions, women take what is left by men, and the more unfortunate of widows and married women, harried by an immediate and remorseless want, get what is left by the single girls.

The lowest places of all are reserved for women with helpless or deserting husbands. Bound hand and foot by a savage, insistent misery, dependent upon their sole exertions for their bread and the bread of their children, they are at the very nadir of the industrial world, abject slaves of sweated sweaters. Their one ideal is to remain alive. They do not demand luxuries, comforts or even rational necessities. All they ask is the right to labor beyond their strength, to stagger under the triple burden of motherhood, household drudgery and factory-work, for a pittance barely sufficient, with luck and management, to keep the children not in health but in life; enough to buy food which does not nourish, to provide insufficient clothing, to pay the rent for a dark, foul-smelling, consumption-inviting cellar.

Even in well-kept factories, even at its best, the lot of married workers is often far from enviable. At its worst it is inhuman. Many working wives rise daily before five, wash and dress their babies, hurriedly prepare and swallow a cup of coffee, then walk through cold, gaslit streets to their day's work. Perhaps, a child of twelve is left in charge of the home and of still younger children; perhaps, the guardian of the house is an old grandmother, too decrepit to move from her chair, and therefore unfit for a place in the industrial machine.

Usually the factory mother is away from her home the whole day. If there is overtime, she misses the family supper as she missed the family dinner. She cannot be sure that the little mother at home will not give the baby bananas and beer; she cannot know what evil may befall the child at the hands of strangers whom poverty invites into her home. The long day's work over, she drags herself home, and then she is free for the rest of the evening, except that she must prepare the bite of food, make the beds, clean up the rooms, put the children to sleep and attend to the wants of her husband; unless, of course, as some Italian artificial flower-makers do, she takes part of her work home and labors a few more hours at night to eke out the low wages earned in the shop during the day.

Labor Will Have its Toll

SUCH double work is only too often subversive of health. Even where married women do not labor in reeking sweatshops, or take their meals on the floors of factories amid heaps of cotton refuse; even though they are not slain outright in the shambles of industry, in the trades that kill, the mere duration and intensity of their labor gradually undermine their vital powers. Many wives labor at disgusting, revolting, dehumanizing tasks; others work at night, walking home alone at a time when the streets are in the possession of outcasts.

Even an ignorant mother is better than no guardian at all; and in the wages we pay our factory mothers, the portentous death-rate among their children must be included. During the starving siege of Paris in 1870, as during the dreadful cotton famine in Lancashire in the early 60's, the death-rate among infants decreased, because the workless mothers could look after their babies. Perhaps, the low infant mortality among the poorer Jews of New York, though living in a dirty, neglected and over-populated Ghetto, may be partially explained by the smaller number of Jewish wives compelled or permitted to go out to work.

It was once argued that industrial work would be beneficial to a woman as long as it was conducted in her own home. She could aid the family by earning wages while remaining a thrifty housewife and a model mother. This contention has proved utterly unfounded. Of all working-women, the most miserable are the wives and widows who bring their work into their homes. The pressure of necessity upon these home-workers, be they Italian, Polish, German or American, is constant and intense. They are the natural prey of the sweater. They cannot organize for defense; they must compete and bargain in the dark. The sanitary conditions under which they labor are often, in spite of recent laws, unspeakably bad; the work contaminates the home and the home contaminates the work.

The Italian home-worker on "pants" carries home her heavy load, seats herself by the window, bends down her head and begins to sew. For hours she works without intermission. Sometimes the sewing is finished early in the afternoon; sometimes it drags through the whole day and late into the night. There are "spells" of work, during which the wife labors twelve, fourteen, even sixteen hours. The beds are unmade, the children uncared for; the starved, red-eyed woman does not even pause to cook her food or to say a word to a sick child piteously moaning upon a wretched, tumbled cot by the mother's side. Disease is woven into the fabric of every garment stitched by the nimble fingers, and over the bent shoulders of the worker looms the dread spectre of tuberculosis. The wife may never leave her rooms save to go to mass or to make her daily pilgrimage to the factory. She has exchanged the sun of Italy for the duller skies of New York. She has gone from a European monarchy to the American republic. But though she has

been here a dozen years, has here reared her children, has here, perhaps, contracted the disease of the poor which people call the "White Plague," she knows nothing of the land of her adoption; she sees nothing but the gay, dirty street, the sordid, wretched rooms, the cheap lithographs of the Madonna upon her walls, and the never-dwindling stacks of garments on table, floor and bed.

The wage-work of wives has taught all women in industry many lessons. The wife's translation from family to factory has changed the attitude of the sex toward both. No longer does the young girl, to the same extent as formerly, regard her factory life as a transitory state, from which she will speedily pass into the glorious Heaven of matrimony. The age at which girls marry advances; the number of girls who do not marry at all increases. Nor does marriage necessarily mean a surcease of factory toil. If, as the census shows, one-third of all the girls and women in industry are married or have been married, and if a large proportion of those who leave the factory to marry return, though married, to their old places at the bench or loom, then marriage is likely to be the transitory state and the factory a thing eternal and inevitable.

The young factory-girl, looking about her, sees older girls unmarried, with chances yearly lessening, divorced women, widows, wives with shiftless or incapable husbands, deserted women abandoned to factory toil. In the eyes of such a girl, marriage as a universal release from work seems a mockery. Gradually she comes to believe that, after all, her life in the factory is not unlikely to be permanent; and more and more, though as yet she is but beginning, she attains the ideal not of escaping, but of improving, the factory, and she joins with her fellow-workers to secure higher wages, shorter hours, and better and more humane conditions in the place in which she spends the greater part of her waking life.

And as the work of the single girl and of the married woman spells a greater spirit of independence in the shop, so, too, they are coming to mean a greater independence of women in the home. Every year the advantages of a mere marriage, a marriage with an unloved man, are becoming less, as the ability of the single girl to support herself, and the frequent necessity of the married woman to support both herself and children, become more apparent. The factory-girl has not so much material gain from such a marriage that she need sacrifice love, honor and independence for it. Within marriage itself, her position is improved. If she is to contribute to the family income, she will take a part in the family policy. If in the future the woman can, when necessary, support herself, though married, if she is neither driven nor tied to marriage by hunger, she may gain from her union with the man of her free choice more spiritual advantage than she has ever before had in all her long, doleful, weary history.

Thus in all this fermenting evil of factory wife-work there may be the germ of a great possible good; we may see in this vast world-movement of wives from household to workshop a vague, large promise. If the wife of the future were to be both household drudge and wage-earner (as in so many thousands of cases she is to-day) the result would be disastrous and irreparable. But this will not be so. The factory is taking from the home not only the wife but the work which the wife formerly did therein. As the village smithy has been converted into the complex city machine-shop, as the bench of the obsolescent shoemaker has been transplanted to a factory where a hundred men work together, so that most simple and primitive of all workshops, the home bakery, the home laundry, the home clothing factory, the home repair-shop, in which, for generations, the wife has labored as baker, laundress and garment worker, is being gradually removed, with its worker, the wife, to great factories, especially constructed and fitted for these very functions. The time may come when wives, working for short hours under humane and sanitary conditions, will do all their work in well-appointed factories, and all their living in transformed, regenerated and beautified homes.

Moreover, an accompanying change, assisting this transition, prepares for women in industry a better and a larger place. The machine, the great leveler, slowly tends to make women more nearly equal to men industrially. In nervous energy, in patient endurance, the woman is not so inferior to the man as in brute strength. Gradually, very slowly, the wages of men and women approach an equality. In some trades women already earn as much, in some cases even more, than men. Equality of earning power will mean greater equality in all social and political life, and gradually, almost imperceptibly, the salvation and independence of women, and possibly a wide-reaching fundamental betterment of men, may be furthered, if not achieved, by the married women who now, as unconscious, unwilling forerunners of other millions, labor in our factories.

The evolution of society is a gigantic travail, inevitably working out with infinite slowness through tears and blood. We cannot help or hinder—but by understanding we may ease; by misunderstanding we may torture. The early victims of the factory burned the visible, feeble machines; they prayed for the resurrection of the old, dead system; they begged for their ancient, outgrown meed of wages. So, too, in these days we struggle vainly against the things that must be, instead of combating the conditions that make those things noxious. The labor of married women will probably increase; we could not help it if we would; we should not help it if we could. With its ultimate effects we need not too greatly concern ourselves.

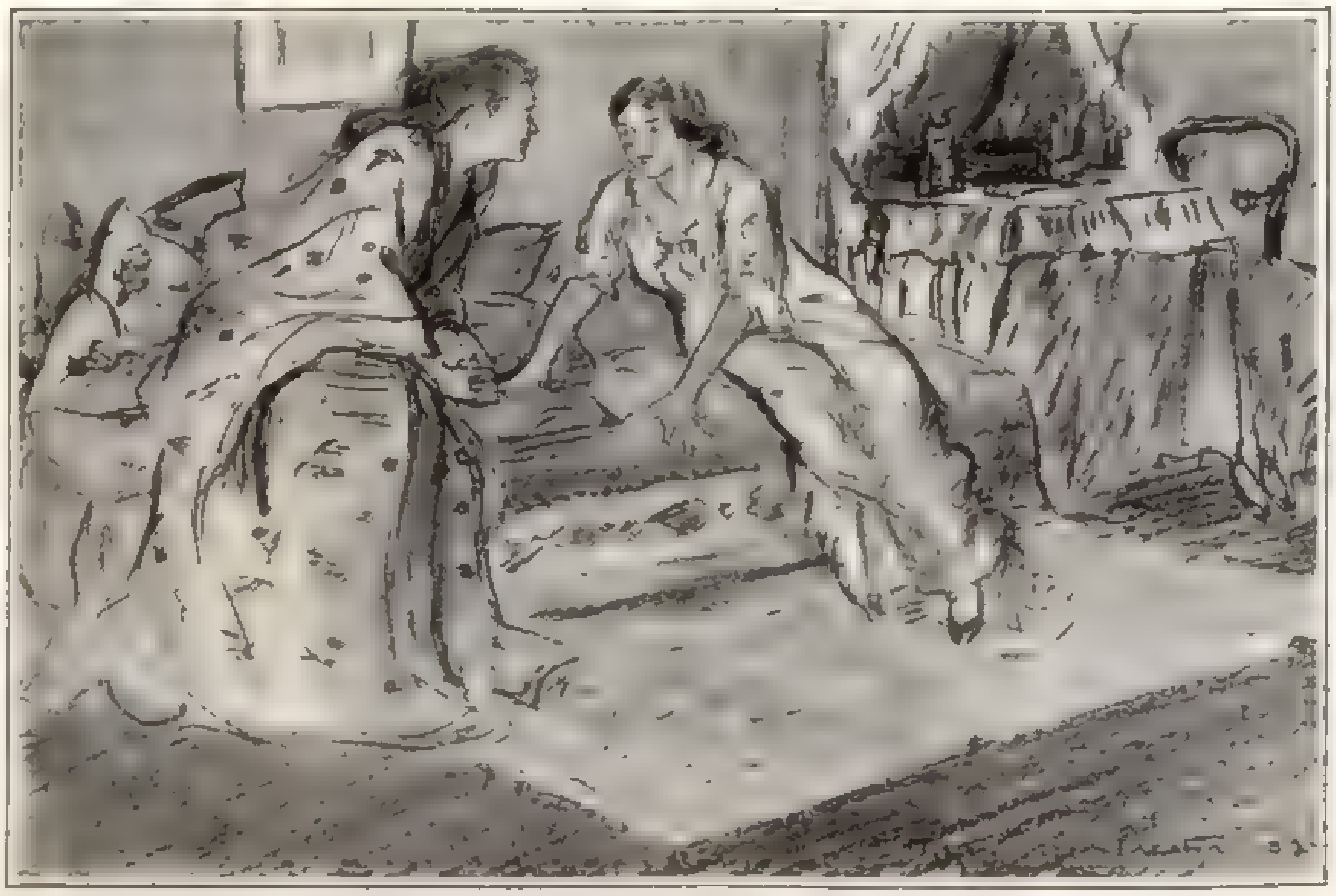
But in the mean time, in the transition to better things, during this great world-gestation, we are ruining the parents of happier generations; we are poisoning the stream at its fount; we are slaying the bodies and souls of millions to be born. The English people suffer unto this day the shameful heritage of evil conditions under which, a century ago, they welcomed the new-born factory. By the conditions under which even now we are permitting married women to labor, we prepare for ourselves a like inheritance.

Even now we are crowding future almshouses, future hospitals, future insane asylums, the children's narrow graves of the future. The sins of a nation shall be visited upon that nation even unto the third and fourth generations.

THE CONFIDANTS

What Comes of Shuffling Hearts and Cutting Diamonds

BY ARTHUR E. McFARLANE



The Cousin-Love Intensified Itself with Every Nightly Confession

IN THAT New York suburb known as Pelham Heights lived the Wallinghams. Near them dwelt the Pykes. With Colby Pyke, a clean, fresh-faced boy of twenty-two, there was wont to abide for weeks at a time his particular crony from Brooklyn, Schuyler Hemingway. And two evenings out of three they might have been found at The Elms. They bowled on the Wallingham lawn, assumed possession of the Wallingham billiard-table, and took late supper at the Wallinghams a great deal oftener than they took it at home. Mossop Wallingham was like an uncle to the pair. And Mrs. Mossop Wallingham was like a big sister. She wanted to call them "Collie" and "Schy," even as they called each other.

As it happened, it was that autumn that two of Mr. Wallingham's nieces, Miss Vedda Carson and Miss Willamine Stillwell, of Baltimore, decided to visit at The Elms, on their way back to their second year at Vassar. In fact, they came early in September to allow of their getting most of their fall clothes in New York. And the week before they arrived Mrs. Wallingham informed Mr. Pyke and Mr. Hemingway that, if they would help her out a little in the girls' entertainment, she would be grateful to them for all time to come.

Now, to translate the Roman sage with some modern freedom, "No one is entirely sinful all of a sudden." And, at the beginning, it could truthfully have been said of the lady that she had been *almost* without designs. But "Collie" Pyke and "Schy" Hemingway were quite good enough for anybody. Nor could it be said, either, that their people lacked the wherewithal.

And, by the time those two young goddesses from Baltimore had arrived in Pelham Heights, Mrs. Wallingham's projection of their horoscopes had gone far. She had even felt justified in asking her nieces to be nice to her two charming New York boys.

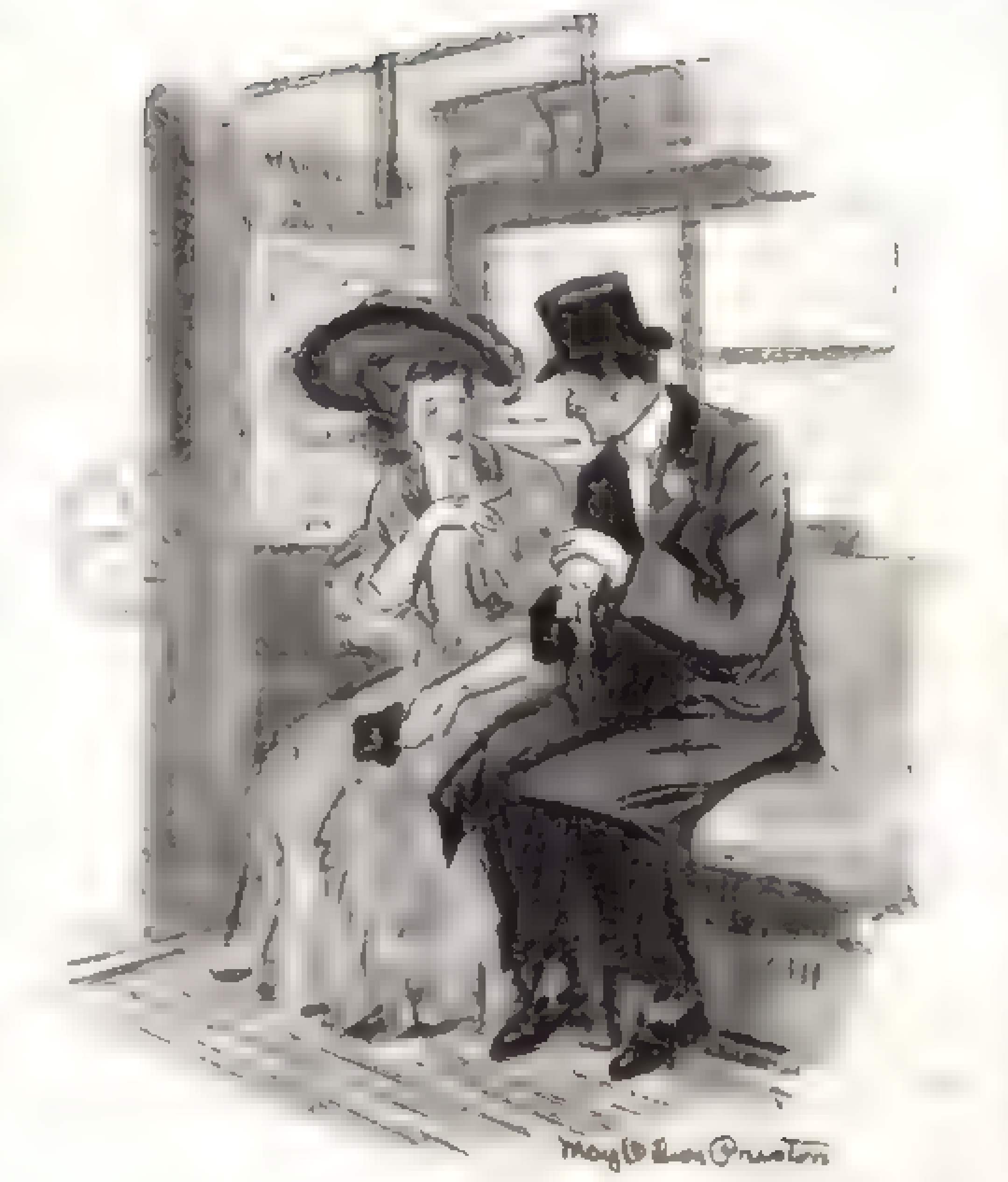
Consequently the thing happened with a rapidity which made the heart of Mrs. Wallingham herself to quake. It was more speedy than the romances on five-day trans-Atlantic liners! But, nevertheless, they were mating as she—and Nature, indeed—had intended that they should. Similarities of disposition were yoking with opposites of complexion. And, manifestly, all was well.

By the end of ten days the quartet had reached that exquisite felicity of mutual, nay, of fourfold, understanding which no formal, matter-of-fact engagement can ever possess. The cousin-love between Miss Vedda and Miss Willamine intensified itself to an ineffable sweetness with every nightly confession. And nightly, too, did Colby Pyke and Schuyler Hemingway take counsel together as to whether a man is justified in asking a girl on his allowance; or ought he, if he really *cares* for her, to wait till the governor is ready to shake down with two or three thousand more?

It was at this point that *Mr.* Wallingham became aware of what was taking place. And at once, upon every possible ground, he objected. He did not, of course, speak to the young people, but he spoke to his wife. While his nieces were under his roof he was *in loco parentis*, and, however suitable Messrs. Pyke and Hemingway might be, he would have no more of it whatever!

Mrs. Wallingham did not argue with him. For she was, for the moment, awed; and men almost always have the luck with them in an argument, anyway. But she would at least show him how unjust he was to hint that she had had any hand in the business. And that evening she shuffled the four all over again. She asked Mr. Hemingway to take Vedda to Peter Pan, and had Mr. Pyke stay with Willamine.

Thus did she. But it was an interference with the natural and foreordained course of things, which was to



"You Know Something, and *I* Know Something"

have consequences wholly unlooked for and unprecedented.

Yet that first evening, both as spent by the couple that went to the theatre and by the couple that stayed at home, seemed to promise only an added enchantment.

At the secluded far end of the subway train that took them downtown, Miss Carson and Mr. Hemingway were almost alone. The young lady restrained herself until the man two seats away got off.

Then, "Well, you needn't look so *awfully* lugubrious," she said. "We're both of us in the same box, I guess!"

"Oh, I say, you know ——!" said Mr. Hemingway, hugely tickled.

"And look here, now"—she leaned toward him impulsively—"if you wanted, there's one way we could just make it too darling for anything!"

"Make—how make it too darling?"

"Why, if we just decided to—to own up to things. *You* know something, and *I* know something—and if we—if you ——"

Mr. Hemingway was obviously very willing indeed. But as yet he did not quite know as to how.

And then Miss Vedda explained in one spasmodic and unpunctuatable rush. "Well, when Willa's my cousin, and Mr. Pyke's your best friend, and *we* both like each other, too—jinks, I'm sure I like *you* immensely!—why couldn't we just say: 'If you'll confide in me, why, I'll confide in you'? And it'd be just so *lovely* and *romantic!*"

"*Gad!*" said Mr. Hemingway. "You're all right, all right!" And he could not help giving her gloved fingers a little, beatific pressure. "You can simply ask me any old thing you want!"

And, for all the play that night was Peter Pan, what was any play compared with those delicious minutes of heart-unburdening between the acts? And, again, the ride home offered a whole hour for whispered confidences! Why had they not made their treaty *days* ago?

"And, oh," said Miss Vedda suddenly, biting at her lip with an ecstatic regret, "isn't it too bad that Willa's so inminded, and deep-thinking, and intense—or *they* might be making confidants of each other, too!"

If not precisely at that moment, then at least only a short hour earlier, Miss Willa was sitting in the Wallinghams' cozy-corner. Her hands were clutched about her knee while she gazed at Mr. Pyke with an inward, wide-eyed delight which made no effort to conceal itself. "And you'll promise to be just as frank with me as I will be with you? Oh, it's almost as if I'd been given a brother—or a boy cousin, anyway. And I often find Mr. Hemingway so awfully hard to understand, you know, by myself. But"—in a tremor of anxiety—"you'll never breathe the first word of it to *him*—or *Vedda!*"

When Mr. Hemingway stayed at the Pykes', he had the room beside Colby's. There was a door between them, which was rarely closed. And when, that night, Mr. Hemingway returned, he stood looking in through it, a little self-consciously.

"Have—have a good time?" he asked.

"All right. Miss Stillwell's a mighty fine girl, you know."

"And Miss Carson, she's all right, too."

Then they cleared their throats, and went to bed. But so unamenable to reason, so stupid, indeed, in its prejudices, is the human conscience, that they both alike felt somehow bothered and ill at ease.

II

"WELL," said Mrs. Wallingham, with challenge, "are you satisfied *now?*"

"I'll be satisfied if you keep it up," replied Mr. Wallingham, beginning, like a well-fed philosopher, gradually to return to the tranquil mind. "It may go some way toward bracing them out of themselves!"

"You—you couldn't act more unfeelingly," said the lady, fairly in tears, "if you were the girls' *father!*"

But, accordingly, the evening following, it was Mr. Pyke who was again called upon to entertain Miss Stillwell, though not this time by remaining at home with her. He was allowed to be her escort to the first of the art subscription lectures in the Pelham Heights' Library Hall. And, in their turn, Miss Carson and Mr. Hemingway stayed behind in the Wallingham drawing-room.

For almost half an hour, too, Mrs. Wallingham compelled herself to stay along with them. But it was altogether too exasperating. And in the end she gave it up, looked at the two with sympathizing bitterness, and returned to the library.

Her skirts had not ceased to fret themselves upon the stairs when Miss Vedda was across the room.

"*Mr. Hemingway!* What—whatever *do* you think of me? Jinks, when I got going back over it this morning, I could hardly believe I'd told you *some* of it, myself! About my having cared for other boys before—and my almost *proposing* to one of them—and—and *everything!*"

"But, great Cæsar, look at what I let out to *you!* And, you want to know, there isn't any other girl on earth I'd tell all that to!"

"Well, I think it's just lovely of you to *say* so, anyway. And honestly, I've never told any one else *parts* of mine, either. That's why it seems to me so perfectly frantic that I've gone and told it all to you!"

"Well, it's queer," he owned, with a thoughtful earnestness; "but several *men* have told me things like that. I don't know what it is—*something* about me, I suppose. They say some people have a kind of magnetism that way."

"Why, do you know," she bubbled enrapturedly, "*I'm* that way, too! Nearly every girl friend I've had has told me about her affairs! And oh," she chuckled, "if you were shocked at my almost proposing to that Toledo boy, I don't know what you'll think of what my best friend at Vassar last year told me!"

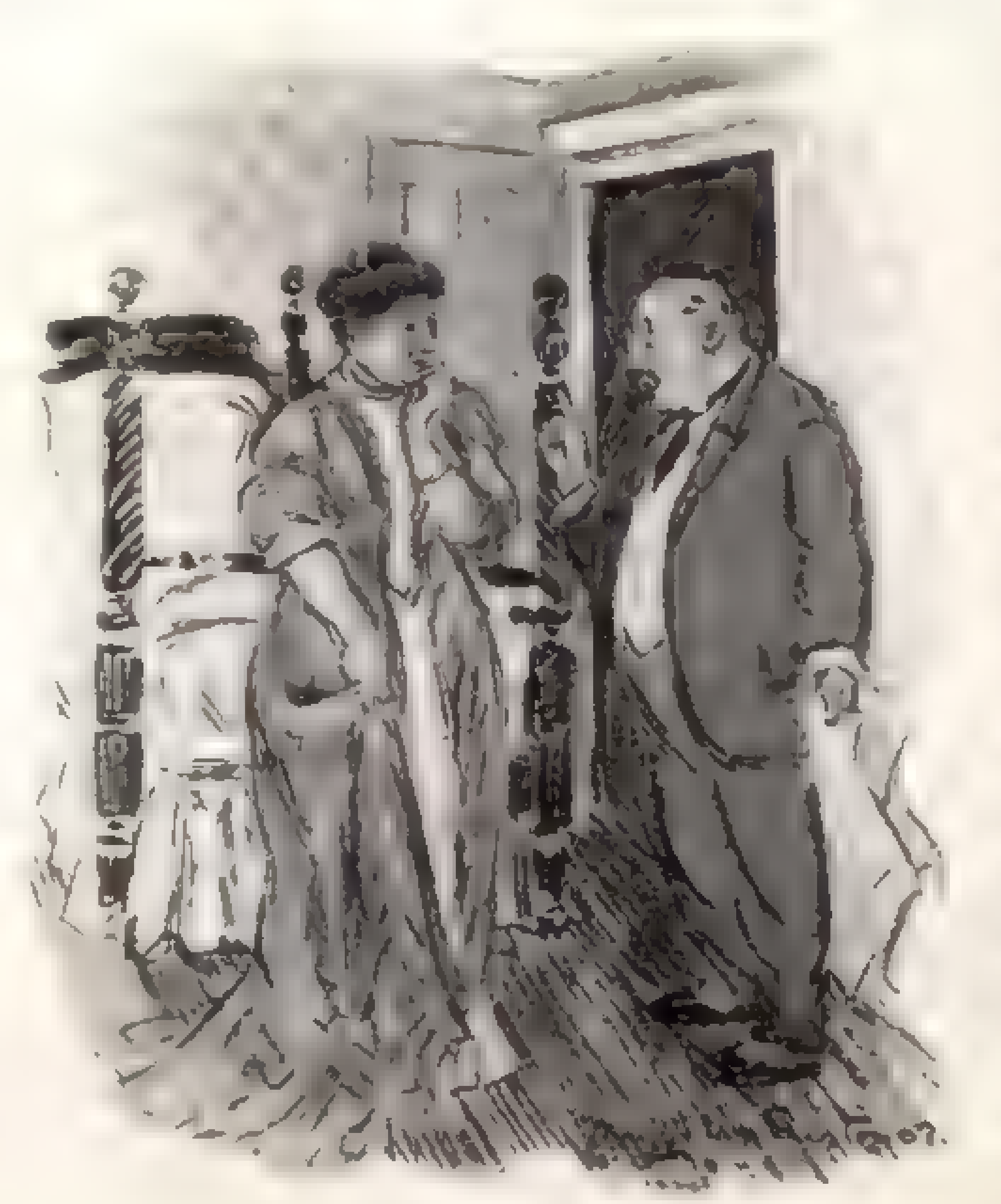
"Tell me, and see."

"Well—but you mustn't ever breathe *this*, for worlds—well, she's from Pittsburg and has all kinds of money, and he was in the School of Technology, and she wanted him just from the first minute she saw him, and she could see, too, how awfully crushed he was on *her*. But, just as soon as he heard that she had the spons (some of the men began to grill him or something, and, if they *did*, wasn't that just mean—*mean?*), why, she could hardly get him within a mile of her, even by working through the other girls. At first she said she thought she might just better give up and drown herself; but if she did, like as not somebody else would get him. And then, when she really sat down and thought about it, why, of course, she saw that hers was one of those cases where—where the girl has to—to do *everything*. And, even the night he *did* ask, she told me she—she had to say every bit of it, except—except the very last words, of course. And if he'd waited fifteen minutes longer she'd have said *them*, too!"

"And she was just dead right!" said Mr. Hemingway.

"*Wasn't she?—Wasn't she?*"

"And *I* know a chap, too—you'll never speak about this, for I'd never tell any one *but* you—and he was just crazy after a girl over in our end of Brooklyn—her father's a tunnel contractor. Gad, he was so gone he used to come up to my place near every second night to tell me about her! But he'd got the idea from her sister that she was engaged to a friend of his, the chap that introduced him to her. And if the girl hadn't just put it up to him herself, he said he'd made up his mind to chuck things next day and hike for Cape Nome; and if he got into a railway accident on the way, so much the better!"



Mrs. Wallingham Did Not Argue with Him

"And it was *noble* of him, and *her*, too! And, when you hear stories like that right in actual life, oh, Mr. Hemingway, don't you just loathe people who are cynical?"

"I've no use for them. I never have had, and I never will!"

"I knew you hadn't. Indeed, I feel surer of you that way than I do of—of Mr. Pyke. And if you knew just how *sweet* it is to be able to talk to you about these things! I don't ever want to stop! But, oh, isn't love lovely, anyway? Don't you sometimes wonder that people aren't just proposing all the time?"

About half-past ten that night Miss Stillwell and Mr. Pyke were returning from the first of the art lectures. From an extremely hot and stuffy hall they stepped out into one of the freshest, softest, moon-bathed evenings of a New York September. Mr. Pyke hesitated a moment and then suggested that there was no particular necessity for their taking the *shortest* way home. They needed a walk around the block if only to clear their heads.

Miss Stillwell had already learned to esteem Mr. Pyke very highly. She had begun to see that he was one of those young men of ten thousand—and of course Mr. Hemingway was another, though not just in the same way—who really *think* and *feel* about things. And she took no exception when, apparently without being conscious of it, he chose the longest block in Pelham Heights.

"Do you know," he began again, "from the first day I met you, I had an idea that you were different—not like other girls—even—even Miss Carson—but deep down, like a man?"

"Did you?" and her hand fluttered as it lay upon his arm. "But, really, I'm just as open as open with *you!* And doesn't it seem almost incredible that we can confide in each other so—so utterly, already?"

The evening's lecture had been upon Rossetti, and how, when his young wife died, he had pillowed her head upon the poems he had written to her; and how in a few years her hair grew all in and out among them, "like undying memories." As Miss Willamine said, breathing long: "It was just the most beautiful, beautiful thing in all the world!"

"That's right!" said Mr. Pyke, with much feeling himself. "And don't things like that, now, make you stop and think? I—wouldn't say this to everybody, of course, but it's always seemed to me that if we could be a lot more like that nowadays—— For I tell you, what is there, anyway, in having swell apartments and touring-cars and Fifth Avenue clothes, if you haven't the capacity for the other thing? Of course, though, I don't know how *you* think about it."

Miss Stillwell did not allow him to remain for one moment in doubt as to how she felt about it. Moreover, it was the first time she had ever heard a young man talk like that. Indeed, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Hemingway alone, she had given up hope that young men could *have* such feelings. "And if we can't all be Rossettis," she whispered, "oh, I think we should do everything we can to—to let ourselves expand in that direction!"

It was the beginning of a conversation in which they two, at any rate, let themselves expand. It was a conversation also which made Mr. Pyke realize, more than *ever*, how different Willamine Stillwell was from other girls. You might say she was like a chum. And, since they were only *confiding* in each other because of Schy and Miss Carson, he felt it was no treason to anybody to tell her so.

She responded (and wasn't it the most precious thing on earth that they could talk to each other like that?) that he had made her feel in exactly the same way about *him!*

III

SINCE Mr. Wallingham still watched, and unrelentingly compelled the course of things, it was again Mr. Hemingway who, the evening of the second art lecture, stayed with Miss Vedda.

It was that evening, too, in the natural progress of *heart-to-heart* confidences, that Miss Vedda owned there were times when she felt that Mr. Pyke might not be *truly* romantic.

On their way home from the lecture—and a second time they had gone the long way around the block—Miss Willamine and Mr. Pyke had for some time been discussing the virtues of Mr. Hemingway. And once more Miss Willamine affirmed how splendid a young man he was; he had so much good nature, and high spirits, and everything. But, to go back to what they had been talking about the time before, did Mr. Pyke feel—merely being just to himself—that Mr. Hemingway did think and feel as *deeply* about things—did he take as profound a view of life as he did? Indeed, it seemed to her that even Vedda could not quite appreciate this side of his—Mr. Pyke's—true nature. What did he think himself? Perhaps, as his confidant, he would like her to speak to Vedda about that?

No, he did not really think he would. For—and this was something he had thought a great deal about—he had come to see that in this life no one could expect to be appreciated in every way—at least not—not unless you met somebody—somebody who was that style herself.

Mr. Hemingway was, this time, still at the Wallinghams, and thus the two young gentlemen were able to walk home together.

It was not Mr. Pyke, however, who took Miss Stillwell to that third art subscription lecture. Mrs. Wallingham did not openly defy her tyrant spouse. But she had resolved that, after three separations, for *that* evening, in any case, those two tormented couples should be allowed their bliss again. So she told Mr. Hemingway that he might go with Willamine; and she let Mr. Pyke stay home with Vedda.

During the first part of the lecture the enjoyment which Mr. Hemingway evinced was too plainly forced. By degrees he lapsed into a silence, and thence into a fixed and settled melancholy. Nor, when they were going home, did he ask Miss Stillwell to go the long way around the block. But, for the matter of that, Miss Stillwell had already come to feel that, this time at least, it would be more seemly to go directly home.

Even so was it with the other two. All the champagne of Miss Carson's vivacity appeared, somehow, to have evaporated. And as for Mr. Pyke, he showed himself of a ministerial solemnity, indeed.

IV

MRS. WALLINGHAM could not but see at once, next morning, that something was the matter between the cousins. But what? They did not appear to have been quarreling—she knew they were a great deal too nice for that. And they vehemently denied that they had had any "difference" whatever with Mr. Pyke or Mr. Hemingway.

"Well, whatever it is," she chafed, "it's all because I let your uncle go interfering. And, Willa, he was simply intolerable because I allowed Mr. Hemingway to go with you last night, and for the fourth lecture I had to promise him that it'd be Mr. Pyke again!"

Thus when, Saturday evening, for the last time Mr. Pyke set forth for Library Hall with Miss Stillwell, and, for the last time, Mr. Hemingway remained in the Wallingham drawing-room with Miss Carson, four young, impassioned souls prepared themselves to bid farewell to all present and future happiness.

This time the art lecture was upon Millet. And if the deepmost heart chords had been set vibrant in the bosoms of Miss Stillwell and Mr. Pyke by that lecture on Rossetti, what can be said of that which they were now to hear?

The speaker told of how it was only the love of the young painter and his wife that carried them through; of how they were willing to live on bread and broth together in that Barbizon cottage, and went into the forest, their arms about each other, to gather wood for their fireplace; and how, after years of struggle, when they at last attained success and fame and glory to no end, the sweetest thing of all was their being able to say that from the beginning each had been the other's strength and inspiration.

As Willamine Stillwell took the arm of Colby Pyke, and they started homeward by way of Maple Crescent, it was several minutes before they arrived at speech.

"Say," said Mr. Pyke—and his voice was tremulous—"you know now—you're the only person on earth who does know—how I feel about things like that! And I'll tell you more, too. When I sat there listening to—to that Barbizon part to-night, I couldn't help feeling just like telling the pater never to let any of his coin get near *me*. I could feel what a mighty sight better off I'd be without it."

"Oh, you *would!*" breathed Miss Willamine, pressing his arm within her own. "You *would!*"

"And—and I just want you to know this, too: If you *do* hear, through Schy, of me refusing to take my share of it, or handing it over to the poor, or something, you'll know that—that —— I'm going to tell you now, because it's not likely I'll ever get a chance to tell you again—that it'll have been *your* influence on me—that has influenced me ——" Stress of feeling no longer allowed him to articulate, even huskily.

As has been said, Miss Willamine Stillwell was an "intense" young lady. When she felt things, she felt them to the very soul. She had gone forth that night with a heart steeled for renunciation. But now, when she found Mr. Pyke so heroically ready to give *her* up, could she—had she the *right*—to allow such nobility of character to go all unrewarded?

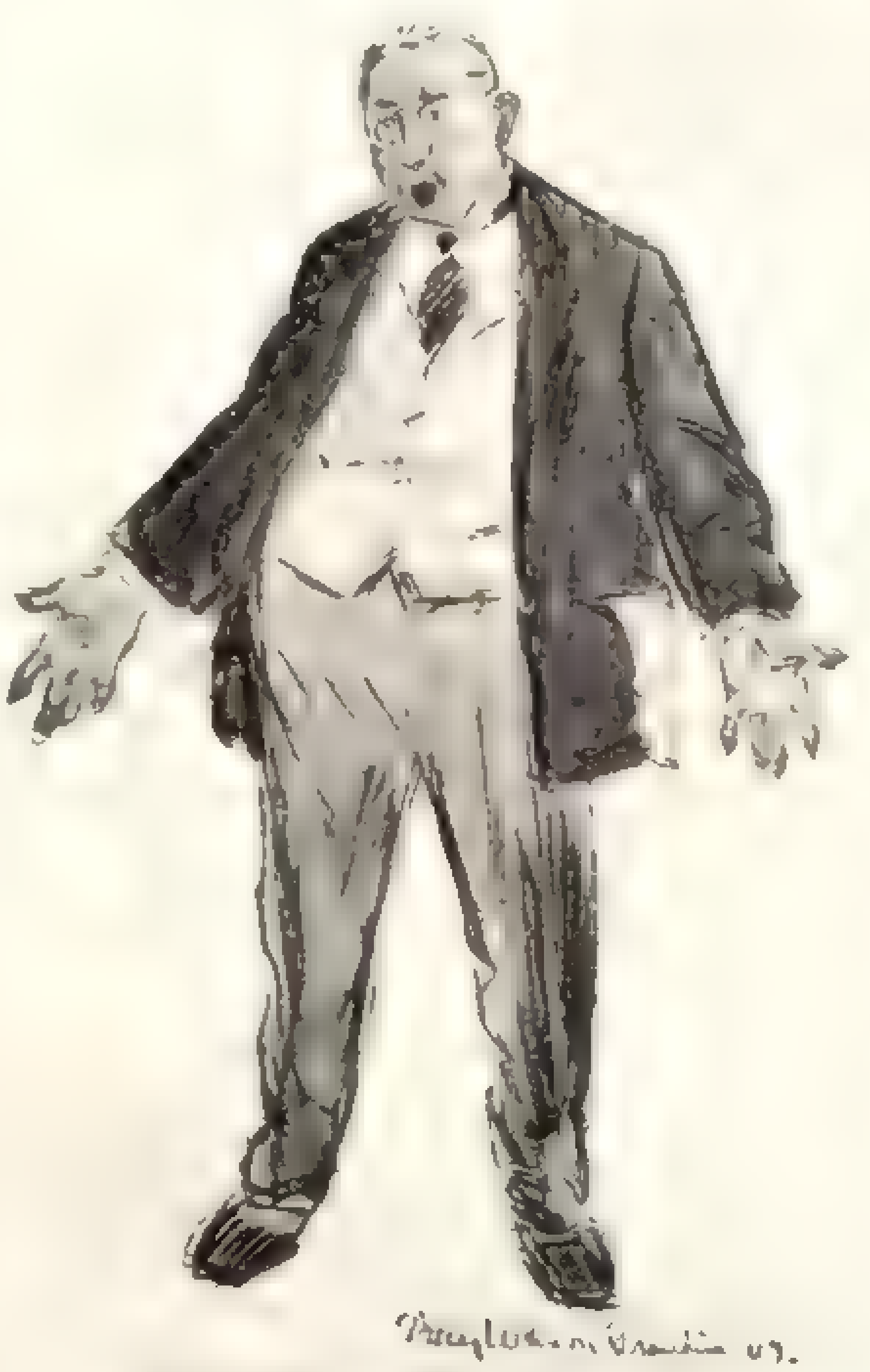
"Of course," he said yearningly, "it won't really make any difference to you."

"No difference to me! Oh, if—if you could just know what I'm thinking *now!*" They had entered a stretch of maple shade through which not even the light of the full moon could make its way.

"What?" he asked, from a dry throat. But already he felt it coming.

"*This!*" she said breathlessly; "and *this!*" She caught convulsively at his shoulders and kissed him now on one cheek, and now on the other!

He came out of it gasping as if she had plunged him beneath a fathomless sea. "*S-say!* You meant—meant that like a *sister*, didn't you?"



"And You Mean to Blame it All on *Me?*"

"*No!* I didn't! I didn't! I did it because you deserve it, and even if we do have to give each other up forever and ever, anyway, now you'll *know!*"

"Oh, by Jove," he said, "you don't want to go saying things like that! But, of course, that's just the way I feel about it, too! Oh, by Jove!—you know—what in sin are we going to do?"

Had they reached the Wallinghams ten minutes earlier, they might almost have overheard the farewells of Miss Carson and Mr. Hemingway. And those farewells made the one possible pendant to what had taken place in the shadows of Maple Crescent.

"Well, jinks, I just *had* to speak—and I don't care what anybody says!" Miss Vedda was exclaiming, in fierce defiance of her fast approaching tears. "For I kept remembering what you said yourself about its being up to the girl, sometimes. And *you're* all tied up by chivalry and everything! But, oh, I don't believe any of us will ever be happy again! It's worse—worse'n Romeo and Juliet, for there were only *two* of them!"

"Well, it was all right of you to speak, anyhow. It was all right, all right! And if Col *doesn't* want you ——"

"But I don't want *him*, now!"

"Yes, yes, I know! But, the way we're fixed, that isn't where it *is!* Gad," he said again, distractedly, "this thing is fierce, isn't it? Isn't it just the very limit?"

V

MR. HEMINGWAY was the first to get back to those bachelor quarters at the Pykes'.

There were things to be said. Even if it ended with their both committing suicide, he must own up to Col, and have it out. But not *that* night. After what he'd been through, merely talking to himself, he hadn't it left in him. He went weak-heartedly to bed, and, with all his senses sufferingly agape, lay staring into waste and void.

A few minutes more and Mr. Pyke came in.

And he, too, came "on rubbers." Since, as always, the connecting door was open, he did not turn on his electric; and with such swift and haggard stealth did he undress that only the coweringly muffled creak of the wire mattress told when he had stretched himself upon it.

But the horrid, the unescapable thing was that, through the silence of the night, they could still hear each other breathing. Nor has any waking man ever convincingly simulated the breathing of him who really sleeps.

Fifteen, twenty minutes, half an hour. And then both sighed long and sickenedly. It was no use. Mr. Hemingway threw down his covers and went to the door.

"Col—Collie—are y' awake?"

"Ye-es."

"Well, say ——"

"Yes?" (It was at least something that they could not see each other's faces.)

"Say, Col, old sport, what'd you say—I know it'll lay you cold—but Miss Carson —— What'd you say if—if Miss Carson —— What'd you say —— "

Mr. Pyke had now put *his* feet upon the Japanese matting, and his mouth had wobbled open. "*If—Miss Carson—what?*"

"Ah-h!" said Mr. Hemingway, and his perfidy choked him anew. "*I* can't say it! *You* ask *me!*"

"It ain't—ain't that ——" he drank in hope by gulps as a fish drinks when thrown back into the water. "Say, *she* hasn't gone and got to caring for *you?*"

And that was where, in his turn, Schuyler Hemingway had to take hold of the doorposts. "Why—but what do you say it *that* way for?"

Mr. Pike had at length got his larynx open again. "Because Miss Stillwell, she—she's ——"

"They—haven't—both—got—switched—around?"

"*That's what!*" . . . .

. . . .

"And, look here, old man, they're women, you know And they take these things a mighty sight stronger than we do. Wouldn't it be the decent play if we simply didn't consider ourselves anyhow at all, but just let things sliver?"

"Well, by gad, now," and Mr. Hemingway grasped fervently at Mr. Pyke's self-sacrificing hand; "I want to say that that's pretty—pretty dead *white* of you. There ain't many fellows —— Of course, with me ——"

Mr. Pyke felt himself growing hot and prickly. "Ah, honestly, I'd just about as soon myself—and—it'll be a whale of a relief to *them!*"

In the contemplation of virtue, even if it be our own, we may be moved to a depth of emotion almost religious. "I tell you," said Mr. Hemingway, at last, "it's at times like this that a man finds out what he really is!"

From what we have said at the commencement, and repeated at every halting-place throughout this story, it might logically be inferred that the announcement which her two nieces from Baltimore had, the second morning afterward, to make to Mrs. Wallingham, would fill her with a certain degree of astonishment, and then with the greatest and most triumphant happiness.

The astonishment was there, but, for the rest—on the contrary! There succeeded incredulity, then suspicion, and then the indignation of the deliberately and shamelessly deceived!

That evening Mr. Wallingham might have been seen standing upon the threshold of his dressing-room, and repeating after his wife: "*I—I* responsible for it?"

"And who *but* you? Haven't you been making them pair off like that day in and day out for the last week! The most opposite dispositions, too, as any one could see at the first glance—to say nothing about the age of the whole four of them! Oh, *I'm* out of it, I can at any rate thank Fate for that! And now you can just explain things to *Dora* and *Charlie*, and *Jack* and *Annette!*"

"And you mean to—to write to them and blame it all on *me?*"

"Why, I *have* written! I've been writing all afternoon! And if you think it was any *pleasure* ——"

He could only stand gagging.

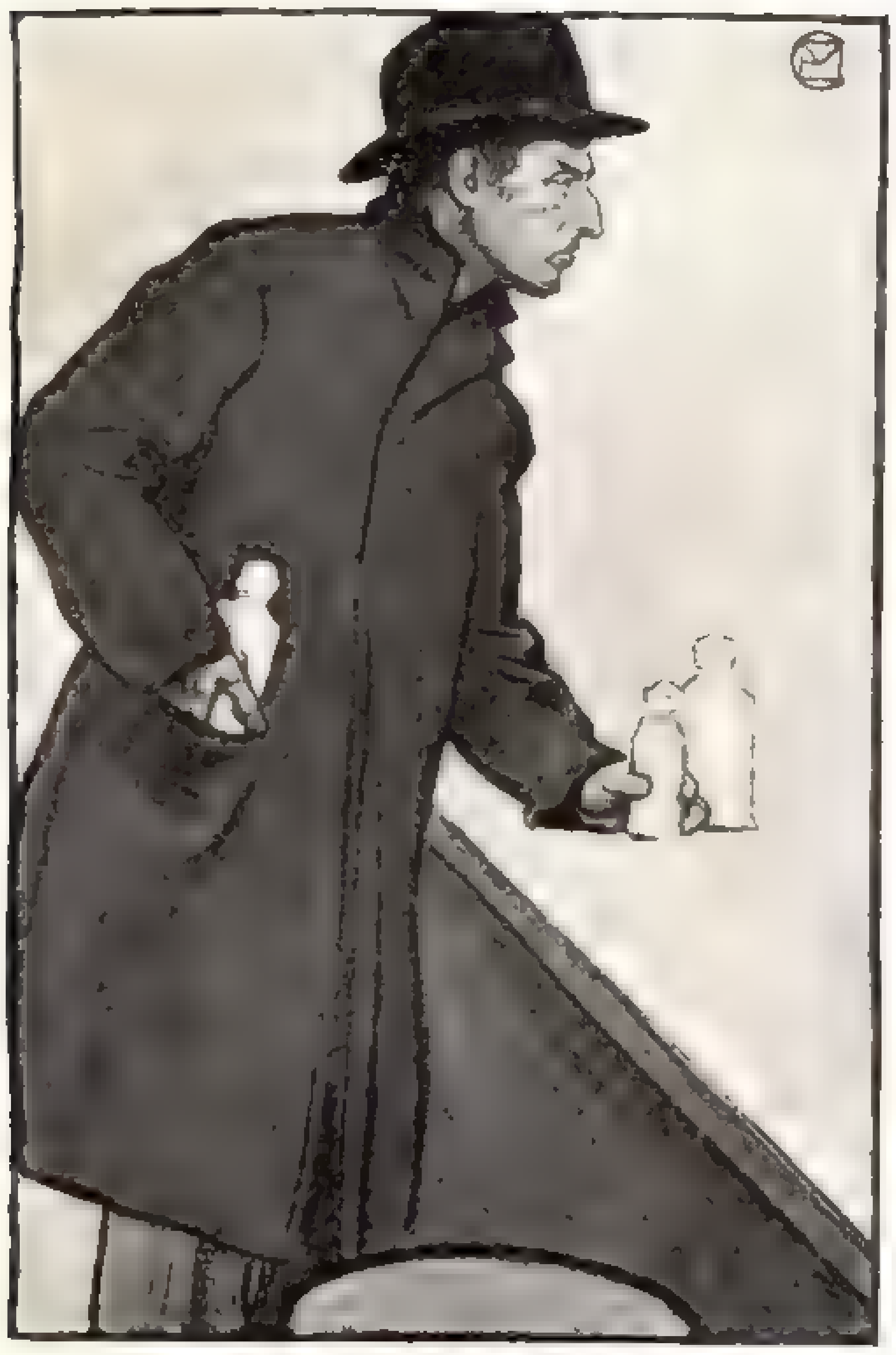
"Oh, you can look and look! And if I was the sort of woman, Mossop, who rubbed things in, I'd be going on to tell you it'd do you good, and brace you out of yourself, and act on you like a spiritual tonic. But I'm sure, dear, when I think of it in one way, I *sympathize* with you!"

Some three evenings later, Miss Carson and Mr. Hemingway were, following the best of examples, exploring the tender and embosked shades of Maple Crescent. "And, Schuyler, dearest," Miss Vedda was continuing, "there's just only one thing that I feel could ever come between us. Of course, in our *case*, that—that 'confiding' worked out just heavenly! But, darling, can't you see, too, how awfully *dangerous* it might be? And, dear, won't you promise me now, never—no matter how much you may get to care for me, never to start confiding again in *any other girl?*"

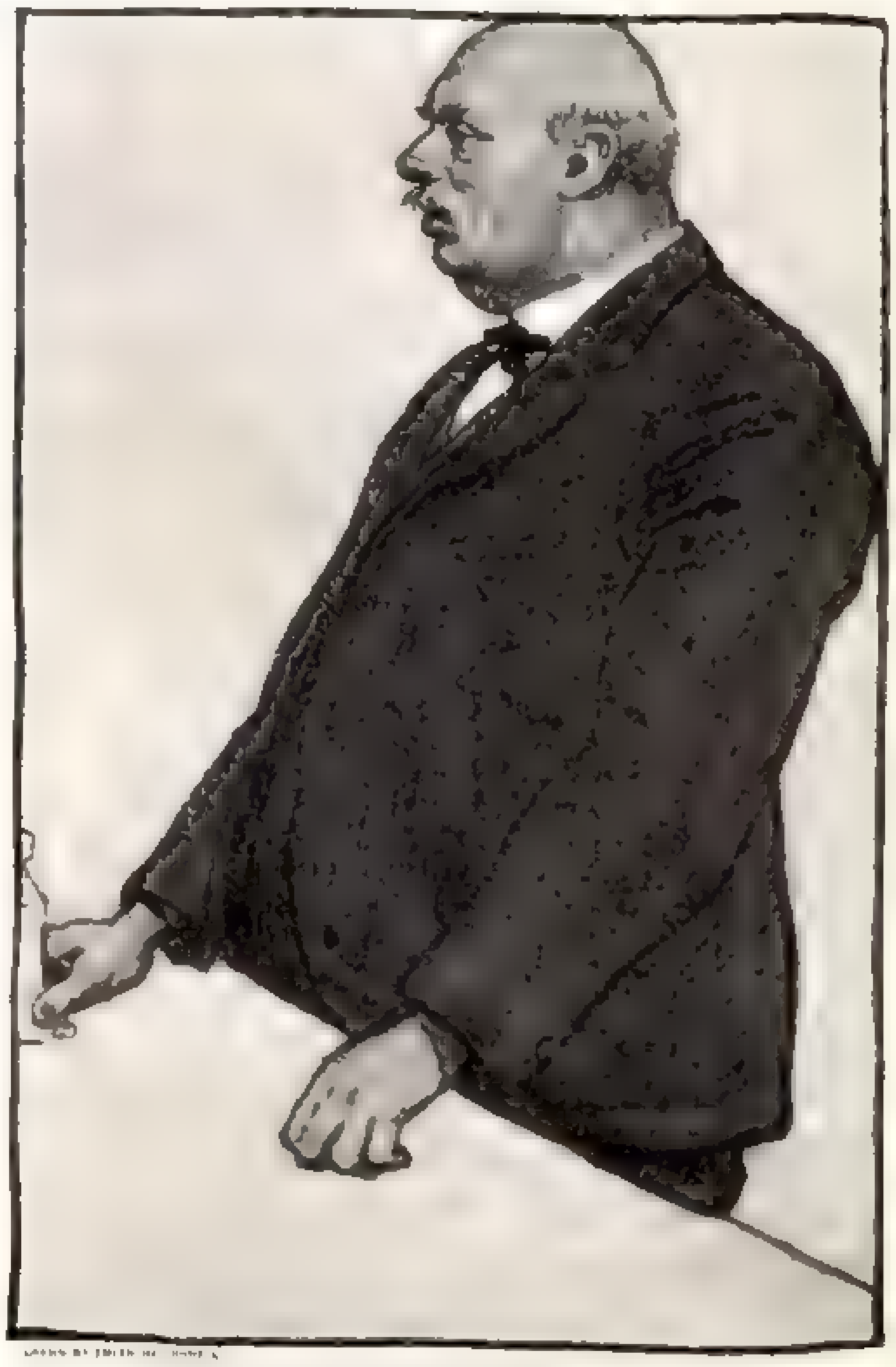
THE BROKEN CIRCUIT

A Chase and an Awakening for the Occasional Offender

BY ARTHUR STRINGER



Then We Watched the Man as He Gathered His Bottles and Distributed Them in the Different Pockets of His Overcoat



The Slow-Eyed, Gross-Necked, Shining-Pated German "Doctor," as Impassive as Fate Itself

I

GOOD old Dinney, doglike, faithful old Dinney, had burrowed his way up into New York under the very noses of the Central Office men. So I'd taken a day off to lead him about like the Hoosier he was, and show him the wonders of the Under Groove. I wanted to see his eyes pop at the free-and-easy way things were done in the East. And they did.

It so fell out at the end of our day that we had drifted into a Third Avenue "all-night" drug store for one last glimpse of life in the raw.

I sat drowsily back against the greasy woodwork of the telephone booth, close beside my old-time "finder" and "stick-up," watching the scene; for an all-night drug store, where life uncovers itself bare to the buff, is never a stage to be despised.

It held me spellbound, just as a boiling volcano crater might. In it, hour by hour, kept bubbling up an under world that is seldom elsewhere revealed to man. Through it crowded and limped and thronged the submerged spirits of earth, crying for the only joy they knew of—the gloomy joy that comes out of glass bottles, and can be bought with money.

We watched them as they sat on that row of stools, as placid as a rookery of Polovina seals. There they drowsed and swayed, and stirred and drowsed again.

Then another figure entered, one in some way different from the others. He was a small man, with rounded shoulders and a thin, hooked nose. His face was as colorless as ashes, and slightly pitted with smallpox. He stopped just inside the door, and studied the place for a moment or two. Then he sidled up to the slow-eyed, gross-necked, shining-pated German "doctor" who stood behind the counter taking his dues and dispensing his wares as impassive as Fate itself.

So low and guttural was the newcomer's voice for so small a body that both Dinney and I turned to stare at him. Then, as he gave his order, all our interest in his voice died away. We were listening suddenly, not to how he spoke, but to *what* he spoke, to each word and syllable he was uttering.

For he was quietly and deliberately buying over the counter before us five ounces of pure glycerine, ten ounces of nitric acid, and fourteen ounces of sulphuric.

Dinney's eye met mine for the fraction of a second. Then we watched the man as he gathered his bottles and distributed them in the different pockets of his overcoat. For Dinney knew as well as I did that those three ingredients, properly blended, made a preparation in which we ourselves had once been more or less intimately interested. When combined in due proportion they were known as nitric ether. They were the $C_3\ H_5\ O_3\ (NO_2)_3$ of the chemist, the "oil" or "soup" of the gentlemen of the Under Groove, the nitroglycerine of the world at large.

So, with one impulse, Dinney and I started up, stretched our bodies in a feint at drowsiness, and then casually sauntered out into the night on the heels of the man with the pitted face. We had each inwardly decided, without a word to the other, that the man in front of us was a personage worthy of being kept in sight.

II

WE SHADOWED the man eastward, block by block. I could hear Dinney chuckling in his throat every now and then, as happy as a house dog out for a run. Then our quarry turned south for a block, and again swung eastward, through a low and squalid side street of shuttered shop-fronts and neglected gas-lamps. But still we followed him, keeping well back, out of sight.

We rounded a corner just in time to see him disappear into a basement. There our pursuit had to end. But twenty minutes later he reappeared, passing within six feet of us as he circled the corner where we stood. Dinney was for going after him, but I called him back. I felt there would be more to learn from our new friend's basement "den." When you know a man's "fence" you know the man.

Yet down a steep little flight of steps we saw nothing more than a cellar cobbler shop. I decided, none the less, that it might be worth while to look a little farther into this cobbler shop. So I left Dinney posted on guard, and set to work.

In two minutes I had the heavy, old-fashioned iron lock opened, and no damage done. Once inside I shut the door and restored the lock bar. Then, sure of not being disturbed, I played my pocket light about the place. The first room, with its cobbler's bench and smooth-worn stool and window full of old shoes, was innocent-looking enough.

Behind this room, however, was a second one. This, I soon saw, was of a somewhat different character. For here I stumbled upon an antique-looking hand-press, a font or two of type, and a few bales of paper. Under a shelf piled up with pamphlets and small "dodgers" were a couch and a dirty blanket. Near by were an oil-stove and a cupboard of coarse dishes. On the press itself stood an ink-stained proof, with the heading: "CHTO IZ TOVO." What it meant I could not tell. I took it to be some sort of Russian revolutionary tract, in course of production.

This belief was verified by a cursory glance over the shelf. The little den was a hotbed of anarchistic literature, a well-spring of inspiration, obviously, for some band of "Reds" who had seeped in over Ellis Island, and were waiting for their day of reckoning. I took down one of the pamphlets, haphazard, and glanced through it. A sheet or two of paper fell to the floor as I riffled the pages through my fingers.

I stooped and picked them up. They were copies of a carefully and laboriously penned letter, as mechanically executed as the lines of a schoolgirl's writing-book. They were written as a foreign hand might write English, or as a dull-witted boy might copy a text he could not comprehend.

But once I had run my eye over the opening sentences before me I no longer wasted time on the mere handwriting. It was the context itself that held me spellbound.

> Read this letter without moving. I am a desperate man, taking a last chance. The valise in my hands holds 48 ounces of nitroglycerine and 12 fulminate caps. When I drop it an explosion will at once take place. It will wreck the building and kill both of us. I am going blind, and must have money to finish my work. Turn back to your vault, without speaking, and put six thousand dollars on the end of your desk nearest me. If you do this, without calling out, or trying to escape or give an alarm, no harm will come to you. If you follow me before I am out of the building you will be blown to Eternity. You got this money without working for it. It's as much mine as yours. If you argue, or touch a bell, the valise will fall. If you shoot it will be the same. I want nothing but the money. Act quick, or this sentence is the last you will ever read on earth!

There were three copies of the inscription, each a duplicate of the others. I replaced them between the pages of the pamphlet, and put the pamphlet back on the shelf. Then I turned quickly to the door in the rear wooden partition and entered the third room of what seemed a series of underground dens.

This third room was small and foul-smelling, yet everything about it appeared incongruously clean and orderly. Like the second room, too, it was equipped with electric lighting. Through all its mingled odors ran one acrid and significant overtone of smell. It suggested to me, even before my eyes had peered about the place, some hint of the necessity for the electrics and the cleanness.

I was in an underground laboratory of high explosives, in a veritable arsenal of the most dangerous compounds known to man.

Down the centre of the room ran a wide wooden table, partly covered with a rubber sheet. On the ends of this table, beyond the rubber, stood retorts and canisters, a couple of filters, a case of test tubes, a pestle and mortar, an assortment of labeled bottles, a wooden paddle, a book of litmus paper, a mixing bowl or two. To the right of the table was a tap and sink, to the left a row of shelves holding half a dozen tin boxes, all carefully numbered, and four demijohns encased in wood. Beside them I found a number of electric detonators, made of copper wire attached to a hard plug of sulphur and ground glass, holding a fragment of platinum wire, for a resistance point. Beside these, again, stood a tin of empty copper capsules, a fuse-crimper, and a bundle or two of what looked like cotton fibre. I ventured to feel this fibre with gentle and cautious fingers. I found it hard to the touch, considerably less flexible than ordinary cotton. I also noticed, as I guardedly rubbed a strand of it in the dark, that it grew slightly luminous under friction.

This left no shadow of doubt in my mind. The stuff before me was guncotton. I was face to face with some of the most violent and treacherous fulminates known to science. I was in a dungeon of undelimited dangers. One jar of a chair, one scrape of a boot-heel, might spell disaster.

It was with the utmost caution that I moved about that cave of perils. On a piece of old woolen blanket rested a rubber bag, with a vulcanized screw-top. In front of me lay a blue bottle, carefully swathed in flannel. I knew little enough about explosives, but I knew that nitrogen iodide was a mixture so sensitive that it detonated, with terrible force, when brushed with even the end of a feather. I knew that common potassium carbonate, stirred into a boiling solution of picric acid in water, yielded crystals of potassium picrate, one of the most sensitive explosive compounds made. I was sophisticated enough to realize that the box of cleaned wheat-bran on the table beside me was for some future mixing with chlorate of potash, together with a sprinkling of potassium nitrate. It would result in one of the most unstable, the most dangerous, of all fulminating engines of destruction.

I was still bending over the table when a sudden, sharp sound, like the rattle of gravel against the shop-front window, warned me of approaching danger. The novelty of my discoveries had made me forget the hurrying minutes. I had overstayed my time. It might be the pitted-faced man returning. He was coming to corner me, even before I could get to the open, away from that den of dangers.

I first snapped out my light. Then I caught up my Colt and held it ready. Then I edged my way cautiously but quickly to the door. I got through it safely, and closed it behind me. I was just groping my way about the remoter side of the printing-press, breathing more freely and concluding it was merely Dinney giving me a timely warning, when a key grated in the lock of the street door, and it was opened and closed again.

I could hear the advancing steps as I crouched back behind the press, with my Colt held ready, straight before me. There was no place to hide; there was no immediate way of escape. The turn of a hand might bring us face to face in the white light of the electrics. And the owner of that underground arsenal was a gentleman I had little desire to meet at such a moment. So I waited, scarcely daring to breathe.

I could have reached out my hand and touched him, he passed so close to me as he crossed the press-room, feeling his way along the wall. He was breathing heavily, as though he had been running. I could hear an inarticulate mumble from his lips as he opened the laboratory door and shut it after him.

The moment was mine, and I made the most of it. I darted to the cobbler's room, and unbolted the street door, which he had locked behind him. Then I slipped out, noiselessly, and up the steps to the sidewalk.

There I found Dinney in a blue funk, on the verge of coming after me.

"Get under cover somewhere," he whispered. "There's somebody else stalkin' this fence!"

"What makes you say that?" was my question, as I led him into the shadow of a shuttered shop-front overhung by a tattered canvas awning.

"It may be a plain-clothes man—this ain't my huntin' ground—but somebody passed that shop three times!"

I left Dinney under the awning and worked my way nearer the basement again. I couldn't help thinking, as I backed into the shadow of a court-alley doorway, of those overfed carriage-folk who whined that there was nothing gripping and picturesque and dramatic left in life. I couldn't help remembering, as I waited there, what half an hour in an all-night drug store had brought me up against. For as I watched that grimy little basement front, as dark as a well, I felt that strange happenings had centred about it, and that still stranger things were going to bubble up out of its black depths.

III

I HAD not long to wait. As I stood there, hidden from sight, I saw the man with the pitted face mount to the street, peer cautiously east and west, and then descend to his burrow again. I passed Dinney the sign, and waited for his next move.

The second time he came up he carried in his right hand a small carpet-bag. I drew back deeper into the doorway until he passed.

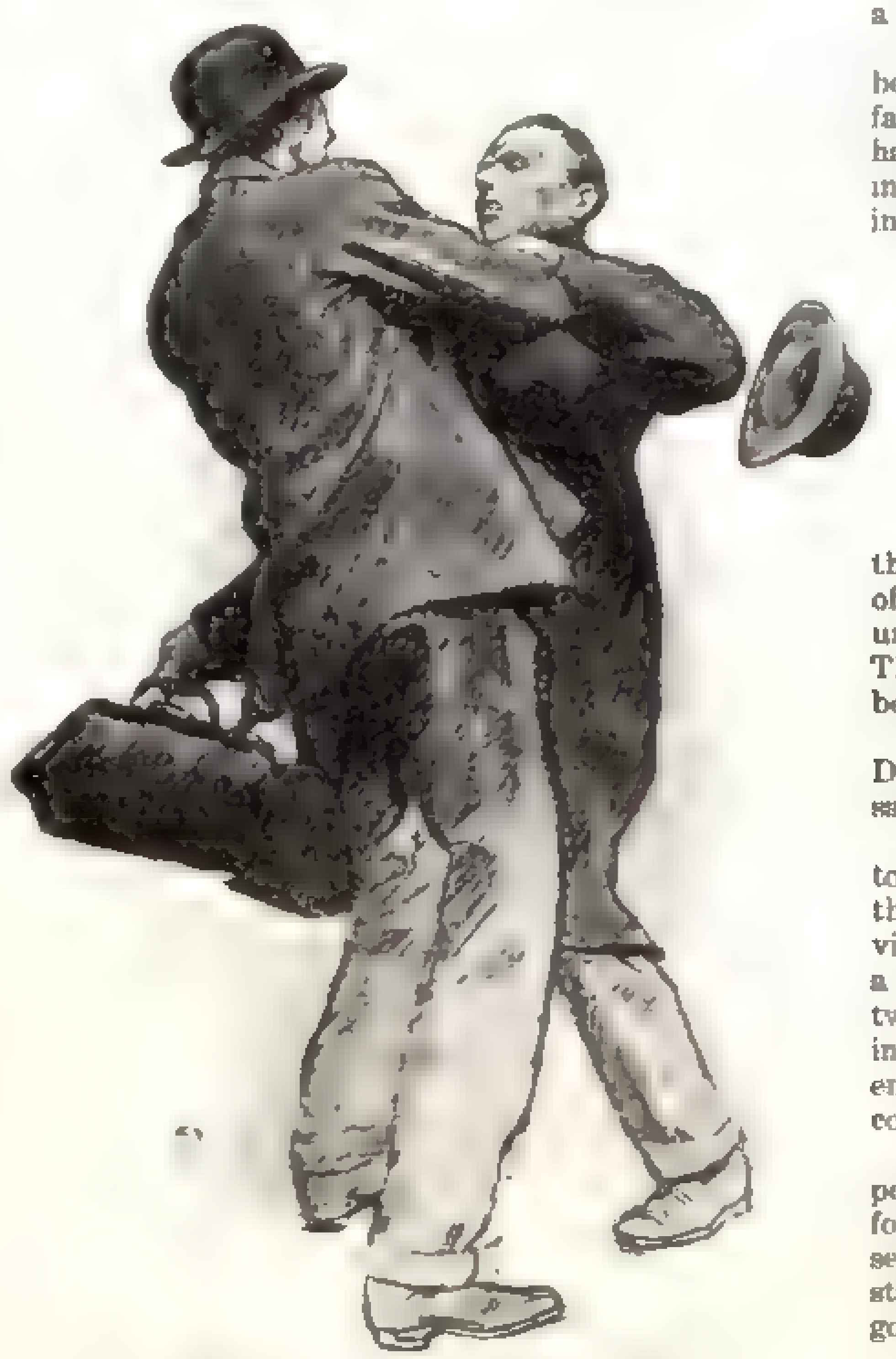
As I waited there, with my body pressed flat against the panels, making ready to start after him, an unusual thing happened. The door behind me opened, slowly and silently. I could feel it give way on its hinges, inch by inch, and the sudden little draft of air that swept through the court alley. A sense of unknown danger flashed through me. It was far from a pleasant feeling, yet I debated, for a second or two, just what move to make. At the same moment a huge hand reached out and clutched at the shoulder of my coat. Almost involuntarily my body ducked and wheeled. As it did so a blackjack crushed down through my hat. The blow had fallen short. But I caught sight of a looming figure in the doorway in front of me. Before it could strike again I had my Colt out and was once more square on my feet. But the door slammed shut in my face, quick as thought. I could hear an angry oath and the slide of a bolt.

It brought Dinney to my side on the double quick, but I held him back. We had other fish to fry. We had no time for side issues. This, after all, was a triviality to be looked into later.

By the time we recovered our senses and went scurrying down the street after the man with the carpet-bag, a precious minute had come and gone. He was already out of sight. The interval had been brief, but in that interval the fugitive had escaped us. We had crowed too soon. We had already lost our trail.

We circled and sniffed and doubled about the block like a pair of restive beagles on a stale scent. We drifted and waited and searched about the neighborhood for an hour. But nothing came of it. No one appeared. Nothing out of the usual occurred. And we suddenly woke up to the fact that we were tired and sleepy. So we did the only natural thing left for us to do. We went home and went to bed.

It was in the morning papers that I read how one Emil Goldberg, a Third Avenue pawnbroker and diamond merchant, had been held up, that night, while working late over his books. A stranger had entered his shop, carrying a small carpet-bag. He had then handed Goldberg a letter, demanding money, and threatening that the bag, which was filled with dynamite, would be dropped if an alarm was raised.



They had Closed in on One Another in a Sudden, Unlooked-for Second Encounter

The pawnbroker had saved the bulk of his fortune by declaring the time-lock already set on his safe for the night. But the thief had carried away three hundred dollars in bills. This much Goldberg had surrendered for the sake of his family, sleeping directly over the man with the bag of dynamite. There was no clew to the robber beyond the letter he had handed to the pawnbroker. This letter the morning papers reproduced.

It was a verbatim copy of the one I had read in the little basement beside the old printing-press.

"And to think we missed all that!" said Dinney, regretfully stroking his chin, when I took the report in to him and read it from the foot of the bed.

"*That* was only the overture, Dinney, my boy!" I told him. "And we're going to be in on the main act, or we're not worth our salt!"

IV

TWO hours later I was back in the neighborhood of that East Side cobbler's basement—"like a farm dog with a day off, round his favorite ground-hog hole," as Dinney put it.

A thick and heavy water-front fog, drifting up from the East River, had for once cleared the street of its shawled figures lounging about tenement doorways and its customary groups of saloon-corner loafers. We could pace the dingy blocks unobserved and unmolested, shut in by the heavy pall that left the city in a sort of phantasmal quietness.

So more than once we were able to direct a casual yet critical glance down the cobbler's steep little stairs. And there on his stool, as we looked, sat the man with the pitted face, hard at work with his hammer and awl, pounding pegs into a shoe-heel. So quietly and contentedly did he labor, so satisfied did he seem with that sedentary occupation, that the things of the night before, for one fleeting moment, seemed hard to believe. But a second and more leisurely view of him left no chance for a mistake. The man at work on the cobbler's stool was the man I had followed out of the all-night drug store—the man who had passed out of sight with the carpet-bag.

Yet no new avenue of advance opened up before us. Only once, during all the morning, did we see any one enter his shop. This visitor was a thin and quick-moving little man, so small as to seem almost a dwarf. His pinched and angular face was shaved clean—the most noticeable thing about it was its pallor. Over his arm he had carried a black overcoat. When he reappeared, twenty minutes later, I noticed the overcoat had been left behind. My first impulse, as he passed out of sight round the corner, was to follow him. But on second thought I knew it would be fruitless, through such a fog and in such a quarter of the city.

I knew, half an hour later, that my decision had not been a mistake. For at the end of that time the pitted-faced man himself appeared up the steps. In his right hand he carried a black leather valise. His left hand was in his pocket—the pocket of the black overcoat his morning's visitor had carried in to him. This new garment seemed to convert him into a man of the world. He strode to the corner, turned, and started southward through the yellow vapor, like a man with a fixed and clearly-defined purpose. Dinney, at a hint from me, crossed the street, and drifted aimlessly onward, almost opposite him. Before we had gone two blocks I could make out a second figure, following after Dinney, not a hundred yards behind him.

There crept through me the feeling that something vague but vast was impending. Yet the memory of that fourth figure worried me. There was something unsettling in the thought of this secondary mystery. The sheer convolutions of such espionage puzzled and bewildered me.

When the man with the black bag turned westward, and Dinney, on the opposite side of the street, did likewise, I saw that the unknown fourth figure was doing the same.

I quickened my pace when once sure of this, and crossed toward Dinney at an angle, so that my path and that of the interloper must eventually impinge. I caught a side-view of the stalwart-shouldered giant in a black derby and a double-breasted sack coat, as we loomed together like two fog-bound liners. Then I veered and fell back. For in the stalking giant I saw and recognized my old-time enemy of the Winnett *coup*. It was Miron, the smoothest come-on man in all New York.

A second sense of plotting and counter-plotting took possession of me. Three men were passing through the fog-bound streets of lower New York, each on his own secret mission, each oblivious of the other. It was the stalker twice stalked; it was a procession to make the gods laugh.

But at a breath everything seemed to change. All thought of humor suddenly withered out of the situation. The man with the black valise had crossed the street and turned abruptly in between two great granite pillars. Those two pillars stood, I saw, beside the entrance to the Traders' Standard Trust Company.

There was no time for action, for interference, for raising an alarm. The man was swallowed up by the great bank building before I realized the meaning of it all. I saw Dinney walk on for about fifty feet, and then slowly wheel about and retrace his steps. He passed Miron face to face without suspecting, without comprehending. His eye was fixed on a figure standing close beside one of the granite pillars. It was the figure of the little white-faced man who had left the overcoat in the cobbler's shop!

Through the fog, half-way down the block, I made out a patrolman on his beat. Dinney also saw him, and again turned leisurely about, passing in front of the bank. I would have thrown him a sign, or called out to him, but there was no time for it.

I had started across the street, when the man with the black bag dodged out between the bank doors. He had not been inside the place for more than six minutes—seven or eight, at the outside. But as he darted out between the doors he dropped a packet into the black valise and snapped it shut. Then he swung about the pillar sharply, and as he did so he brushed against the little white-faced man waiting there. Not a sign or word passed between them. But as the pitted-faced man ran eastward he had nothing in his hands. The other man sauntered eastward with a black bag.

Then suddenly the bank doors seemed to volley hatless and excited men into the street. They saw the running man and made after him. The bark of a pistol sounded out above their angry cries. An alarm-gong cluttered and clanged and throbbed. The patrolman saw the rout and joined it. The pitted-faced man raced on, with the crowd at his heels, like a pack of hounds.

But it was not this that held me rooted to the spot. What held me spellbound was the quick and decisive move of Dinney, as he descended on the unmolested man with the black bag. As he gripped the valise by the handle, and tore it from the other's grasp with his right hand, his left swung in a foreshortening semicircle, fair against the white-skinned head. The little man crumpled down on his knees and fell slowly forward, flat on the sidewalk.

Where Miron loomed from I never knew. The shifts of that kaleidoscopic scene had been so rapid that I could not follow each movement. But I saw and knew that Miron and Dinney were together, that they had closed in on one another in a sudden, unlooked-for second encounter. Before I realized the full meaning of this I heard the crack of a revolver shot. Then I saw Miron catch at the black bag. Then I saw him pass in through the door of a huge warehouse, flinging his gun out to the street gutter as he went.

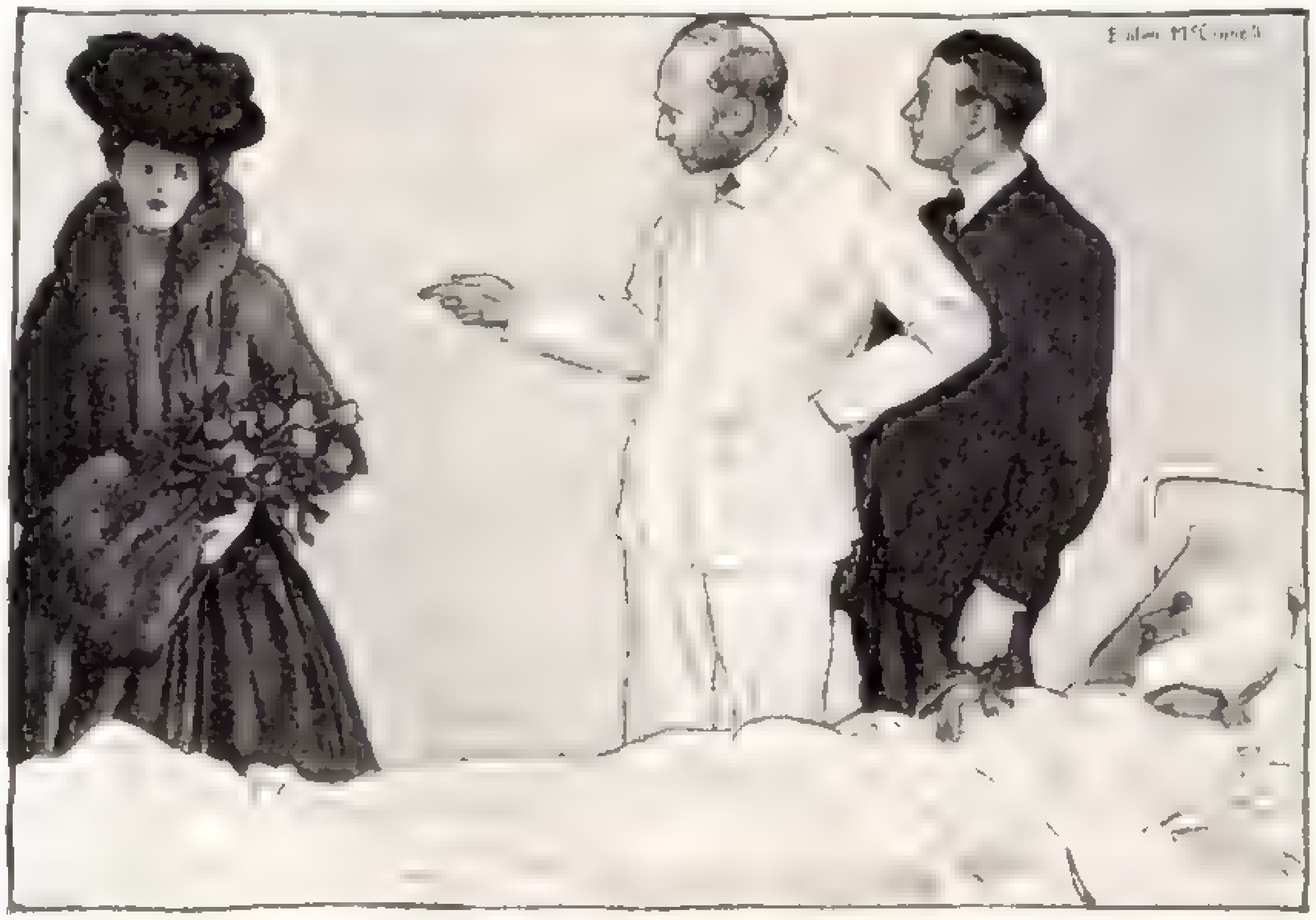
It wasn't until the door had closed on him that I made out the figure of Dinney, poor, old, faithful, doglike Dinney, fallen across the curbstones, red and stained with his own blood.

Had he been dying and calling for help I could not have waited. But one idea dominated my body and mind, but one primitive passion swayed me; that was to find and meet the enemy who had struck down one of my kind, to strike back the blow that had fallen on a comrade. My one desire, stronger than the love of life itself, was to meet this man Miron and have it out with him to the bitter end.

I sprang in through the doors. The elevator was high in the shaft. So I swung about and mounted the stairs, two steps at a time. An "overhead guerrilla" like Miron, I intuitively felt, would make for the roof. In that case he had gone to the top story by elevator and was already making his escape to the open somewhere. The thought maddened me. I saw the elevator go down, empty. A youth on a box, squatting over a paper novel, was all it held. He knew nothing, suspected nothing. I began to wonder, vaguely, as I mounted higher and higher and the breath left my body, if other eyes on the street below had seen that assault and counter assault. But I scarcely cared. All I wanted now was Miron.

I was not wrong about the roof. I found the door to a top story wash-room had been forced open, and the screws torn away from one end of an iron bar across the window. This window was five feet higher than the adjoining roof. Miron was there, somewhere along that lonely skyline. He was there, not more than two minutes before me—perhaps not even that.

I had my breath again, and my grip on actualities, by the time I clambered out through the window-bars and dropped to the roof. Everything had come about so quickly, with such bewildering changes, that I had scarcely realized the full meaning of things. The thick fog, the quietness of the streets, the mysteriousness of our mission, had draped each scene in unreality. A feeling as of walking through nightmare, a sense of being a ghost in a fog-bound world of ghosts, had crept over me. But now all existence narrowed down to one path, and that path led to the giant-like man hiding somewhere on the roofs before me, skulking about under the open sky like a cornered wharf rat, waiting, perhaps, for just some such meeting as I was crowding upon him.



"But Which *One* of Him is Going to Live?" Asked the Thin-Noted Voice, in What Seemed an Awed Whisper

V

I NOTICED, for the first time, that the fog had given way to a cold and steady rain. It pattered heavy and mournful on the tin roof about me. The low clouds, marching from east to west, deepened the gloom of the late afternoon. I felt isolated, alone, as though I had left the world far behind me. That broken line of roofs under the pouring heavens seemed as desolate as a glacial moraine.

A moment's study showed me that Miron could have advanced in only one direction. That was straight westward over six roofs along the less broken skyline. Beyond the sixth roof rose a blank wall, thirty feet upward. Somewhere amid the chimney-tops and coping-tiles and shaft-heads between that blank wall and me my enemy was to be found.

I seemed to foreknow the two of us were to meet there. Something forewarned me that the blotted ledger of Destiny was going to be balanced there, alone in the pouring rain. I did not shrink back from it. I wasn't afraid of it. I gloried in it, almost, as something Promethean, something above the sordid thieveries of the street that had tainted and demeaned so many years of life.

I crept forward through the beating rain, cautiously, from barrier to barrier, half ready for any surprise. As the area between me and the blank wall grew narrower and narrower I felt assured I must be advancing nearer and nearer my opponent. I even began to speculate on what his method of defense would be: on how he would meet me, on what we might say to each other, before the end. Then I wondered how long we would be left free there, before interference, before the sleepy-eyed elevator boy suspected and raised an alarm, before the police and the people from the street followed up this second trail and shut us in.

Then I drew back, of a sudden, with a little gasp of wonder. For there, above the coping wall in front of me, making no effort toward concealment, appeared the colossal figure of Miron. From one hand swung the black valise; from the other trailed two electric wires, covered with insulation rubber. They were twisted together into one coil, and had been cut away, obviously, from somewhere along the roof.

He walked steadily along the coping-stones until he came to the back wall. He stood there, looking down, the rain dripping from his black hat-rim, his clothes sodden and heavy with water.

I could see, as I whipped out my Colt, just what his plan was. He meant to fasten his wire coil to the roof and lower himself over the edge, to the foot of the blank wall below.

I was within ten feet of him, and had my drop on him, before he slowly turned and looked at me. He stood there, outlined against the gray sky, huge, titanic, sullen. He gazed at my pointing revolver without so much as a wince.

"Come down!" I commanded, advancing still closer as I spoke.

"Keep away from me!" he warned, with a wave of his huge hand

"Come down!" I repeated, "and come quick!" I could feel some inner white rage of hatred creeping through my very bones. One twitch of a forefinger and the thing was done. I wondered how long I could hold out. He still looked at me, without fright, apparently without comprehension of his danger. He still stood there silhouetted against the gray light, the rain dripping from his coat and hat-rim, his face colorless, his eyes slow and sullenly defiant.

"You're a fool!" he cried, unperturbed by my advancing revolver barrel. Something about his poise made me suddenly wonder if he had a confederate at hand, if he held some new card up his sleeve. It was time, I felt, to settle the whole business, once for all!

He held the black valise up before him grimly.

"D'you know what's in this?" he asked.

"Come down!" I repeated.

"There's enough pure soup in here to blow this whole d——d building and you and me into eternity!"

He looked down at me without moving.

"And one stir from you and I'll drop it! I don't care what it costs! D'you understand? One stir!"

His challenge threw me back, like a blow in the face. Up to that moment I had scarcely given a thought to the black bag and what it held—I had scarcely given a thought to anything. My one obsession had been to find and confront him, to have it out with him for all time.

It was not fear that crept through me; it was merely a more comprehensive weighing of chances, a more deliberate realization of what I had to face. I had long since learned that the trails of the under world were tragic trails. They led always to one end. They led through a jungle of feral life where one greed preyed on another, where sooner or later the weak went down before the strong. Yet mockingly, through it all, the passion to live, the hunger to survive, ran strong. The thought of death was bitter; yet the surrender of power was more bitter still.

I looked at the tall figure standing there in the slanting rain, as though I had seen it for the first time. It took on a pathos that made me forget even its sullenness, its malignity, its envenomed and useless spirit. For some power within me, some rudimentary force not altogether myself, told me it was too late to draw back.

"*You're going to shoot!*" gasped the man on the coping-stones, as he read some new determination on my face.

We looked at each other in silence. The drifting rain fell between us, pattering on the tin of the roof. It made a mournful sound as it fell. We seemed alone on the forlornest ridge of the world.

The man moved his lips, as though about to speak. Then he stopped. Something on his face made me wheel about sharply. As I did so I saw an arm protrude from behind a smoke-stained chimney between the two roofs on my left. Then appeared a head, a hatless head, with a white and angular face, swollen on one side. I did not notice the blue-barreled revolver in his hand until he took aim. Then I turned again quickly, for he was aiming directly at Miron, the man on the coping-stone.

I saw the huge figure clutch at the air, even before the malicious crack of the cartridge smote on my ear; I saw him waver on the wet ledge for one brief second, and then topple over and outward into space. And with him, as he fell, fell the black valise.

In that brief heart-beat or two all my past life seemed to flash before my eyes. I seemed to see it all in one comprehensive vista, with its corroding and wasted years, with its foolish and antlike efforts, its blind and useless evasions.

Then came the sudden rending of the universe. Some sentient spark of consciousness told me the detonation had come. But the spark went out, even as it spoke its message. It was engulfed by a vast sense of shock, by an ebbing and sinking down through gray mists, stippled with aureoles of scarlet light against a background of utter black. Then the scarlet lights faded away, point by point. Then even the blackness itself was no longer blackness. There was nothing.

VI

I OPENED my eyes languidly. Then I closed them again. I lay there, indifferent, motionless, for what seemed ages and ages. Then I heard sounds, thin and far-away sounds, that seemed to come closer and closer about me. So for the second time I opened my eyes to the ache of light that surrounded me.

I seemed to be in a world of whiteness, imprisoned and entombed in white. The walls were white. The figures drifting about me were white. The very bed on which I lay was all of white. And the fierce white of the window squares irritated me, angered me.

Then I must have fallen asleep again. For when I looked up once more I saw a woman bending over me. She, too, was in white. She wore a bibbed apron of white, and a little white cap on her head, like a charlotte russe turned upside down.

She dropped my wrist and looked down at me with what seemed a noiseless little laugh. Then she disappeared without a word. She came back again, in time. I saw her write something on a chart. Then she came over to the bedside with a white bowl and a spoon.

It wasn't until she began to feed me, with the reassuring smile one might turn on a child, that I realized my head was swathed up like a Turk's, that my left arm was bandaged and held tight in splints, that something about my body was stiff and sore and numb.

(*Continued on Page 50*)

Players: Past and Present

Adelaide Neilson—A Story of Genius, Beauty and Sorrow

BY WILLIAM WINTER

William Winter

IT WAS noticed of King Charles the First, and long before the catastrophe in which he perished it was mentioned, that there was in his countenance an expression that seemed to presage a calamitous death. There are faces in which the doom of a sorrowful destiny is dimly prefigured, if it is not clearly revealed. Such a face—radiant yet mournful—was that of the actress, Adelaide Neilson, whose image now rises in my remembrance as one of the brightest and saddest visions of the stage life of the last fifty years. Her story, so much of it as concerns the student of dramatic achievement, can be briefly told

Adelaide Neilson was the child of a strolling actress, named Browne, and was born, out of wedlock, in, or near, the city of Leeds, England, about 1847. Her birthday was March 3. In childhood she bore the name of Elizabeth Bland, her mother having become the wife of a mechanic named Bland, resident at Skipton, in Yorkshire. Her girlhood was passed in the village of Guiseley, where she worked in a factory and as a nurserymaid. When she was about fifteen years old she left her home and made her way to London. Various romantic tales have been recorded in print concerning her way of life at that time: all of them are untrue. When she had become auspiciously known as an actress the inventive faculty of the advertiser was employed to make a narrative of her origin and proceedings, and the public was apprised that she was the child of a Spanish father and an English mother; born at Saragossa; reared in affluence; educated in France and Italy; taught seven languages; and, finally, embarked in a theatrical career, because of impoverished fortune combined with irrepressible genius. The fact is that she was a nameless, untutored English girl, a waif and a wanderer, and that her early experience was commonplace and unhappy.

Soon after she reached London she obtained employment—because of her beauty—as a member of the ballet, at one of the theatres, and in that way she began her professional career. In the spring of 1865, after having received some instruction from the veteran actor John Ryder, she appeared at Thorne's Theatre, in Margate, long a sort of training-school for novices, where she made a favorable impression. In the July following she was brought out at the New Royalty Theatre, London, in the character of Juliet. Her achievement was not considered extraordinary, but it attracted some favorable attention, and she was thus enabled to proceed in practice of the art to which she had determined to devote her life.

Among the parts that she acted, during the period of her novitiate, were Gabrielle de Savigny, in The Huguenot Captain, by Watts Phillips; Victorine, in the play bearing that name; and Nelly Armroyd, in Lost in London. Phillips was pleased with her acting; so was Joseph Knight, one of the most considerate and kindly critics associated with the London press; and so was the expert dramatist, Dr. Westland Marston; and all of them exerted a friendly influence to promote her professional advancement. To Doctor Marston, in particular, she was indebted for practical counsel and guidance.

In 1868 she had become an experimental traveling star, acting Rosalind, Bulwer's Pauline, and Knowles' Julia; but she was not at first successful in her ambitious endeavor, and during the next three or four years she strove with circumstance as best she might, sometimes acting in metropolitan stock companies, and sometimes taking a position of more prominence. One of the expedients that she early adopted was that of a dramatic recital, given at St. James' Hall, London. Long afterward she repeated that recital in America, with brilliant effect. Some of the parts that she played, at various London theatres, were: Lillian, in Doctor Marston's Life for Life; Madame Vidal, in A Life Chase, by John Oxenford and Horace Wigan; and Mary Belton, in Uncle Dick's Darling. In 1870 she gained a conspicuous success as Amy Robsart—a part that admirably suited her—in a play based on Sir Walter Scott's novel of Kenilworth; and in 1871 she obtained critical admiration as Rebecca, in a play based on Sir Walter Scott's Ivanhoe.

By that time she had proved herself an auspicious power in the dramatic world, and, after making a successful tour of British cities and giving a series of farewell performances in London, she came to America—making her first appearance in this country on November 18, 1872, at Booth's Theatre, New York, as Juliet. Her subsequent American tours were made in 1874, 1876 and 1879, and they were prosperous, so that she not only achieved distinction on our stage, but accumulated a considerable fortune. The parts that she acted in America were Juliet, Rosalind, Viola, Beatrice, Imogen and Isabella, from Shakespeare; and Amy Robsart, Julia, Pauline and Lady Teazle, from other authors.

She was on the stage about fifteen years. She had been wedded, about 1864, to Mr. Philip Henry Lee, the son of a clergyman resident at Stoke Bruerne, Northamptonshire; but the marriage proved unfortunate, and in 1877 she obtained a divorce from her husband; nor did she again wed—the affirmation, made some time later, of her marriage to Mr. Edward Compton, an English actor, proving untrue She died suddenly, under peculiarly affecting and melancholy circumstances, at Paris, on August 15, 1880, at about the age of thirty-three, and was buried in Brompton Cemetery, London, where a sculptured cross of white marble marks her grave.

The acting of Adelaide Neilson, remarkable for many excellent attributes, was exceptionally remarkable for the attribute of inspiration. Her performances were duly planned, and her rehearsals of them were conscientious; but at moments in the actual exposition of them her voice, countenance and demeanor would undergo such changes, because of the surge of feeling, that her person became transfigured, and she was more a spirit than a woman. That transfiguration was especially apparent in her performances of Juliet, Viola, Imogen and Isabella—performances in which, as to the irradiant magnetism of genius, she was then unrivaled.

She never imitated anybody. There never was, in her acting, the slightest trace of artifice or affectation. She had no model. She was a young woman, and the characters that she represented were young women; for which reason she gave only such measure of attention to the art of make-up as was essential to denote distinctive personality and to augment the effect of illusion. She derived her ideals of character in part from study of the author's text and in part from intuitive apprehension of the author's meaning. She entered into the soul of the person to be represented, and, for the time, she was consistent in the maintenance of the assumed identity. It was my privilege to witness several times each of the ten impersonations already named that she gave while in America, and also, by chance, to see and observe her personally after each of those performances. She had no particle of that paltry vanity which causes some actors to pretend that they are so absorbed in their assumptions as not to be aware of anything in the actual world: in other words, she was not a humbug, but she had the soul of an artist and she was exceedingly sensitive. I remember that the only part in her repertory by which she was profoundly and long agitated was Juliet. From the effort involved in her acting of other characters her recovery seemed to be immediate; but after acting Juliet she was reserved, formal, withdrawn into herself, and indisposed to speak. The subsidence of emotion in her nervous system was then very slow: an ominous consciousness of the tragedy latent in mankind seemed to remain present to her mind.

No actress on our stage, within the last fifty years, has equaled the fidelity of Adelaide Neilson in manifesting the bewildering, exultant happiness of Juliet, or her passion, or her awestricken forebodement of impending fate. She embodied Juliet in every mood, aspect and condition without either indelicacy, extravagance or excess, and always in the high spirit of a perfect poetic ideal. In that spirit of poetry her superlative excellence disclosed and maintained its superb beauty and its imperial control.

The faculty of writing poetry—a faculty which, in her girlhood, she vainly tried to exercise—she did not possess; but she possessed a poetic soul: she could *live* poetry, though she could not *write* it, and that is why her radiant presence in the balcony scene of Romeo and Juliet diffused a golden light of romance, and why her action in the potion scene of the same tragedy was thrilling and pathetic, with a fire of imagination, a truth and depth of feeling, and an artistic amplitude and felicity of expression that could not be resisted and cannot be forgotten.

That is the reason also why her impersonation of Viola was superlative, and, to borrow

A Waif and a Wanderer

the poet Wordsworth's exquisite figure, "fair as a star, when only one is shining in the sky." Some things—perhaps not many—in the realm of dramatic art are perfect: that performance of Viola was one of them. Such tones have not again been heard as those in which that actress, while her face became rapt, rueful and strangely forlorn in its mournful loveliness, spoke Viola's pathetic parable to Orsino, with its closing cadence of smothered grief:

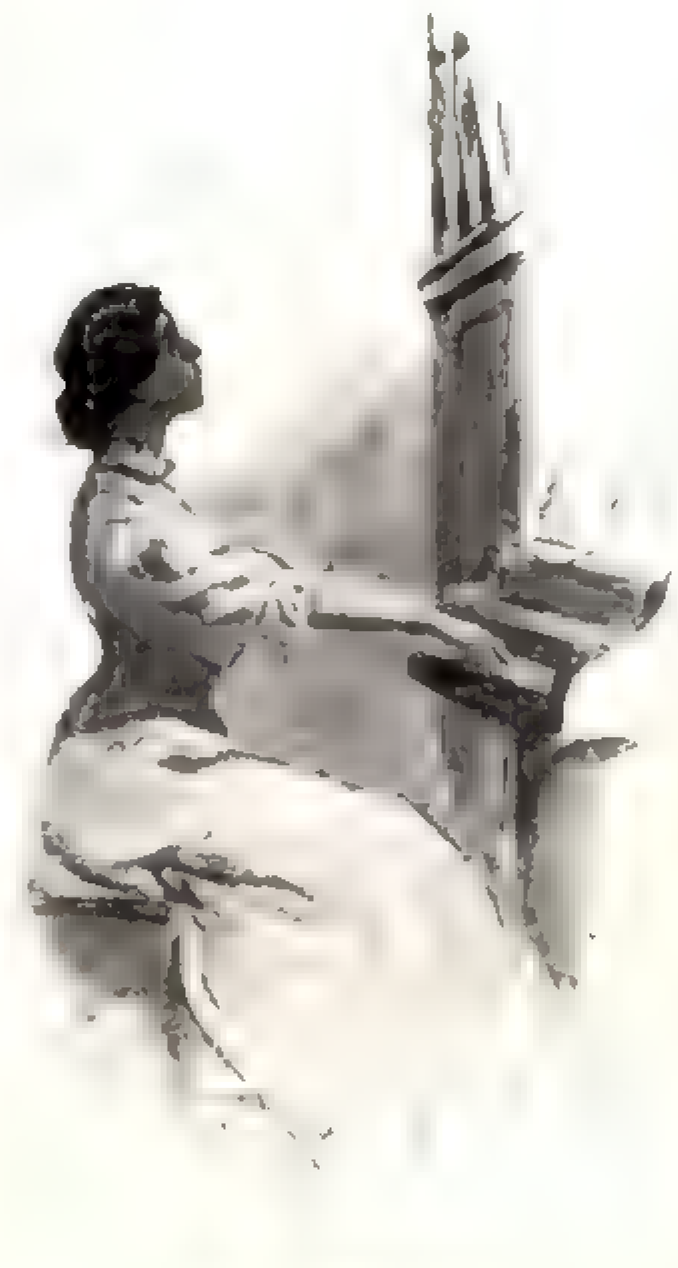
> I am all the daughters of my
> father's house,
> And all the brothers, too—
> and yet I know not.

There are, and always have been, handsome women; and handsome women have always exercised, and they continue to exercise, great influence in social, political and national affairs; but it is seldom that a woman appears who is possessed of the mysterious, exceptional fascination that the poet Byron designated "the *fatal* gift of beauty." Adelaide Neilson possessed that perilous, magical attribute, if ever woman did, and probably it was the remote cause of her sorrows and her early death. Her personal allurement, which was extraordinary, seemed to blind many persons to her spiritual quality and intellectual weight. I have heard her speak, with some resentment, of being misunderstood, and with contempt for the guileful flattery of men and the furtive insincerity of women. Her aspect and manner were attractive to all sorts of people, but she had a proficient faculty of concealing her indifferent views of them, while holding their favor unchecked. She was capable of friendship, but she saw and knew her own defects and the defects of others, and there were times when that clear perception caused her to recoil from all human beings and to withdraw herself into the sad solitude of her own mind. At other times she veiled every indication of serious emotion with exuberant merriment.

But She was Not at First Successful in Her Ambitious Endeavor

I have heard that her temper was impetuous: that may be true, for a lively temper is sometimes associated with constitutional sweetness of disposition; and Adelaide Neilson could be patient, gentle, ingenuous and sweet. She had thought much of death, and by inclination she was religious. I remember listening to her voice in a twilight hour, when she was playing an organ and softly singing an anthem, which I suppose she had learned at Stoke Bruerne Church, a place of which she was fond; and in some experience of devotional services (chiefly in the cathedrals of England, where I have participated in the rites of worship) I have not heard anything more expressive of a devout spirit and a reverent mind. The actress was, in fact, a strange compound of contrasted attributes: at times as stately and frigid as an empress; at times as vivacious and volatile as a breeze of spring.

One of her amusing foibles was an ingrained respect for social rank in her own country. The mention of Lord Popinjay or Lady Soapbubble seemed to impress her with a kind of awe—attributable, no doubt, to the fact that she was a scion of the lower middle-class of English people. The caste system prevalent in England is one of the most potential forces operant in that country, and blithe observers who suppose that soon, or readily, it will be destroyed are harboring a delusion. Older and wiser persons than that poor child of chance accept it with reverence.


She was Softly Singing

Adelaide Neilson has been dead nearly twenty-seven years—about the period of one generation. If she were living, she would be an elderly woman; but she would remember that she gained her professional laurels at a time when Acting was the main thing considered on the stage; when the Theatre had not become—as it has become since her time—almost entirely a Shop, and before the public had inclined a receptive ear to Symbols and Fads. She acted, with little exception, great parts in great plays, and acted some of them superbly and all of them well. My recollection of her, after many years, is tinged with wonder that a poor girl, obscurely reared, practically uneducated, almost friendless, severely tried by vicissitude of fortune, and lonely "among the thorns and dangers of this world," should have accomplished so much.

Her natural powers, however, were remarkable, and she did not lack either sagacity or force of will. Her perception of character was intuitive and keen, and it seldom erred. Her taste was fastidious, to the extreme limit of exorbitant exigence; yet she had been schooled in privation, and she could endure hardship, toil and fatigue. Haste, in anything, was her special aversion; yet her professional life was one of agitation, turmoil and almost incessant activity.

The deficiencies of her education were extensive, but in some degree she had repaired them—partly by desultory reading and study, more by observation and thought. She was a careful reader of Shakespeare, and she had made herself acquainted with some of the more elaborate commentaries that have been written on his plays—notably with the works of the German essayist, Dr. Hermann Ulrici; but I was not surprised to discover that her knowledge of those erudite and respectable compositions had been of no practical service to her in her profession, for she acted Juliet, Viola, Rosalind, Beatrice, Imogen and Isabella in a way and with a meaning of which Doctor Ulrici and the ponderous Gervinus never dreamed. She had acquired a little Latin, a little music, and, in her later days, some facility in reading and speaking French. She was fond of the poetry of Tennyson, and within my hearing she spoke more frequently of him than of any other author. Her favorite novelist was Thackeray, and her judgment and taste, in that respect, were clear denotements of a healthy, superior mind.

Such a mind she possessed; and if her life had been prolonged till she had attained to complete maturity, she might, and probably she would, have taken her rank in the historical record among the great actors, for she had those gifts of nature that are essential for the exercise and impartment of imagination and feeling.

Her person was slender and symmetrical, and it was so vital that her movements had the grace of the bird's wing or the breaking wave. Her face, notwithstanding irregularity in its features, had a dazzling brilliancy and variety of expression. Her eyes, dark brown, such as are usually called black, were large, sparkling, and peculiarly capable of expressing both tenderness and mirth. Her hair, originally of a chestnut color, had been stained to the hue of gold. Her voice, in which there was a slight lisp, or sibilation—perhaps the lingering trace of a Yorkshire accent—was rich, copious, flexible, sympathetic and sweet.

In acting, while she completely merged herself in the character to be represented, and at times became impassioned to the extent of apparent ecstasy, she never dissipated illusion nor caused solicitude, because she could always command the resources and means of her artistic design. When the tears would well up in her eyes and slowly trickle down her cheeks—as they did, for example, in the course of her recital of Tennyson's May Queen—there was no distortion of her features, no disfigurement of her beauty. The *effect* of Nature was present, but "the *art* that Nature makes" was in full supremacy over the impulses that Nature prompts. To a person thus endowed, lapse of time and increase of knowledge might have meant accession of wisdom and power. As it was, she perished in her bloom, while scarcely past the threshold of youth, and if she lives at all, in the history of her calling, she will live as a broken shaft.

In the conduct of her career, although she sometimes erred through impulsive surrender to wayward caprice, Adelaide Neilson, almost from the first, was actuated by a clear, well-considered, well-formed, resolute purpose. She wished to be, and she was determined to be, the leading actress of the English stage in the plays of Shakespeare. That purpose she avowed in my presence, and she declared that no consideration should be permitted to thwart or impede the accomplishment of that design. Observation, in general, considered her character to be weak: at one time she was designated "a *photograph* actress." No greater mistake could have been made. Her character was, in some respects, exceptionally strong.

The defect in her organization, and the consequent frailty in her plan, was that she possessed the wild imagination, the "fine frenzy" of genius, without, in herself and for herself, its crowning power of perfect intellectual control; and, furthermore, she was a woman of acute sensibility, apprehensive conscience and tender heart. The experience of her early life and the tangle of circumstance through which she had been forced to make her way remained in her memory, embittered her thoughts, and often subdued her with sorrow—not seen except by eyes that could see beneath the bewildering mask of beauty and happiness that she habitually wore. As I looked at her I thought of the pathetic words of Mrs. Browning:

> Go weep for those whose hearts have bled,
> What time their eyes were dry.

Exact estimate of the total value of an actor's achievement, based on exact description of it, appears to be impossible. It does not exist. The poet Poe declared that there is no thought that the human mind cannot express in words. That may be true, yet it is certain that no absolutely complete record is extant displaying, minutely and precisely, with detail, example and specification, *all* that any actor of the past actually did, and actually was, when on the stage.

The Caste System is Prevalent in England

Glimpses can be obtained of the famous representative dramatic leaders at particular points and in vital passages of many of the parts that they played. Something is known of Burbage, Betterton, Garrick, Wilks, Kemble, Cooke, Edmund Kean, Macready, Forrest, Booth, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Woffington, Mrs. Siddons, and many others in the shining lineage of histrionic renown. Such books as those of Colley Cibber, Tom Davies, John Genest and Doctor Doran are not only instructive to the studious mind, but suggestive to the sensitive imagination. With long musing over biographies, and with judicious consideration of their varied chronicles, anecdotes, depreciations and encomiums, the reader is enabled to form fanciful ideals that seem to be adequate, and substantial images that seem to be true; yet after the reading of thousands of pages about the old players, dead and gone, the conclusion as to any one of them must, nevertheless, remain, in some degree, theoretical, from lack of particular, detailed, exact and positive knowledge. The literary art has done much, but all art has its limit.

In every great dramatic performance that ever was given there were hundreds of delicate touches and evanescent felicities that only a few observers even partially saw, and that no observer has fully recorded, for expression implicates many expedients: stillness, as well as motion; the pause, as well as the onset; the glance; the steadfast gaze; the gesture, sometimes involuntary, and more significant for that reason; the distinction of bearing; the authority of repose; the ordered tumult of feeling; the inflection of voice; the changes of demeanor; the shading of a word; the choice of a reading; the smile; the sigh; the sob; the tear; the skill to listen, and to show the effect of listening; the art to speak; and, whether listening or speaking, the faculty to impersonate. Memory does not bear away the specific effects of every one of those expedients, but rather the aggregate effect of all of them; and, after much time has elapsed, recollection of that effect necessarily tends to concentrate itself upon a general impression, comprehensive rather than minute.

Remembrance of Adelaide Neilson, now for many years only a handful of dust, while it retains traits of her nature

(Concluded on Page 29)

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Is Uncle Joe in Danger?

AN IMPARTIAL and voluminous correspondent declares that the public is mistaken about Mr. Fairbanks; it has been testing him with a "phony" thermometer. While this deceptive instrument has registered only twenty-two degrees above zero, the Vice-President's actual temperature has never been less than one hundred and eighteen in the shade. Should an ice-wagon—which designing reporters have sought to make symbolic of the Indiana statesman—be brought into his presence, not more than three minutes would elapse ere its contents were resolved into lukewarm water; in six minutes the water would begin to bubble and the roof of the vehicle to smoke.

"Mr. Fairbanks," says the correspondent, "is as approachable and cordial as any man in this country; he is, in fact, almost too indiscriminate in his good nature."

All of which might be passed over as one of the curiosities of natural history. But the correspondent adds: "Uncle Joe Cannon, at his best, is not more democratic than Vice-President Fairbanks." Is this the trail of the serpent?

Mr. Fairbanks and Mr. Cannon belong to the same political troupe. They play in the same piece. They are differentiated merely by their clothes. Does the above foreshadow a nefarious plot to effect a change of costumes? We seem to smell chloroform and to see a long arm reached out toward another's stage effects. We are even prepared, at the next performance, to behold the gentleman from Indiana beaming over the footlights in a suit of homespun, properly bagged at the knees—the trousers reaching only to his shoe-tops, the coat sleeves ending just below his elbows—wearing an iron-gray set of agricultural whiskers which are visibly singed by the heat that radiates from his sultry person, and to hear him introduced to the audience as "Uncle Charley."

What will become, then, of the pride of Danville? Must he appear in patent-leather shoes and a broadcloth frock coat that reaches to his ankles, and be presented as "the Honorable Mr. Cannon, a statesman not less famous for his dignity than for his safety and sanity"?

Prices at the Farm

A TREMENDOUS battle has been waged in the wheat pit. The price fluctuated cents a minute. At times the trade was said to be the heaviest ever known on the Board. A single commission firm handled ten million bushels in about two hours. At the foot of La Salle Street all was excitement. In two weeks the September option advanced twenty per cent.

The odd thing is that the people who produced the wheat had absolutely nothing to do with this contest over the price. They never do have. The farmer takes whatever the market offers him. He is the only big producer left in the country who does this. Iron, copper, lumber, sugar, oil, transportation, and so on, are sold upon markets which the sellers largely control. As to most of the things that the farmer buys, the price has been fixed beforehand. He has as little to say about it as he has about the price of the things that he sells. Labor, in the commonest sense of the word, does not take whatever the market offers, but fights constantly to control the market—to the great scandal of gentlemen who are doing the same thing to the markets for their products.

We mentioned last week that wheat in Chicago was no higher in 1906 than in 1897. Meanwhile the average price of leading commodities in the United States, as reported by the Bureau of Labor, advanced from 89.7 to 122.4, or over thirty per cent. No other big producer lets the "law of supply and demand" have its way with him. In no other big industrial field is there perfectly free competition, everybody acting for himself. Living by the delectable law of supply and demand, the farmer is actually penalized for producing. A big crop may bring him less money than a smaller one. Cereal yields in 1906 were one hundred and twenty million bushels greater than in 1905; but the farm value, as reported by the Department of Agriculture, was forty million dollars less. Big production made lower prices.

The farmer is prosperous—thanks, mostly, to Providence. Perhaps, he is prosperous enough. If he doesn't think so, he should step in line with modern economics and try coöperation, as almost everybody else does. Several attempts have been made in this direction; but none as yet that has any such leadership and force as to merit serious consideration.

A Little Knowledge in India

ENGLAND sympathizes with agitators for liberty in Russia. Agitators for liberty in Ireland she called rebels, and in India she sends them to jail. Such harsh measures, however, are taken with reluctance. The British Government would never resort to imprisonment, we learn, if expressions of discontent with the existing order and demands for change were proceeding from the mass of the Indian population. No such condition as that, however, obtains. On the contrary, the great bulk of the native population, we are told, seems entirely satisfied; utters never a protest. All the agitation is directly traceable to a very small per cent. of native professional men who have been educated at Government expense.

Only five per cent. of the native population is able to read or write. The other ninety-five per cent. issues no manifestoes, circulates no petitions, indites no radical letters to the newspapers. There is no trouble with them. They are frightfully poor; famine occasionally decimates them; but they say nothing.

As fast as the Government educates natives—out of taxes paid by them—some of these educated ones begin to tell the others that England is no benefit to them; that they could live in abject poverty and die of famine just as well without her.

This specious argument makes some impression upon the benighted Hindu mind. It might lead to the heinous crime of treason against the empire. So it becomes necessary to put a particularly obnoxious agitator in jail.

But England, with the best of intentions, is merely temporizing with the evil, instead of striking at its source. She arrests the agitator, but does not shut up the schools which produce him. Several thousand natives are enrolled at Indian universities, studying history and political economy; getting their brown pates full of seditious doubts as to the blessings of a system of government under which nine-tenths of the people live miserably.

Five per cent. of education stirred into ninety per cent. of hunger makes a ferment which is inimical to the existing régime. Russia is now suffering acutely from it.

Preventive Medicine

OUTDOOR sleeping is to-day in its infancy. But if a prophetic word may be ventured, the time is coming a few years hence when it will be regarded more favorably and will become an almost universal practice. Houses and living apartments will be planned and built with this end in view, just as the more sanitary, better-ventilated and larger bedrooms of the present have been constructed to supersede the dark, stuffy cubby-holes of our grandparents.

Man is gradually awakening to the fact that an ounce of preventive medicine is worth several pounds of curative treatments. When he gets his eyes wide open to this fact, and has aroused himself from the lethargic condition which he maintains at present toward the startling mortality-rate of easily eradicable diseases, we may expect to see some of the carelessness and indifference in regard to hygienic methods of right living give place to wisdom and common-sense—thus materially prolonging life and making it more livable while it exists.

Then, like our hardy primeval ancestors, man more frequently will seek his rest beneath the blue-arched sky, where sleep is sweet and healthful and the lungs can fill themselves with rejuvenating air.

The Good Old Summer Time

THIS is the open season for vacation editorials. The publication which does not, between May 20 and June 20, give its readers moral and helpful advice about their summer outing should be forever barred from warning the public against the unhealthfulness of corsets, or urging the propriety of masticating food slowly.

We, therefore, advise everybody to go to Coney Island. Do not patronize one of the palatial hotels where the expense is burdensome and the ethical tone lowered by the abounding presence of wealth and fashion from Fifth Avenue. Take a detached cottage, painted in modest colors. Avoid the much-frequented places of resort where the conversation consists of mere society chatter and conspiracies by leading Wall-Street operators.

Spend your days in the woods, accompanied only by your loved ones, a few choice friends and such relatives as you cannot, without rudeness, avoid. Do not pick the pretty wild flowers which grow all about you. Study them, rather, with the help of an illustrated botanical textbook, which you can buy for a few dollars. Let one member of the party read from the book while another steps softly about with a light fish-pole pointing to the various posies which the reader describes. Observe the habits of the birds and animals that infest the woods. Make careful notes about them, and write a composite letter to your home newspaper pointing out some misstatement in one of President Roosevelt's Nature books, thus winning fame.

At twilight sit in some sequestered nook on the lonely beach, making appropriate quotations from "Gems of Poesie" which some one will have thoughtfully provided. Pass the evening in genial comment upon the informing experiences of the day; or, if the night be fair, ask a policeman to point out the larger constellations, name the stars composing each and state their distance from the sun. This information, carefully stored in memory or jotted down in a notebook, will become very useful if you should lose your way after sunset.

Retire early; but do not at once go to sleep. Lie and listen to the call of the meadow-lark, the mournful cry of the lynx and other unusual sounds which arise in that vicinity after eight P. M. Coney Island, we should add, may be reached by boat or rail.

Telegraph Rates Explained

BY PATIENT investigation most riddles may be solved. For example, the Western Union Telegraph Company recently advanced rates, typical increases ranging from twenty to twenty-five per cent.

Now, the old rates had yielded exceedingly handsome returns upon the capitalization of the company, and the capitalization was largely water. A legislative committee, after an extensive inquiry, reported that the actual investment over and above the bonds amounted to about five million dollars. The outstanding capital stock amounts to ninety-seven million dollars.

Evidently, therefore, there could be no justification for raising rates except that high prices for commodities made it more expensive to conduct the business. The only commodity worth mentioning that enters into the conduct of the telegraph business is labor. And directly after raising rates the company resisted a demand by some of its operators for a ten per cent. increase in wages.

This was puzzling. If the company advanced rates that were already twice as high as they ought to be, why couldn't it pay much more wages?

An exceedingly valuable contemporary supplies the answer. It points out that a large body of persons who are thoughtlessly classed as rich by the demagogue and the labor agitator are, in fact, the real victims of this era of prosperity. These persons find that the cost of living has increased enormously of late years, not merely because the price of commodities and servants' wages have advanced, but because they are obliged to keep up with the pace set by still richer persons. Thus they are, says the valuable contemporary, "considering the necessities of their social position, in reality poor."

This is a perfectly lucid and convincing explanation. We cannot think that the public will object to increased telegraph tolls, or the operators insist upon higher wages, when they once clearly understand that such action on their part may actually imperil the social positions of Western Union stockholders. As we have so often urged, much of the trouble arises because people do not get together candidly and explain things.

Labor Discussion

THE graceful, pantheistic fancy which animated all natural objects passed away none too soon, we think. Thus, by far the greater part of the business of the world is now transacted reasonably and good-naturedly. Sensible men almost never lose their temper in bargaining over the price of iron or lumber. It is only the bargaining over the price of labor which proceeds in wrath and expletives.

The reason is that labor can talk. If a two-by-four scantling as an ancient fabler might have imagined could stand up and say: "Look here! You've got to pay a dollar more a thousand for me!" the leading characteristic of the lumber trade would be rage. This is about what occurs in the buying of labor.

The archaic and unsocial notion that because a man has bought the title to a thing he is always entitled to do what he pleases with it crops out injuriously at many places. It was the backbone of resistance to railroad regulation. This unreasoning vanity of ownership makes about half the labor trouble—the unions, to preserve equality, supplying enough unreason to make the other half.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Pike's Peak or Bust

THEORETICALLY, the office should seek the man. Practically, the office hides out in the tall timber, in the deepest and boskiest recess of some very bosky dell, covered with leaves and grass until it cannot be told from the bosk, and the man has to search for years and years before he can find it.

Judging from some of the men who have held it, the Governorship of Colorado is no great shakes; but even the most critical must admit that it is something of a pinnacle for a Methodist minister who never had much to do with politics. And when the Governorship is handed to said Methodist minister on a silver platter, as it were, the whole affair is unique, even when considered together with the many political convolutions of Colorado in the past dozen years. Of course, that isn't the viewpoint of the Reverend Henry Augustus Buchtel, now Governor of Colorado, and the minister referred to. He says merely: "Why is Henry Augustus Buchtel Governor? Because Henry Augustus Buchtel is eminently fitted for the task, and because the exigencies of the situation demanded it."

Now, there are people in Colorado who will resent Mr. Buchtel's reference to William G. Evans under the somewhat diffuse and cryptic name and style of "the exigencies of the situation." Mr. Evans—a modest man, contenting himself, merely, with being the boss of Denver and making no noise about it—may not care. He has been called a good many things since he became prominent as the president of the tramway and the big citizen in most of the public utilities corporations, and he is used to all sorts of designations. He is quite exigent at times, also, and Governor Buchtel's description may not be so far out of the way.

In addition to Mr. William G. Exigencies—that is to say, Evans—there was another circumstance that contributed to the selection of Mr. Buchtel as the Republican candidate. That circumstance was the most amazing case of cold feet ever recorded west of the Mississippi River

The Republicans first nominated, last fall, Philip Stewart, of Colorado Springs. Mr. Stewart is an altruistic person who is seriously concerned about the uplift, who had a fine asset in the personal friendship of President Roosevelt, and who was an altogether fit and proper person to be Governor, barring a lack of nerve. It would take pages to untangle the political history of Colorado since the labor troubles began and the silver movement started. It is sufficient for these purposes to say that the burning issue in the last campaign was the renomination of William H. Gabbert, the Chief Justice of the Colorado Supreme Court, who had originally been a Populist, had become a Democrat, and finally sided with the Republicans on the bench in an important labor decision. The Republicans nominated Gabbert and Stewart.

A Horrible Attack of Cold Feet

IMMEDIATELY afterward, Stewart developed his frigid extremities. It was a horrible attack. Expert diagnosis showed he had Pike's Peak and its eternal snows in one shoe, and Mount Evans, with its everlasting ice, in the other. He retired to Colorado Springs and suffered intensely. He could not see how any Republican ticket with Gabbert on it could be elected, and, finally, his pedal temperature became so low that he resigned.

This left the Republicans in a pickle. They had no one to whom they might turn, they thought—that is, they all thought so except William G. Exigencies-Evans. Many names were canvassed. Premonitory symptoms of the Stewart brand of cold feet were found in several quarters. What was to be done?

William G. Exigencies-Evans knew the answer. He said:

"Why not nominate Chancellor Buchtel?"

"He wouldn't take it," was the instant reply.

"I'll call him up and see," said Evans.

This was the conversation: "Hello! Give me South 878. Hello! Is this Chancellor Buchtel?"

"It is."

"This is Mr. Evans."

"Ah, Mr. Evans, I am glad to hear from you."

"Chancellor Buchtel, will you take the Republican nomination for Governor?"

"Certainly!"

There was no hesitation, no delay. It seemed as if the Chancellor had been sitting there waiting for the request. Would he take the nomination? Would he? Would a curio dealer sell a tourist a Navajo blanket—made in Amsterdam, New York—for $27.52, and furnish a certificate that it was the property of old Chief Who-Never-Washed-His-Face?

Chancellor Buchtel asked no questions about Judge Gabbert. He put no conditions on his acceptance. He just took the nomination in that free-handed, hearty way of his, and was glad to get it. Everybody laughed, except Mr. William G. Exigencies-Evans. He is a warm friend of the Chancellor's. His father, John Evans, one of the men who made Colorado, founded the Denver University, and the son knew Buchtel intimately.

The Unexpected Happens

THE candidate went out and made speeches. He rallied 'em from one end of the State to the other, and when the votes were counted it was found he was elected by more than twenty thousand, and that Judge Gabbert was elected, too. There are no records, either phonographic or chirographic, of what Mr. Philip Stewart, of Colorado Springs, said when he read the election returns, but it can be said, with that strict regard for accuracy that is the guiding star of all true historians, that, whatever it was, it was not fit to print.

When you write about people who live a mile high in the air, it is fitting to call them breezy, no matter whether they are preachers and governors, or both or either. Governor Buchtel is breezy. He blows about sixteen knots all the time. There is nothing subdued and funereal about him. Nor does he affect ministerial black. A red waistcoat appeals to him as a proper garment, and his hat is often tipped to a decided angle as he goes along the street. He is a good talker of the exhorter type. His university is supported by subscriptions, and it is said in Denver he has no superior when it comes to gathering in money from audiences that have padlocked their pockets before they arrived. He can start tears in eyes that have been as dry as the Colorado plain for years and years.

He exhorted 'em when he was on the stump. He told them of the chains that swathed the State, and the people unchained the entire outfit. Then he went to be Governor, and he exhorted the legislature from time to time. He got through some of the measures he promised. He wrote messages by the ton and talked on every occasion. Profoundly grateful to the people who offered him the nomination, and particularly to Mr. William G. Exigencies-Evans, he put the whole lot of them on his staff, made them all colonels, which enables Colorado's staff to be the gaudiest and most bullionized in the country—for every man on it, with an exception or two, is a millionaire. The opposition papers said this showed who owns Buchtel. The supporting papers said it was a just tribute to the men who are making Denver great. You can take your choice.

Some of his evolutions were amazing. There was that barber-bill affair. When the Republicans were looking for labor support for Judge Gabbert they fell on the Barbers' Union. The barbers had an inspection law they wanted passed that would shut out the five-cent shops and the graduates from barber colleges. There are two thousand eight hundred barbers in Denver, a potent political factor, and a barber has a chance to talk politics unequaled, because the man in the chair on whom he is impressing his views cannot get away without losing a part of an ear, or a sirloin off his chin.

The deal was made. The barbers were to have their bill if they would support Gabbert. They supported him. Candidate Buchtel was heartily in the movement.

The Governor and the Barbers

WHEN the legislature met the bill was introduced. It was hung up in committee because the boss barbers and some of the big hotel-men opposed it. The Governor went to the committees. He demanded that the bill should be passed, and it was passed and came to him for signature. The barbers were jubilant. Merely as a matter of form, a delegation waited on the Governor to ask him to sign the bill. There really was no necessity for that, because the Governor had been working for the bill and was earnestly in favor of it.

"Boys," said the Governor, after the barbers came in, "I've got that bill here on my desk." He picked up a pen. "Would you like to see me sign it right now?"

"We certainly would, Governor!" the delighted barbers replied.

"Oh, well," he said, "I guess we can wait until to-morrow. It's all right, you know. It's all right."

And to-morrow he vetoed it. So, next time you are in Denver, do not ask the barber who is shaving you what he thinks of Governor Buchtel.

Denver barbers are very peevish when that question is addressed to them.

For All the Little Tafts

SECRETARY TAFT, hugest statesman of his time, took a yellow car in Washington to go to the Capitol.

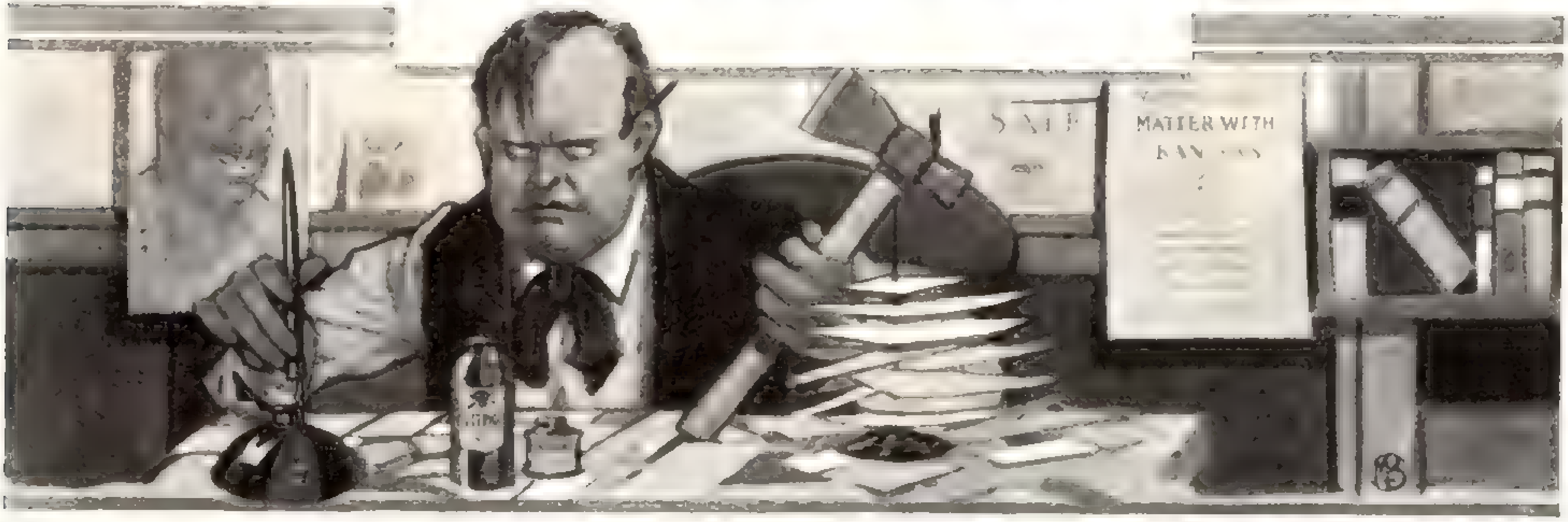
He nearly filled the seat, but at Thirteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue a small boy got on and timidly sat down beside the gigantic Secretary.

The small boy wore what was obviously a suit of clothes made over for him from his father's clothes. He was rather proud of it, too, for after riding a block or two he said to the Secretary: "My mamma made me this suit out of one of papa's."

"Indeed," said the Secretary; "I think it is a very pretty suit."

The small boy looked the big Secretary over. "Say, mister," he said, after the survey was completed, "how many of your little boys has to wear your clothes?"

Great Men and Their Neighbors



"And that Man at the desk is 'Bill' White He removes hides neatly and expeditiously"

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

By Samuel G. Blythe

I MET Colonel Alphabetical Morrison on Commercial Street, in Emporia, and asked: "Colonel, do you know William Allen White?"

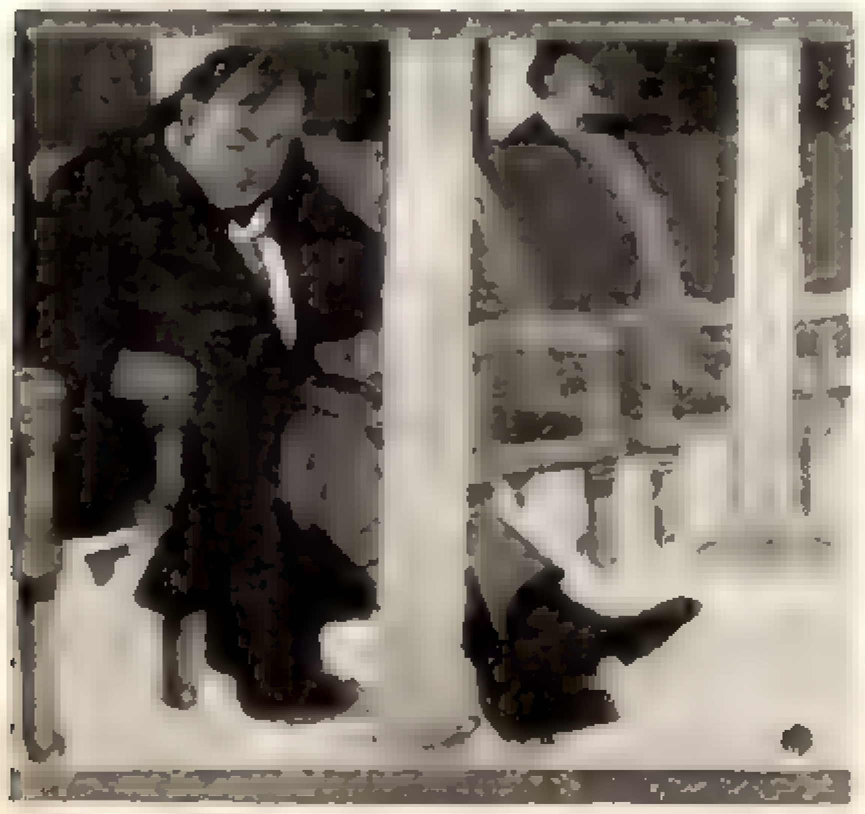
"Do I know William Allen White?" repeated the Colonel in that superciliously surprised way that is intended to make you feel like an idiot for putting such a question. "Do I know Bill White? I do, sir. I have known him ever since he was born in this town and since he returned to run the newspaper here. I have an intimate acquaintance with him."

The Colonel puffed for a moment on his cigar. "I suppose," he continued reminiscently, "I am the only man in Empory"—they all call it Empory out there—"who has such a close acquaintance with Bill White as to be able to tell how he came to write his famous editorial, What's the Matter with Kansas? which started him on the road to glory. It was this way ——"

But just then Pete Newton, who owns the Livery Automobile, Telephone 86, came along, and I organized a Seeing Emporia expedition and took the Colonel with me as megaphoneless megaphone man.

"Empory," said the Colonel, as we went out Commercial Street toward the Normal School, "ain't such a hustling business town as some. You see, we're kind of the metropolis of the beefsteak belt. The farmers around here raise the best beef critters in this part of the country, and we supply steaks to the voracious and effete East, and keep a few choice ones for home consumption. We're all beef eaters, especially Bill White, and that's what makes him the first-class fighting man he is.

"Here's where we educate our young women to be teachers. One of the principal industries of the town is furnishing board and rooms to these girls at three per, and I've often wondered how they have the nerve to stay out the term. Here's a lot of 'em now," and the Colonel pointed to a covey of red-cheeked, chattering girls, with their arms full of books, who came down the street.



The Musicale was long

"Seems like," he continued, "that every young woman who comes to Empory has got one of them long coats—automobile coats they call 'em—and you can see for yourself that they all wear the same kind of thingumbobs on their heads, little blue caps pinned on top of their pompadours with fraternity pins."

The automobile slowed down.

"This"—and the Colonel pointed to a fine house on a wide lawn—"is the home of Mr. Newman, our principal merchant and one of our biggest farmers. He's got as big a pull with Bill White as anybody can be said to have, not excluding President Roosevelt. Speaking of Roosevelt, I was thinking a few days back that there ought to be some sort of a way for the President to put a card in the papers that stand by him so steadfast, and I wrote out an ad. for the President which I hain't had time to show to Bill yet.

"Seems to me the President might run in the Gazette something like this," and the Colonel pulled out a slip of paper on which he had written:

T. ROOSEVELT
PEACE AND TROUBLE MAKER
ALL WORK NEATLY EXECUTED
WHITE HOUSE

"That might fill the bill and show the President's appreciation of loyalty like Bill's, for he's fighting for the Roosevelt principles day and night.

"This," said the Colonel, after Pete Newton turned the Livery Automobile into another street, "is one of our magnificent collection of Carnegie libraries. Empory kind of skinned the rest of the country on Carnegie libraries. We've got two, and daily expect to get another. It was this way: Carnegie picked out Empory for a library and we took it: got the money and built the library. We kind of figgered the old man would like his name chiseled into the stone over the door, but it was unanimously agreed that it would be better taste if we just labeled it plain 'Library,' instead of invidiously distinguishing it as a Carnegie Library.

"I don't know as the old man heard of it, but, if he did, he didn't say anything, for, later, when the Anderson collection of books was left to Empory College, we got together and asked the old man for the money for a home for it, and he came up handsomely. It was the tradition that Carnegie had studied in this library back East and we got the money on that sentimental ground, but pretty soon we found this wasn't the library Carnegie had used. However, we built the library, and now we've got an insatiable appetite for Carnegie libraries, and hope to find an excuse for another."

The Colonel pointed to a big house on a corner. "That is where Senator Plumb used to live," he said. "Plumb was Empory's richest man. He left a million or two, which is some for this country, but, I take it from what I read in the Eastern press, not more than sufficient for a hand-to-mouth existence back there. Plumb was our big politician, and a hefty man in his time. So far as we can discover, most of the statesmen who go from Kansas to Washington nowadays must be living *incog.* down there, they make such small dents."

Pete Newton turned the automobile around the corner at the Whitley Hotel and ran down toward the new post-office. "Here," said the Colonel, "is the office of the Empory Gazette, and that man in through the window there at the desk is 'Bill' White. I suppose," the Colonel chuckled, "he's writing an editorial now, taking the hide off somebody. That's Bill's long suit. He removes hides neatly and expeditiously; no charge if any of the skin remains, and no case refused.

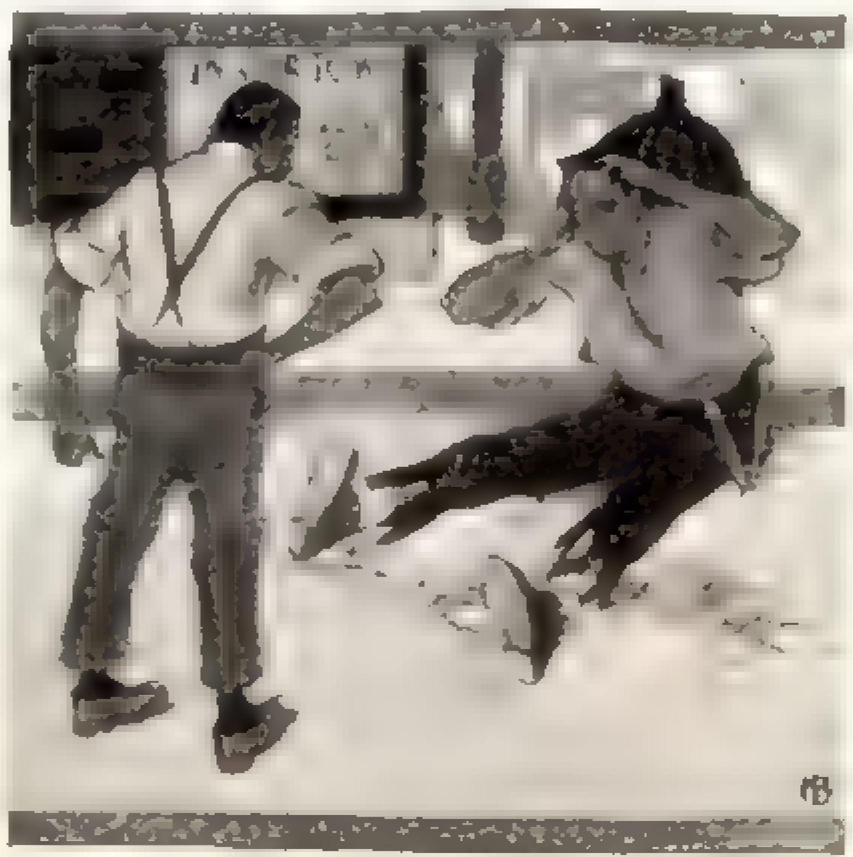
"And, speaking of editorials," the Colonel continued, as we went back to the hotel, "I didn't finish telling you how Bill came to write that What's the Matter with Kansas? piece, did I? You see, it was this way, and I suppose I am the only man who knows the true facts. Bill was ——"

"Howdy, Colonel," broke in a man wearing a G. A. R. button.

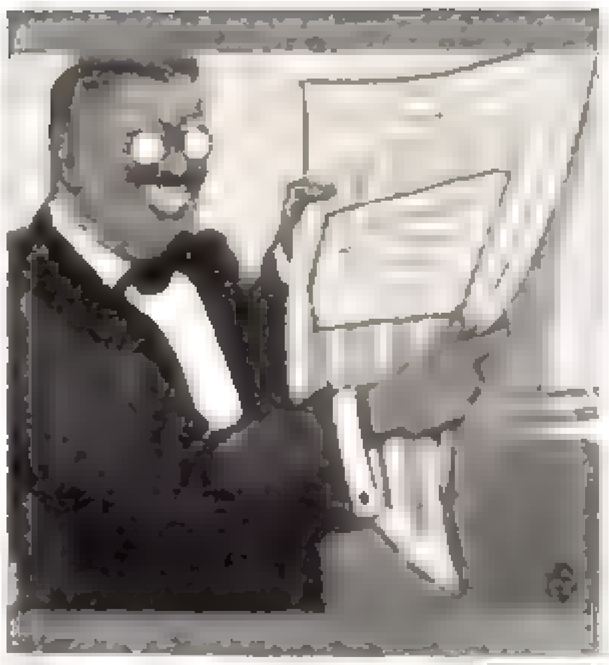
"Why, howdy, John. How are things?"

"Fair," replied John, as he moved away. "Only fair."

"Seeing that G. A. R. button," said the Colonel, "reminds me of one of Bill's first exploits when he came to

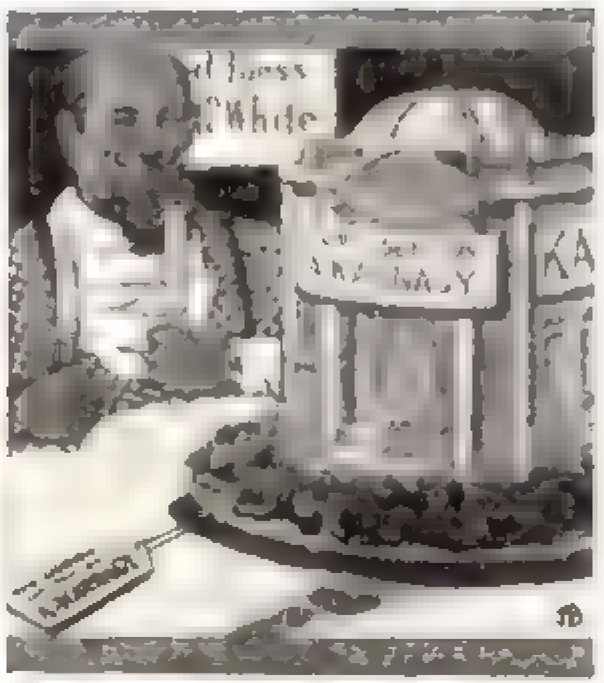


"So I kin," sobbed the fellow



The Roosevelt "Ad"

Board and room at three per



An insatiable appetite

town to run the Gazette. You see, Bill was born here. His father was a doctor. But when Bill was a little boy the family moved to Eldorado and Bill grew up there. His Court of Boyville book is about that place. He went to the college at Lawrence, and when he got back home he wrote pieces for Brent Murdock's paper, the Eldorado Republican. One of these pieces was The Regeneration of Colonel Hucks, that told how an old Republican, who joined the Farmers' Alliance for a couple of years, came back to the fold.

"Alexander Butts, who writes for the Kansas City Star, and who used to run a paper in Empory himself, met Bill when Bill was up to college. He saw the piece about Colonel Hucks and took it to Colonel Nelson, who owns the Star. 'Colonel,' says Butts, 'I think we ought to have this boy on our paper.' Colonel Nelson read the piece, and said: 'I think so, too,' and Bill was hired by the Star. He worked there a couple of years. Now Bill, as I understand it, was no great shakes as a news-getter. He was a writer, and was pretty likely to write things the way he saw them without much regard to how they would affect the feelings of other people.

"He went down to Kansas City's stockyards one day. The stockyards are one of the proudest institutions of the town. Bill wrote a piece about the stockmen going around with their pants in their boots and chewing straws and tobacco and all that. Local color, I believe they call it. It was a good piece and it was printed, for Bill is strong on local color; but all the next week Colonel Bill Nelson had to hide in the pressroom to keep away from the mad-as-thunder stockmen.

"Well, Bill didn't like city life. Kansas City was too big for him. He wanted to be out in the country, and he bought the Empory Gazette, that was just about alive and that was all. Bill established what we might call an era of personal journalism in Empory. He maintained a newspaper was printed to tell the news, and his convictions of as to what was news differed somewhat from what the opinions of some of our leading citizens were. He had ideas of his own about the way things should be written, and when some old humbug tried to get into the paper with a screed about himself Bill rewrote it and told the calm facts. His principal *bête noire*"—the Colonel swelled a little with pride when he said that—"was weddings. Not that he was averse to joining two blissful young hearts in the holy bonds of matrimony, but because he hated so much sham about the ceremony. He used to print the lists of wedding presents like this: 'Mrs. Ephriham Scroggs, one pickle-fork, plated,' and, naturally, the whole town rose up and yelled.

"Bill didn't care. He had a theory it is the enemies of this kind that helps the paper, and he kept along. As I was saying, though, the time he took a crack at the G. A. R. was a wonder. Now, anybody who knows anything about Kansas knows that the G. A. R. is a religion out here. Most of the settlers of Kansas were the men who fit in the war, and they are stronger here than anywhere. Bill didn't seem to reflect on that, for he made a few remarks that was calculated to make any old soldier begin seeing red at once.

"Bill was cocky enough about it at first. Reminded me of a man who came to town once and got into a speak-easy. With every drink he took, he got better in his own mind. He said he could lick any man in the town, in the county, in the State, and, finally, got out on the streets and allowed there was nobody in the United States who could lick him.

"'I'm the best man in the world,' he said, 'and I kin take off all my clothes, climb a thorny locust tree with a wildcat under each arm and never git a scratch.'

"After he had promulgated that sentiment, a quiet little man, who was standing around, hit him in the eye and then proceeded just naturally to wipe up the street with him. After it was all over a man who knew the fellow went and said to him, as he sat on the curb nursing his bruises: 'Here, how about this? I thought you said you could take off all your clothes, climb a thorny locust tree with a wildcat under each arm and never get a scratch.'

"'So I kin,' sobbed the fellow, 'so I kin; but, pardner, it's hell gettin' down.'

"That was the way with Bill. He clumb the G. A. R. all right, but he had a tough time getting down. Still, them things don't rankle, for everybody knows Bill means well. And, as I was saying, he wasn't here so very long until he wrote What's the Matter with Kansas? I suppose I am the only man who knows the facts about that. Why, Bill has got a letter over in his office from Thomas B. Reed—Tom Reed, of Maine, you know—framed and hanging on the wall. Reed wrote about a month after What's the Matter with Kansas? came out, like this:

"Editor Emporia Gazette:

"*Dear Sir:*

"Please present my compliments to the man who wrote the editorial What's the Matter with Kansas? in your paper. It has been a long time since I have seen so much sense in a column of newspaper type.

"The facts about it are these," and the Colonel hitched up his chair and lowered his voice, "Bill was intending ——"

"Say, Colonel," interrupted the hotel proprietor, who was standing at the window, "the President keeps after 'em pretty hot, hey?"

"Indeed he does," the Colonel replied, "and I was just telling our young friend here how strong Bill White is at Washington. He was called in several times to discuss political matters with the President. We used to think it was pretty soft for Bill, having a pass on the railroads to Washington and a meal-ticket at the White House.

"First time Bill went down there he took along his spike-tailed coat and all those fixings, but the President landed on him, first jump, by inviting him and Mrs. White to a musicale at the White House which came off in the afternoon.

"Bill sparred around and found he would have to wear a Prince Albert coat to that function to be in line with the other moulds of fashion and glasses of form that would be there, and he was in a dickens of a pickle to know what to do. He had to go, and he didn't have a Prince Albert.

"He went down to the clothing stores, but Bill's personal architecture is rather peculiar, kind of paunchy, you know, and there wasn't a Prince Albert in any of the stores that came within a mile of fitting him. He chased up and saw Dick Landsay and told Dick what was troubling him. Dick couldn't help any, for the only people he knew who had the same general lines as Bill either didn't have the coats or were out of town. Bill and Dick consulted for a while, and then Dick told Bill to try at his hotel. Bill went to the hotel proprietor and explained the case. He said he had to have the coat, and was there anybody staying at the hotel who could help him out?

"The hotel-man ran over his guests and allowed there was a Texas Congressman who might do the trick. He hunted up this statesman and explained the case for Bill. The Texas Congressman was willing enough to oblige, and he had a coat. Only he wanted it understood that the coat must be back at the hotel at six o'clock sharp, because he had to go to a dinner that night and wanted to wear it, for he had no spike-tailed coat himself.

"Bill took the coat and wore it. It fitted pretty generously, but he got a back seat at the musicale and thought nobody noticed it. Then he sat there while somebody twiddled on the piano, looking at his watch every five minutes. The musicale was a swell affair, and it lasted pretty long. Bill had a photograph of that Texas Congressman waiting over at the hotel to slay him if he didn't get back. The musicale let out at ten minutes to six, and Bill left Mrs. White to come along alone, and ran over there fast as he could. He got to his room at five fifty-five, and there was the Texas Congressman waiting at the door.

"'Much obliged,' said Bill, peeling off the coat.

"'Gimme it, quick,' said the Congressman, grabbing it and running down the corridor; 'I guess I am late now.'

"Next time Bill went to Washington he took along enough coats for an army. You see, he went pretty frequent, for the President liked to talk to Bill, and Bill wasn't averse to talking to the President and speaking out his mind. Bill has been saying what he thought here for so many years that he is in the habit of it. There were a lot of people back here who hee-hawed some when Bill went to Washington, but Bill continued to get the goods. He ran the Empory Gazette as a pure, unadulterated Bill White paper, and those that didn't like it could lump it.

"'Colonel,' said Bill to me one day, 'when I started in here a man told me to go up to Empory and run the paper, but never to have any political ambitions. He told me to make so many enemies I couldn't get elected to anything, and,' said Bill, 'I guess I've done it.'

"Bill has been after the grafters and crooks in Kansas politics for years, and he has come to have a lot of influence. Why," and the Colonel produced a copy of the Gazette, "they have been talking about running him for Governor, but Bill spiked that. He wrote an editorial last Saturday commenting on the various things that have been written about him and the nomination for Governor, and said his ambition is not political. He refused to consider the matter in any form, and then went on," and the

"He gets Preachy, and that makes me Tired"

Colonel read: "'There are other matters in the editor's life infinitely more important than being Governor, and, while he appreciates to the full the kindly spirit in which the newspapers have treated the suggestion of his name in connection with the high and important office, he would not think for a moment of taking the matter seriously.'"

A Running Jump for the Pulpit

The Colonel paused. "You get different lights on Bill White," he said after a few moments. "Sometimes you think he takes himself so seriously that it must be painful to him, and at other times he seems to be as frivolous as one of our society buds. Once in a while he writes an essay that is so solemn and so full of high lights and uplifts that you think he has taken a running jump and landed in a pulpit somewhere, and then he sets the town to grinning and guessing with a paragraph like this one I find on the first page of to-day's Gazette:

> "An Emporia man and an Emporia young woman are giving considerable attention to the same vacant house. Their friends are looking every morning in the mail for the invitations.

"Here is another one:

> "Another family coat-of-arms has been added to the list of these treasures already in town, by a family which came here recently. Up in the corner of the parchment is a crown, which means that royal blood flows in their veins.

"Perhaps we ain't speculating about who these people are?

"Bill has been doing this sort of thing in this town for about twelve years, and he has given his paper an individuality that counts for a good deal. Of course, he got his start with that editorial headed What's the Matter with Kansas? Now, as I was saying, the history of that editorial is remarkable. I am about the only man who knows the facts. One day when Bill was ——"

"Where are all those people going?" asked a drummer who was sitting near by, pointing out the window.

"Down to see the second section of Number Six come in," the Colonel replied; "and that reminds me of one of Bill's crusades. He announced editorially that there was too much going to the train by the girls of the village, and he proceeded to lambaste their parents for letting them go to the station, and the girls and young fellows for going. Also, he took a few falls out of the girls and boys who were given to flirting on the streets. He called names, as I remember it, and there was the suddenest kind of a stop of the practice.

"Bill, you know, considers himself a sort of a moral regenerator for the town, the State, the Republican party and the nation at times, and when he is in one of those moods he makes the fur fly. Nobody can blame him, of course, for being so earnest about these things, but sometimes I wish he would not try to reform everything and would write more of the stories he can write better than anybody. His latest book, which he calls In Our Town, is about Empory, you know; right about this town here and the people in it. Come on and let's walk around to the bookstore and get one."

We walked around. "Good-afternoon, Colonel," said the boy in the store politely.

"Have you got a copy of Mr. White's book, In Our Town?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, and he took one down from the shelves.

"Ask him about it," said the Colonel to me in a hoarse whisper.

"I understand this book is about the people of Emporia," I said.

"Yes, sir," the boy replied. "There are lots of people right here in Emporia who are in that book," and he smiled knowingly at Colonel Morrison. "Why, when I was a little kid I knew the reporter he calls The Young Prince, and, of course, you know, Colonel Morrison is in the book."

"Tut, tut," warned the Colonel.

"How do the people of Emporia like the book?" I asked.

"I think," recited the boy judicially, "that they are fairly well satisfied with it. Of course, you know," he added hastily, "there are a lot of people who would kick at anything, but, so far as my observation goes in this bookstore, everybody speaks well of it."

You understand this was a Kansas boy.

"The fact is," said the Colonel, as we left the store, "the people of Emporia are divided about the book, although they are proud to have an author like Bill living in their city. Now, as for myself, I am free to say—but, by jingo, there's Bill now."

He pointed toward the middle of the street. A man wearing a black felt hat pulled down over his eyes was driving slowly by in a surrey drawn by a contemplative horse.

"Hello," he shouted, "come out and have a look at my automobile. I'm only running Tom on two cylinders to-day, and his sparking plug seems to be out of order, but we are making pretty fair time, at that."

We stood and talked in the street. The man wearing the black felt hat nodded and spoke to everybody who came along, calling nearly everybody by his first name. As we were standing there a man, thin, gaunt and pale, and poorly dressed, drove up.

"Why, how are you, John?" exclaimed White. "When did you get out?"

"Only a few days ago," he replied. "I'm feeling pretty well now, but I had a long siege of it."

"Well," said White, "keep well now that you are out. Take care of yourself."

The man went into the pocket of his coat and took out a bit of paper. "Here, William," he said, "is something I brought for you."

"What is it?"

"Why, it's pay for that card you have been running for me for the last three months in the Gazette."

"Pshaw!" said White; "I don't want any pay for that. You keep it."

The man tried to say his thanks, but he choked up and couldn't. Finally he stammered, "That's mighty good of you, William, for I am very hard up now, but," and he leaned forward eagerly, "you tell Mrs. White to drive out to my place. I've got a fine rosebush for her there, and it's just ready to bloom."

"All right," White replied. "She'll be out."

The Colonel and I walked down the street. "There, you see," said the Colonel, "he's always doing things like that."

We went over to the Gazette office, where White prints every afternoon the daily photograph and phonograph of his community. He was reading proof on a long, double-leaded editorial advising the Roosevelt supporters in the Republican party to organize and the anti-Roosevelt forces to organize, the two opposing forces to fight it out like gentlemen and, after the fight is over, get together and go in and win. "It is necessary," said White, "for those who believe we are going too far to organize to meet the aggressions of those who believe we should go still further. If this is factionalism, make the most of it."

White went into the composing-room to make up his editorial page.

"He's a good deal of an idealist," said the Colonel; "but he can dream and fight at the same time, which, I take it, is a good mixture for any man. He does things and says things in his paper that make us hopping mad, but nobody ever accuses him of doing anything for any motive except that of his own conscience. He gets preachy, and that makes me tired. He gets personal, and that makes some others tired. Still, he's a vital force in Kansas, and Kansas knows it. Besides," and the Colonel was beatific, "what bully stories he can write! How I wish he would write more of them and let somebody else do the preaching."

The "Real Facts" at Last

The Colonel walked over to the corner of the room where a letter, framed, hung on the wall. It was written in the heavy, square hand of Mark Hanna, and read:

> *Dear Mr. President:*
>
> This is a young man I want you to know. He wrote What's the Matter with Kansas? which was of much help in our campaign. He does not want a job.

And at the bottom was the line:

> To President McKinley.

"Now that," announced the Colonel, "recalls to my mind two things. The first is that Bill does not want a job. He has a better job now than any man could give him. The second is that I am the only man, I suppose, in possession of the real facts about the writing of that famous editorial, What's the Matter with Kansas?

"You see, when Bill wrote that, he didn't know he was doing anything out of the ordinary. He was going on a vacation trip to Colorado. He thought it would be a good thing to write a bunch of editorials so the boys in the office might have something to fall back on in case they got short of copy while he was away. He sat down one afternoon and enunciated that immortal principle: 'What Kansas should do is to raise more corn and less hell,' or words to that effect, and hung the copy on the hook.

"One day they needed editorial copy. They took this off and printed it, while Bill was out in Colorado. He didn't know anything about it, but the exchange readers in the cities around Emporia, always looking at Bill's editorial page for something striking, found it and reprinted it. The papers in the East and West took it up. It went like wildfire. Bill came back, and the first thing he found in his mail was that letter from Tom Reed that is hanging over there.

"He didn't know until then he had rung the bell. He didn't know until then he had struck thirteen, but he had, and after that it was easy. He was famous.

"Of course, Kansas was inclined to be riled because he hit her so hard between the eyes, but Kansas soon reflected that the man who hit her was a Kansan and entitled to, and that another Kansan was getting to be a candidate for the Hall of Fame, and the pride healed the smart."

Then Bill White came in and told a reporter to go out and get the facts about a wedding that was to be celebrated that night, and the Colonel and I walked over to the hotel and stood on the stoop.

"Dammit," said the Colonel, as Pete Newton drew up to take me to the station, "I wish he would quit trying to be a preacher and would write some more of those bully stories. I hope it ain't growing on him, for the world is full of preachers and preachments, but there ain't any more Bill Whites than you can count on one finger of one hand."

Experience Teaches

AT THE age of fifteen I found myself compelled to stop school in order to help my widowed mother in supporting the family. I took a position as errand-boy in a dry-goods store, with a salary of one dollar a week. Although I gave my mother fifty cents of this for my board I found myself able to save a little of the remainder, and when my salary was raised to $1.25 per week commenced putting twenty-five cents of it into our building and loan association. After I had held this position about a year a great-uncle died, leaving me one hundred dollars, which I also put into bank. About this time I changed my employment, taking a position as office-boy.

My chance of advancement was good, and I certainly had splendid prospects, when suddenly, during the winter, a shooting gallery came to town and set up for business. There was a wheel of fortune besides the shooting, and I, along with several of my friends, began to drop in after work of an evening to try our luck. That was the start. First my savings from the building and loan were drawn, next fifty dollars from the bank, and, after the gallery had gone its way, I took to playing poker with men much older than myself. When spring came my bank-account was drawn and I was in debt for clothing I had gotten during the winter. I was truly discouraged.

I said above that I was discouraged, but that hardly expresses my state of mind. I had certainly lost my grip, and each week, after giving my mother something, often before, I would gamble all my money away in an effort to win back my savings. I began neglecting my work, until one day in the fall, after they had remonstrated with me several times, my employers told me they had no more use for my services.

Then I began to see a light, and stopped gambling. I secured a position with another concern and worked hard, and each week I would pay some bill that I owed. After all my bills were paid I began again to put my money into bank. My old employers, noticing my improved work, began to respect me, and, when their assistant bookkeeper left them, offered me the vacancy. I still worked very hard, and, although I was often tempted, kept strictly away from all games of chance, and soon I had money in bank once more—more than I had at first. —*D. S. T.*

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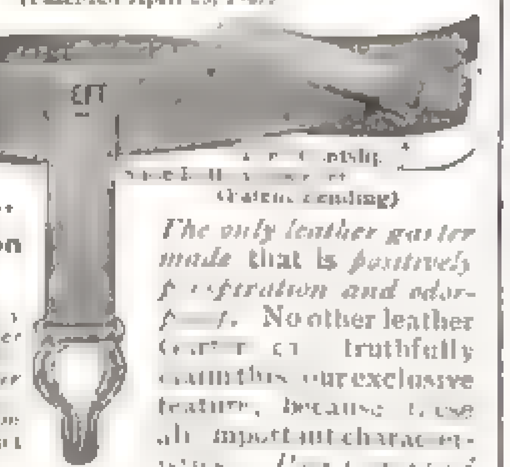

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YOUR SAVINGS

Convertible Bonds as Investments

IT HAS already been pointed out in this department how the condition of the money market creates different kinds of opportunities for investment. When money is scarce and high, as it has been for some time, it is natural that the money for investment should seek the places where it can get the largest and safest possible return. The income from lending money at a high rate, or from putting it into new business, which has developed to meet the growing demands of a prosperous country, caused a falling off in the demand for bonds. Bonds, being like a commodity, declined in price. They are still cheap.

When corporations and railroads had to borrow money for improvements, they had to make the terms of the borrowing as attractive to the lender as possible. This is why short-term notes, which were really substitutes for bonds, and which paid a higher rate of interest, came to be brought out in such large quantities this year.

Money is still high, and it is still necessary for the corporations and railroads to continue to make their securities as attractive as possible to the investor. For this reason a kind of bond not hitherto mentioned here has come to play an important part in the year's financing. It has enabled some corporations to stick to bonds, which is their favorite way of borrowing money, and it has also given the investor an opportunity to invest. This bond is called a convertible bond.

Like any other bond, it is a receipt for money borrowed. It has a face value and a fixed rate of interest. Sometimes it is a mortgage bond, but more often it is like a debenture bond, in that it is a promise to pay, depending for its security upon the good name and record of the corporation issuing it. It is, in most cases, what is called a junior lien. You will often see this word lien used in connection with bonds.

Features of Convertible Bonds

A lien is a substitute for the word mortgage. Therefore, a senior or prior lien, as the phrase goes, is a first mortgage. A first-mortgage bond has first claim on the property bonded, whether it be railroad, power-house or mill. A junior lien is a second mortgage, and depends for its value on the number of obligations that must be discharged before it can be reached in case the bondholders should want to realize on the property.

But the convertible bond has a feature that no other kind of bond has, and it is this: It can be converted into the stock of the company issuing it on a basis fixed in the bond. This is why it is called a convertible bond.

This feature gives the bond a certain speculative quality, because the value of stock is subject to quick changes and depends upon the prosperity of the railroad or corporation issuing it. Stock is merely an interest in the business or corporation, while a first-mortgage bond is a claim on it. Therefore, the convertible feature in the bond will make it appeal to business men who are willing to take a chance when they convert the security into stock. But this fact must also be kept in mind: You are not compelled to convert the bond. Thus, no matter how much the stock of the corporation or business should depreciate, the bond remains a bond with a fixed rate of interest, and as such is a good investment as long as the property remains intact.

There are many things to be considered in buying a convertible bond. In the first place, the conditions governing its purchase must be those governing any other kind of good bond. There must be no question of the stability of the corporation or railroad issuing it. In meeting this and the other requirements of a stable bond the investor gets the full advantage of a regular bond investment.

Sometimes the holders of convertible bonds never exercise their right of conversion into stock, because they find it more profitable and safer to keep it as a bond. The moment you take stock for your convertible bond, it ceases to be a bond. Most convertible bonds can be bought to-day at a price that would make them yield about five per cent., which is a good yield for a reliable junior-lien bond.

When you buy a bond for its convertible feature, you should buy one that has the most attractive convertible basis—that is, the bond that gives you the opportunity to secure the stock of the company on the best possible terms, and with a chance to sell the stock at a profit if you so desire.

There is always a provision in a convertible bond stating the terms (or basis, as it is technically known) by which the stock may be converted. There are usually two methods:

(1) A conversion on the basis of a fixed value of the stock. Usually in a high-class bond of a standard railroad or corporation the stock is held at a premium. This means that you would have to pay, for example, one hundred and fifty dollars' worth of bond for one hundred dollars' worth of stock.

(2) A conversion that is an exchange of a certain number of shares of stock for each bond. The higher the type of corporation, the fewer the number of shares of stock you get for your bond.

Converting a Bond

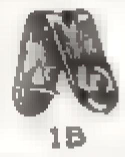
Let us see, with a specific bond, just how this converting process works out. We will illustrate first the conversion into stock upon the basis of a fixed value of stock, and will take a security which is as near a standard one as possible, a Pennsylvania Railroad ten-year three and a half per cent. convertible gold bond, issued October 2, 1905, and maturing October 1, 1915. The interest is payable June and December. It may be had in coupon form in denominations of five hundred dollars and a thousand dollars each, and in registered form in one thousand and five thousand dollar pieces. It is convertible into the capital stock of the company at the rate of seventy-five dollars a share, the par value of this stock being fifty dollars, which is half the usual par value of stock. These bonds were issued to retire an issue of six per cent. bonds and for other corporate purposes. The value of Pennsylvania securities has never been questioned, for they have behind them the good name of one of the world's greatest railroad systems.

This bond may be bought to-day at about ninety, which would make the yield to the investor, as a bond, nearly five per cent. But suppose you should want to take advantage of its conversion privilege. This would be the result:

Since you bought the bond at ninety, it would cost you the sum of nine hundred dollars. But the value of the bond on which the conversion into stock would be made would be the face value, which would be one thousand dollars, or whatever the denomination of the bond happened to be.

You will recall that the basis of conversion, as stipulated in this bond, was "at the rate of seventy-five dollars per share." This means that a premium of twenty-five dollars is put on every share of stock you get in exchange. For the purpose of a clearer and simpler calculation, let us figure the stock on a basis of a par value of one hundred dollars, instead of fifty dollars, as it actually is. On this basis you would have to convert your bond into stock on which a price of one hundred and fifty dollars has been placed.

At this point you must take into consideration a thing that most laymen do not consider when they figure out their return from investment, and it is this very important fact: Your investment, both as to yield or conversion (if it is a convertible bond), is based on *what you pay for it;* not on the face value. Therefore, since this bond under discussion cost ninety dollars on the hundred, the conversion rate, or the rate at which you get the stock in exchange, must be lower than that set in the bond itself. The problem to be figured out, then, is to find the price, or basis, on which your bond can be converted into stock without loss. This is obtained by multiplying the basis of conversion mentioned in the bond, which in this case is one hundred and fifty, by the per cent. of the face value of the bond which you paid, which is ninety dollars; and the result is one hundred and thirty-five dollars. This



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price, then, marks the place where you can convert your stock, with profit, providing the market price of the stock is at that point, or higher.

Assuming that you own one of these bonds, bought at ninety, it would be to your advantage to convert it into stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad when the market price of that stock passed the 135 mark. It would not be profitable to do it now, because Pennsylvania stock is selling at 120 at the time this article is written. The plan to pursue is simply to hold the bond as an investment. It has eight years and a half to run. The holder, therefore, has all this time in which to watch the market for a seasonable moment to convert.

Now let us take the case of a convertible bond in which the basis of conversion is an exchange for a specified number of shares of stock. The Delaware and Hudson ten-year four per cent. gold convertible bond is an example. It is dated June 15, 1906, and matures June 15, 1916. The interest is payable June and December 15. It may be obtained in coupon form, one thousand dollars each, with the privilege of registration. The total issue is fourteen million dollars, and the proceeds were used for equipment and for making electrical extensions. It is convertible into capital stock from June 15, 1907, to June 15, 1912, on the basis of five shares of stock for each one-thousand-dollar bond, the par value of the stock being one hundred dollars.

This puts a premium of one hundred dollars on every share obtained in exchange. The conversion price of the stock, therefore, is two hundred dollars.

But this bond may be bought at a price of about 94, which would make the yield as a regular bond investment about four and eighty one-hundredths per cent. and which would also make the conversion price, not 200, but 188. This is obtained the same way that the basis of the Pennsylvania bond was obtained, by multiplying the bond-basis price by the market price of the bond expressed in hundredths of the face value. It would not be profitable to convert this bond into stock at present, for the quotation on Delaware and Hudson stock at the time this is written is 175.

While this is a very good time to buy convertible bonds—for all good bonds are cheaper than they have been in years—it is not a good time to convert them into stock, because the prices of stocks have been very low since the big slump last March.

PRUNING THE PROFITS

Wanted: High-Grade Professional Pessimists

BY JAS. H. COLLINS

MacRue is without a doubt one of the best-paid men in his line in all New York. He draws ten thousand a year. Ten thousand is not much, perhaps, as salaries go on paper; but in actual cash it is a great deal to pay a man for doing what MacRue does.

On the salary-roll MacRue is "chief accountant." What the house really pays him for, however, is the deep, unfaltering, uncompromising vein of pessimism and distrust that runs through his character. Some men have a streak of yellow in their natures. But the pay streak in Tavish Killjoy MacRue is a blue so intense and constant that it is almost fast black.

This is what makes MacRue valuable, and they say that if he ever becomes hopeful, or cheery, or even decently acquiescent, there will be no other course but to ask for his resignation. His whole duty is to cast reasonable and unreasonable doubts on all things connected with the house in every season and circumstance, and apart from this he has few by-products worth paying for.

Only once, in the ten years since he came to this concern, has MacRue had a gleam of optimism. That, rather oddly, was when he first appeared and applied for a job. There were no ten-thousand-dollar places then, for this was a young business. He had somehow heard of the enterprise, and came all the way from Omaha to go to work because he believed in it. He hasn't believed in it since. He never will again. He doesn't dare to. But he certainly did then. It may have been the only instance in his life when he was spontaneously affirmative. In a person of an average buoyant temperament the impulse to believe that took possession of MacRue at that time would have amounted to a debauch of speculative madness, very likely ending in pyromania.

The Advent of Tavish MacRue

He came in late one Saturday afternoon ten years ago, after every one but the chief had gone home, and stood before the latter, his lantern-jaw buried in his upturned collar; stick hooked over his arm. His eyes were lit up supernaturally. The deep, melancholy seams and hollows of his Dominie Sampson visage were trying hard to compose themselves into a smile. Most remarkable of all, MacRue's hat was set on the back of his solemn, oblong head instead of down, gloomily, over his eyes.

He wanted a job, he said.

What sort of a job? asked the chief.

He would prefer to become accountant.

But the house had an accountant.

Well, then, he would take a job doing anything.

But there wasn't even a place of that kind open—everything was being done.

MacRue didn't care. He had come to go to work for that concern because he believed that in time it would amount to something. He was here, and meant to stay. The chief finally told him to come around Monday morning if he was still in town, and MacRue went to work at six dollars a week making out bills in the accounting department.

Up to that time there had always been difficulty in getting statements from the accounting department. The first of the year brought a general schedule of assets, liabilities and profits, but during the rest of the twelvemonth the business ran largely by guesswork.

Cross-Sections in Bookkeeping

MacRue soon came into notice as a compiler of statements on his own account. About once a week he would appear with a little tabulation. These all wound up in the same moral—that the business was going too fast, extending unwise credits, paying too much for materials and labor, too much rent, wasting floor space. Such schedules as the regular accountant drew up were compiled with the idea of showing the business at its best, instinct with life, hope, activity, as a going thing. MacRue's statements were cross-sections in morbid anatomy. He dissected.

That attracted attention. His statistics were gloomy but useful. He got more salary. But had salary ceased altogether it would have been the same to him. From the first week he intrenched himself doggedly among the books, and exercised a fierce paternalism over the business.

The house turned a particularly profitable deal. There was joy in all departments. But MacRue sank into a bottomless pit of foreboding, and went through the books hunting some hidden cause of disaster.

A fat contract was landed. He hurried out to investigate the credit of the parties of the second part. He insisted that they would never pay. He worried and grew more glum each day the account went overdue, until it was finally known that it would probably never be paid at all. Then he had a season of what, in his life, represented joy.

When the price of raw materials came down, he saw no basis for confidence, but apprehended that they would go lower. He was a pest on the subject of insurance. He found the business protected by fire policies alone. In a few weeks he had scared the chief into taking out employers' liability, water leakage and burglary insurance, and pleaded for plate glass, elevators, public liability, teams, theft from wagons, messenger robbery and automatic sprinkler.

It was not until the January after his arrival, however, that the house really woke up to the value of MacRue.

Everybody looked for an especially fine showing in the annual statement. During December special rates were made on certain goods. The selling department worked overtime to swell its totals. Purchases of supplies were deferred, and every means taken to fatten the schedule. The statement responded. It showed a clean profit of $40,000, a gain of nearly fifty per cent. in gross business. The most conservative estimates for the new year's turnover indicated that the house was bounded by only two things. One was Time, and the other Space. The chief's eye rested on the totals. He whistled in pleased astonishment. The accountant glowed modestly, as a servant who has done well

Then, suddenly, like a she-bear robbed of her young, up rose MacRue.

"It's a swindle!" he shouted. "The profits come to no such figure. Ye've no conception how little has been made."

"What are you talking about, Mac?" reproved the chief. "Look at our assets ——"

"Assets!" he bellowed. "Lor-rd help us all, man, ye would not know an asset if ye saw one!"

MacRue took up "Accounts receivable" and maintained that several of the largest were extremely doubtful; he analyzed "Stock on hand" and demonstrated that it would have to be discounted at least twenty-five per cent; he pointed out the over-valuation of "Furniture and fixtures," and insisted on a much more liberal allowance for depreciation on "Machinery and equipment." Before his analysis terminated the chief was genuinely alarmed.

Next day a firm of public accountants were ordered in to investigate the books. For two weeks they eliminated, shaved, discounted and deducted. MacRue stayed with them until midnight, and was in his element. They were so like him in mind and method as to be other selves. They might have operated under the firm name of "MacRue, Killjoy and MacRue."

They cut "Accounts receivable" to a point below his own most dismal estimates. They spent three days over "Stock on hand," shrunk it forty per cent. and refused to allow a penny more. "Furniture and fixtures" were appraised at just what they would bring from a second-hand dealer in hard times. They were pastmasters in depreciation, deterioration, overvaluation and impairment, and, given an alleged asset, would neither lunch nor sup until it had been made to disappear altogether.

When they finished, the plant, stock, open accounts and good-will had been boiled into a revised schedule which was a bitter pill for the chief to swallow. But he took it like a man, followed by a draft of MacRue.

And MacRue Made Good

Of course, stock on hand and accounts receivable really brought more than they were appraised at in this drastic statement. But the chief saw the point, and gave up all thought of the limousine car that was to have been purchased if profits showed what the old accountant had succeeded in making them show—on paper. He shifted the old accountant into another department and put MacRue in his place, and from that day the latter's salary began to rise. It climbed until it reached ten thousand. There it stuck. It will never go higher. A man like MacRue is worth ten thousand. But ten thousand dollars' worth of him is all any business can stand in a year.

It is always easy enough to get optimists in business. The supply is ample, and constantly being forced.

When it comes to the efficient working pessimist, however, there is a curious

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scarcity. Providence does not seem to produce enough men who can cast an intelligent doubt. Few executives in business have either the foresight or the moral courage to keep a high-class pessimist in their organizations.

Optimism discovers demand, invents the thing to meet it, makes the finished article, infects the consumer with desire of possession, and unloads the product. Optimism takes the chances, finds the markets, turns the profits and declares the dividends.

But without the restraining influence of a constant, incorrigible pessimism, business propelled by optimism alone is very apt to burst, like a runaway flywheel, and often does.

When the yearly statement shows a profit of a hundred thousand dollars, how much has the house really made? Probably not one business concern in a thousand ever knows. Optimists gather the material for the statement. Optimists prepare it, feed it tid-bits, fatten it. And in the front office sits the biggest optimist of them all, waiting to be astounded by the total.

Assets!

Magic word. Put it over a few items, and men commonly accept it without scrutiny. It will secure a rating at commercial agencies. It will often command a loan at the bank.

When Ashes are Assets

A shoe factory uses cords and cords of wooden lasts. They cost from a dollar a pair upward. Styles change, lasts go out of fashion, and are knocked to pieces in the wear and tear of production. A shoe manufacturer buys $10,000 worth. When worn out they go into the furnace. But that needn't hurt them as book assets. First they are put in "Assets" at purchase price. Inventory time comes around.

"H'm—that goes under equipment," says the manufacturer. "Equipment depreciates, though; allow ten per cent. for depreciation."

So in the schedule appears: "Lasts, $9000." Next year another ten per cent. will be deducted for depreciation. It may take ten years to get those lasts down to the vanishing point. In actuality, however—as simple wooden lasts, not assets—they were used for fuel the second or third year.

In the schedule of many a business house are carried unpaid bills which will never be collected. If all the furniture put down in all the schedules were in existence, and justly valued, no business house in the country but conducts its affairs in offices furnished like a palace. And so it goes as long as optimism sits at the helm.

When MacRue, Killjoy and MacRue, public accountants, are invited in, however, these paper treasures shrink like the magic skin. This estimable firm has one point of view for everything. It is the point of view of the man who lists his personal property for taxation. They will take the proprietor's schedule as furnished to a commercial agency, and by a mere glance down the items reduce it sixty per cent. They enter the plant itself and literally throw values out of the windows.

"That machinery cost us fifty thousand," explains the proprietor.

"Cost!" says Killjoy. "We don't care what it *cost*. What could you sell it for this afternoon?"

"Well—in that case, it might bring $5000."

"All right, we'll put it in at $5000."

"Now, this stock you see piled up here may move a little slowly," the proprietor goes on, "but, of course, it is all perfectly salable."

A Fifty Per Cent. Shrinkage

The two MacRues privately put the stock-keeper through a third degree, however, and demonstrate that much of it is dead, and when that item goes into the schedule it has shrunk fifty per cent.

They take up overdue accounts and forever separate the proprietor from the hope that he can collect them. They mine and sap his good-will until he wonders why the Government hasn't been around to institute a criminal prosecution against the business. They inventory raw materials on hand at bear prices; discover probable leakages and discount them; they put a pawnbroker's valuation on patents and good-will; and adjust securities to market fluctuations.

The proprietor imagined that he was worth at least a million, and getting on nicely.

When they depart he is glad he isn't bankrupt. But he also knows he is on rock bottom.

All the great trusts have their private pessimists in the auditing department. They would not dare be without them. When the annual statement is made up, directors may put a better face on affairs by making temporary sales to one another of inconvenient securities. But among themselves absolutely no false notions of values can be tolerated. The interests dealt with are too vast, and an error in exact knowledge would run into disastrous ratios.

An efficient pessimist can discount not only values, but also promises.

Mr. Herbert, the Extinguisher

The president of a certain New York corporation has a reputation as an optimist that extends from ocean to ocean. He affirms all things, assents to all proposals, buys in all quantities. His only objection is that the proposition wasn't made more comprehensive and far-reaching. Men feel that it has been a privilege just to know him, and go out radiant to see Herbert, who is named as the man who can ratify the deal and close it up.

Herbert is the vice-president. Herbert is the optimist's pessimist. Herbert is silent, frugal, and has a soul like a shriveled pippin, and his whole function is to qualify, retract, repudiate and veto. Men get past Herbert hardly once in a thousand instances. Men hate Herbert. But they consider that the president has been an inspiration.

The common garden variety of pessimist will never supply this demand for a conserving force in business. Few men are perennially negative, but mere annuals. When they affirm, their affirmation is as dangerous as high explosive.

The pessimist worth ten thousand a year is an Uncle Jim Hill, who in a wildly rising market predicts that the country's supplies of coal and iron ore will be exhausted in another generation.

It is the pessimism that, in anticipation of a favorable bank statement, assassinates the Czar three times the same morning on the Stock Exchange.

It is pessimism like that of the late Elmer Dundy, financial genius of Thompson and Dundy. When Fred Thompson interested the "Gates crowd" in his Coney Island amusement scheme, and wired details to Dundy, the latter said, "I'll just squelch *that* proposition," and took the next train for the scene of the crime.

Only a pessimism approaching genius will fill this demand.

Short on Personal Economy

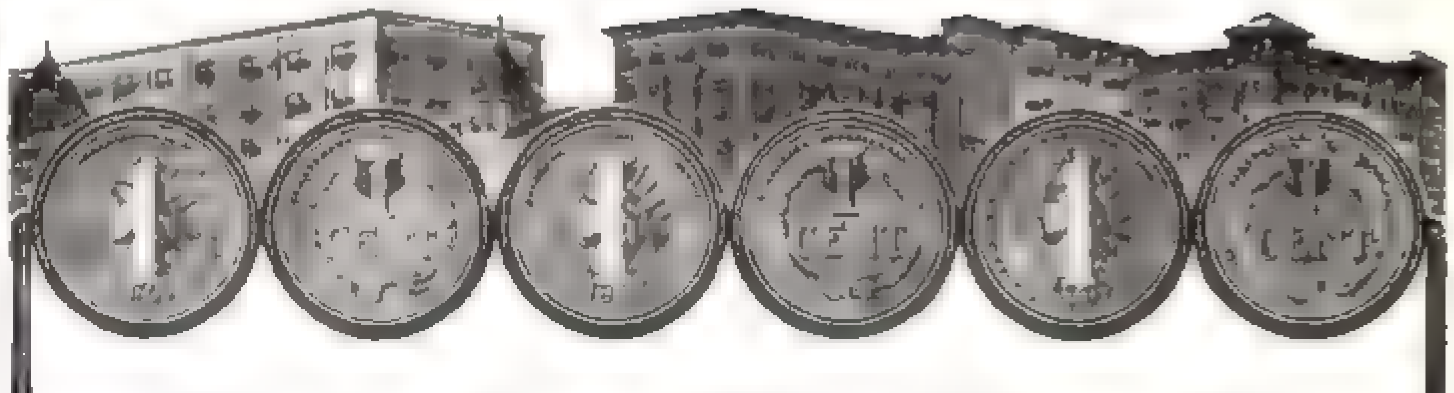
MacRue is a genius. He has the last imperfection that marks it. Time and again he has risen omnipotent in running down the loss of a postage stamp. And yet he is wholly unable to conserve or check his personal finances. With salary in pocket, he will spend half the night entertaining a party of friends. He does not drink, smoke or gamble. He takes his guests through an orgy of mildly Bohemian cafés, rarebits and old-fashioned chocolates. Next morning his salary is gone, and he and the chief sometimes spend an hour trying to get an accounting. But they never get one.

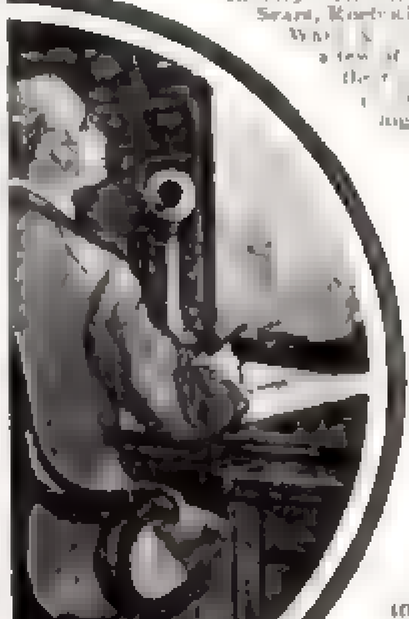
One ten-thousand-dollar pessimist in a million-dollar enterprise is enough—entirely adequate. An ingredient acrid as strychnia, he embitters many times his own weight of limpid optimism. His influence will chill hope and restrain initiative. And yet he is necessary, for he safeguards the enterprise from itself.

Optimism in business would sit on the safety-valve. Optimism would make goods and count them, and clear them through its own jobbing department and count them again. Optimism figures exports gross and imports net. Optimism inspires the monthly dinner to celebrate progress, and presents the loving-cup. It issues bonds on the future, disregards the past, bumps the stars with its head, and only in the last extremity gives up its belief that the thing it hopes IS.

But a rooted, immutable, ten-thousand-dollar pessimism brings the utmost powers of analysis, and distrust of human frailty, and memory of the past, and apprehension of the future, to demonstrate that the thing ISN'T.

Pessimism is the acid test of business.





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IN THE OPEN

Working for Good Roads—The Elks and the Elk's Teeth

SINCE the good-roads movement is one of the most important before the voters of all the States, the points giving vexatious delay to road legislation in New York should be exploited and given careful study—for, so far as its economic side is concerned, what applies to this State will hold good in others also. The trouble in New York just now is that the highway law proposed gives more than a rightful share of the outlined State improvement to the rich counties, which need only a little help to attend very easily to their own road-building needs, while the poor counties, which are unable to better their highway condition, are not offered sufficient help to enable them to extend their roads and open up their districts as they require, and as must be for the purposes of agricultural development.

There are twenty-three counties in New York, among which the fifty million dollars for road improvement are to be equally divided under county taxation; yet, under the law which has been the centre of a legislative storm at Albany, the poor counties would have to stand an individual tax of $3.80 on $1000 in order to pay their share of the county tax if one-tenth of their total mileage were improved at a cost of $8000 a mile, while, in some cases, in the richer counties the tax would not be above one dollar. Furthermore, under the proposed scheme of distribution, one of the richest counties, Erie County, for example, would take nearly five million out of the total fifty-million-dollar bond issue, which it was voted last year should be "equitably apportioned among the counties" in order to create values in the interior of the State, and thereby encourage investment and general industrial activity.

If partiality is to be shown in the apportionment of good-roads money, it ought unquestionably to favor the poorer counties that are helpless, for the very good reason that the well-to-do counties can help themselves. Again, taking Erie County as an example in New York, if this county should levy an annual tax of one dollar on the one thousand dollars it would have three hundred thousand dollars a year to spend on its roads!

Good Roads! the Cry

What applies in this respect to New York applies as well to all States. Luckily, a general sentiment for road improvement is growing strong in the land. For this new highway-making impulse we are indebted largely to the advent of the automobile and its spreading popularity, but more especially to the dawn of intelligent reasoning on the part of the average country and small-town-living citizen, and particularly to the enlightenment of the farmer. It is not too much to say that to country property a good road will bring a full twenty-five per cent. more value than is earned by property equally provided with trees and good soil, but without good roads; and it is quite as true that the farmer gets more profit on crops hauled over a good road than over a bad one.

But it is a weak impulse and a tiny movement as compared with the requirements of the miserable roads which so largely prevail throughout this big, prosperous country. Activity comes from the individual citizen, and through him to organized bodies on the one hand, and State legislators on the other; therefore, it is strictly up to the average citizen to put the right kind of Representatives into his State Capitol—and if enough of the average citizens get busy, there will be State appropriations and improved roads.

Happily, few States, not even Pennsylvania, have so choice and industrious a lot of grafters as New York, so that in New England and the Middle West and California, where the movement is most in evidence, a larger proportion of money should actually reach the roadbed, and give those States that considerable advantage over the Empire State, where it is first a fight to get the money, and then a long tussle to turn it all into honest, efficient highway toil.

No real or permanently beneficial work can be accomplished unless it has back of it the sympathy of the locality involved—such a community will not long tolerate a Senator or Assemblyman who ignores the wishes of his constituency. This is almost trite, but over and again and every day the enthusiasts ignore its simple lesson, and spend their time and their organization's money in working at the wrong end. Begin with the people—your neighbors; education, like charity, should begin at home, and when the matter comes up in the State Legislature right will be pretty apt to prevail, even despite the grafters, who must and will be finally pilloried.

The good roads movement must go on—it will go on—and the States must lend aid; it is right that they should do so, and it is absolutely necessary that they do so, otherwise State industries will not, cannot reach their full natural development. It is right and wise, too, that the State should treat more generously with the poor and helpless counties than with the rich ones, and not, as is the case in New York, leave them at the mercy of the Albany wirepullers—perhaps the most ravenous-for-spoils gang to be found this side of the Styx.

Saving the Elk

Judge Henry Melvin has recently sent to every member of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, of which he is the Grand Exalted Ruler, an official and earnest appeal to refrain from purchasing and from wearing the tusks of the elk. Moreover, the Judge strongly advocates forbidding the use or wearing of these tusks as emblems of the Order, and announces that he will bring the matter up for definite action at the next Grand Lodge session. It seems that our estimate of this excellent body of men, who are doing so much to uplift their brothers, was about right. We were confident that this benevolent Order would not stand for the elk tusk as an emblem, or even as an ornament, once they realized what destruction of this rapidly disappearing deer their use of the tusk was responsible for. Undoubtedly the Grand Lodge will indorse the action of their Exalted Ruler, and act favorably upon his suggestion to forbid the use of the tusk to members.

And such action will be right and appropriate, for an elk's tusk, the insignia of wanton slaughter, is hardly a suitable emblem for an Order which so deservedly may be called the society of the helping hand.

Let the example of the Elks be followed by all good citizens. If none buys the elk tusk, the slaughter of the elk will cease—for they are killed now because their two ivory teeth find a ready sale at good prices.

Put your elk tusk trinkets away in a bureau drawer, and never buy another.

—"FAIR-PLAY"

A Hoyt Steer

THE author of A Temperance Town and A Texas Steer spent much of his time in his country home; but, one day, he appeared unexpectedly in New York at The Lambs Club. Going straight to the café, he made one large, inclusive gesture which brought every man present about him. "It's on me," said Mr. Hoyt. Then he told his story.

It was before the days of electric and gasoline motors, and he had bought a little steam yacht. He engaged as his engineer one of his Yankee neighbors, and offered him liberal wages with the provision that the engineer should find his own coal. It was a long way to the nearest coal-yard, and Mr. Hoyt had all the trouble he was looking for to keep his own furnace fed.

"But where shall I get the coal?" the new engineer asked.

"I don't care," said the foremost of American stage humorists. "Steal it."

So the bargain was struck. All went well until in the early autumn Mr. Hoyt went into his cellar to see how much coal he would have to have brought him for the winter. Of several tons on hand in the spring only two or three scuttlefuls remained. The theft was speedily traced to the engineer.

ALABASTINE
ALABASTINE

Dainty Walls Make Homes Charming

The expense of decorating with Alabastine is less than the cost of wall papers, kalsomines or tapestries, and walls treated with Alabastine are more durable and far more sanitary.

Alabastine
The Sanitary Wall Coating

can be applied to any wall in any tint or combination of tints, either with or without border decoration. Beautiful stencil designs can be used.

Alabastine becomes a solid part of the wall and one coat can be applied over another. This makes the cost of redecorating with Alabastine less than one-half what it would be were kalsomine, wall paper, or other material used.

Alabastine is sold in properly labeled and carefully sealed 5-lb packages by paint, drug, hardware and general stores at [illegible] the package for tints and 50c for white.

Ask your dealer for Alabastine and accept no package that does not bear the word Alabastine in upright letters. Send 10c in coin or stamps for the handsome book "Dainty Wall Decorations," containing beautiful colored plans and much valuable information. Tint cards mailed free on request.

The Alabastine Company, 907 Grandville Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Eastern Office, Dept. H, 105 Water Street, New York City.

Carbo Magnetic
TRADE MARK
Griffon
60

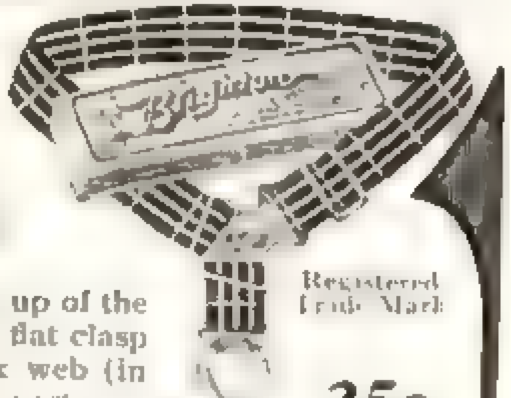
No Honing—No Grinding
No More Razor Troubles
ELECTRIC vs. FIRE TEMPERING

Hollow Ground as Illustrated $2.50
Double Concave for Extra Heavy Beards $3.00
THE Carbo Magnetic RAZOR
Set of Two in Leather Case $5.50
Carbo Magnetic Strop $1.00

Razors have been tempered by fire for hundreds of years for the reason that manufacturers knew of no other method. Fire tempering is not uniform, and in consequence 90% of all razors tempered in this manner WILL PULL. CARBO MAGNETIC razors are tempered by OUR EXCLUSIVE SECRET PROCESS OF ELECTRICITY, which, not only produces an EVEN TEMPER, but PRESERVES THE CARBON (the life) of the blades as well—THEY DON'T PULL.

Give us your dealer's name and we will send you our booklet, "Hints on Shaving," and make you a proposition whereby you can test one of these razors without obligation on your part to purchase. This book illustrates the correct razor position for shaving every part of the face, and contains much other valuable information. Please state whether or not your dealer handles the Carbo Magnetic Razor.

Firm of
A. L. SILBERSTEIN
443-444 Broadway
NEW YORK



BRIGHTON FLAT CLASP GARTERS

Keeping up appearances starts with the keeping up of the socks. Brightons do it—and do more than this. The flat clasp works in harmony with a man's legs. The pure silk web (in many patterns and shades) gives long wear. All metal parts are heavy nickel-plated brass—neat, durable and cannot rust. If your dealer hasn't them in stock—a quarter brings you a pair postpaid.

Registered Trade Mark

25c A Pair

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., 718 Market Street, Philadelphia.
Makers of Pioneer Suspenders

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
A Certain Relief for Tired, Hot, Aching Feet.
DO NOT ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE.
This signature Allen S. Olmsted on every box
For FREE Trial Package Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Chicago College of Dental Surgery
Founded 1880

Located in the center of the great Medical College and Hospital District of Chicago with plentiful material for Clinics, an invaluable advantage to students of this institution. Equipment complete, including every modern appliance known in Dentistry. Highest standards maintained and every possible advantage offered. The best evidence of our thoroughness and painstaking care in every branch is evidenced by our 2,800 graduates, most of whom are today successful practitioners, many having attained great prominence in their chosen calling. You owe it to yourself and your future to investigate thoroughly before deciding. Catalog sent Free.

Address TRUMAN W BROPHY, D. D. S., Dean
760 W Harrison Street, Chicago, Ill.

CLARK COLLEGE
Worcester, Massachusetts
CARROLL D. WRIGHT, Ph. D., LL. D., President

Three year course, leading to degree of Bachelor of Arts. Tuition $50 a year — no extras. Admission on certificate [illegible] A college for students desired to work. [illegible] [illegible] without charge. [illegible] with competent director. [illegible] athletics. For information, address

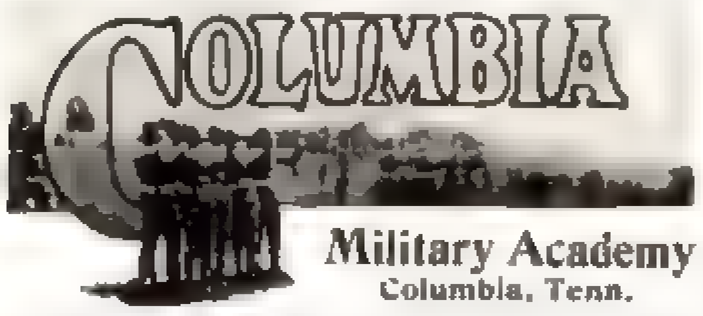
E C BENTLEY, Dean

Staunton Military Academy
An Ideal Home School for Manly Boys

325 Boys from 45 States last session. Largest Private Academy in the South. Boys from 10 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies, or Business.

1,600 feet above sea-level; pure bracing mountain air of the famous Shenandoah Valley. Pure mineral spring waters. Military training develops obedience, health, manly carriage. Fine shady lawns, gymnasium, [illegible] and athletic park. Daily drills. Boys from homes of refinement only desired. Personal individual instruction by our Tutorial System. Academy forty seven years old. New $[illegible] barracks, full equipment, absolutely fire-proof. Charges $360. Handsome catalogue free. Address

CAPTAIN Wm. H. KABLE, A. M., Principal Staunton, Va



COLUMBIA
Military Academy
Columbia, Tenn.

A high grade preparatory school for all colleges and life work. Magnificent campus, 67 acres; latest modern equipment; healthiest location in the South; every facility for correct study and beneficial recreation. Large faculty, competent instructors; seven airy, cheerful buildings. Systematic education and consistent cultivation, our aim. Full descriptive catalog free.

J. C. Hardy, M.A., J. E. Edgerton, M.A., Principals

CULVER Military Academy
Culver, Indiana.
(On Lake Maxinkuckee)

A boy's life at Culver is an interesting one. Not only is he thoroughly prepared for college or business, but he receives in addition a complete military training, which cultivates in him a high sense of honor, system, perseverance, respect for authority, and physical endurance. A beautiful illustrated catalogue, describing Culver's unique course, sent on request. Address

The Superintendent,
Culver Military Academy

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System — written with only nine characters. No "positions" — no "ruled lines" — no "shading" — no "word-signs" — no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address Chicago Correspondence Schools 728 Chicago Opera House Block Chicago, Ill.

Getting On in the World

STEPS AND MISSTEPS ON THE ROAD TO FORTUNE

Free Advertising

MR. J. W. VAN CLEAVE, the president of the National Association of Manufacturers, was born on a farm in Kentucky and followed the plow when he was a boy. Now he is at the head of one of the largest stove manufacturing concerns in the Middle West. He believes in advertising, and, to develop this art among his customers, he has established a school in his main offices at St. Louis.

First of all, every one of his many salesmen must know how to write and place advertisements. If they do not know how when they are employed, they are taught. The salesman's plan is simply this:

When he sells a bill of goods to a customer, he asks him how much advertising he does. On being told, he asks to see the advertisements. In the smaller towns of the West the storekeepers are not experts in writing ads. The stove salesman, therefore, offers to write his advertisements for the whole year.

In nine cases out of ten, his offer is accepted. It is quite obvious that he will, in case of a general hardware advertisement, for example, put his stoves in a very conspicuous place. Hence the value of the system to Mr. Van Cleave. In case the storekeeper buys his goods by mail, he may obtain a series of advertisements for any kind of stock, written at the main office, and if he wants to come to St. Louis and study himself he can do so free of expense.

The result of this free advertising education is a vast amount of advertising for the company that it would not otherwise have secured.

Building Up a Banana Business

MY SALARY as night clerk at the leading hotel in our city of fifty thousand people, while above the average for such a position, is not very large. I had been trying for a long while to hit upon some legitimate way to increase my income when, about three months ago, I conceived the idea that is now yielding me a handsome profit.

I had often noticed Italian fruit pedlers going from house to house with baskets of bananas. At the first opportunity, I stopped a banana-man on the street and bought all the bananas I could conveniently carry. The little Italian felt very kindly toward me and freely gave all the information I desired.

He was working for an Italian fruit dealer who conducted a large retail fruit store. He worked on commission and made from $1.50 to $3 per day, depending on the quality of fruit he had to offer and the price asked. The fruit dealer, he said, employed five other Italians on the same commission basis, and they were all doing well.

The fruit dealer, it seemed to me, must have a good thing, even though the profit be small on each dozen sold. Why should I not sell bananas in this way? Difficulties threatened my plan, but a little thought dispelled them.

Mr. B., who represents a well-known firm of fruit dealers, lives at our hotel. I had become well acquainted with him, and I knew that I could depend on his help. I told him my plan. He thought it quite feasible, and promised that I should have bananas at the lowest wholesale price.

After making arrangements for a small storeroom in a basement near the hotel at a very low rental, I inserted the following ad. in our local paper:

> WANTED: Boy, about 12 yrs. old, to work after school. Good pay. Call Phone 540. To-day, after 4 o'clock.

Eighteen boys called me up. All wanted to work, but only ten met me at the appointed time next day. Each boy received five dozen bananas, although each protested that he could sell twice as many.

In two or three hours the boys began to return. Only one had sold the whole of his supply; the others brought back all or the greater part of their stock.

I questioned each boy closely as to the reasons people gave for not buying. The

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Washington College

An ideal school for girls and young women, located on a beautiful estate of [illegible] the National Capital. Surrounded [illegible] [illegible] Washington is famous. Cultured [illegible] delightful [illegible] refined associations, sight seeing systematized; social advantages [illegible] Preparatory, Certificate and College Courses. Music, Art, Elocution. Catalogue on request.

F. MENEFEE, President, 3rd and T Streets, N. E. Washington, D. C.

Summer Cavalry School
at Saint John's, Manlius, N. Y.

Tutoring if desired. A school of recreation. Complete equipment for sports and pleasures of a boy's summer vacation. Constant supervision.

Apply to WILLIAM VERBECK

GEM CITY Business College
Quincy, Ill.

20 experienced teachers; 1400 students; $100,000 school building. Shorthand, Type-writing, Bookkeeping. 64 page illustrated catalog free.

D. L. MUSSELMAN Pres.
61 Musselman Building, Quincy, Ill

Ohio Military Institute

Location. 10 miles outside of Cincinnati and 1000 feet above sea level in a wholesome cultured community.
Organization. Military drill [illegible] subordinated to academic [illegible] Lower school for younger boys.
Advantages. Individual attention. Certificates admit to [illegible] Graduates in both government academies.
Health and Strength. Healthful [illegible] athletics and physical training [illegible] For catalogue address A. M. Henshaw, Commandant, Box 22, College Hill, Ohio

University of Wisconsin Summer Session
June 24 to August 3, 1907

Especially for graduate students and teachers. Location Madison the Beautiful. Tuition, $15. For circular, address

Registrar, Madison, Wisconsin.

Chattanooga College of Law

Law Department of Grant University. Two year course leading to the degree of LL. B., and admission to the State and U. S. courts. [illegible] law [illegible] faculty of 14 [illegible] reasonable. Students may be self-supporting [illegible] Next term begins Sept. [illegible] 1907. For illustrated catalogue address

Major C R Evans (Dept. O), Chattanooga, Tenn

New Haven Normal School of Gymnastics
307 York St., New Haven, Conn.

Two years' course for preparing teachers of Physical Training. Course in Massage and Medical Gymnastics. Summer courses in Gymnastics. Catalogues sent on request.

Freehold, New Jersey
New Jersey Military Academy

Prepares for college or business. Special department in separate building for quite young boys.

Col. C. J. Wright, A.M., Principal

CAZENOVIA SEMINARY

[illegible] boarding school. College preparatory and business courses. Music and Art. On beautiful Cazenovia Lake. $[illegible] a year. For catalogue address

F D BLAKESLEE D D Lit D, Box 908 Cazenovia, N Y

Eastern College For Young Men and Women. In beautiful Shenandoah Valley, near Washington, D. C. [illegible] Normal, Preparatory, Business, Conservatory [illegible] Music, Art, Elocution. Students from 23 States. Yearly rates $190.

J S GRUVER, A. M., Prest., Front Royal, Va.

The Birmingham School
For Girls. Main Line, P. R. R.

A Girls' School in an invigorating mountain climate. For full information, address A. R. Grier Mgr., Birmingham, Pa.

ROCK RIDGE SCHOOL

For Boys. Location high and dry. Laboratories. Shop for mechanic arts. Strong teachers. [illegible] Gymnasium with swimming pool. Fits for college, scientific school and business. Young boys in separate building.

Address Dr G R White, Rock Ridge Hall, Wellesley Hills, Mass

LIBERTY Ladies' College
LIBERTY, MO.

14 miles from Kansas City. Highest grade in Letters, Sciences, Art. Unusually strong faculty.

American Mozart Conservatory. C. M. Williams, Pres.

An Emerson Piano as prize in May Festival Contest

Montclair Academy
(Formerly Montclair Military Academy)
MONTCLAIR NEW JERSEY

20th year under the present headmaster. Montclair has gradually developed a new idea in military training, which is explained in our special booklet. This booklet and "Your Boy and Our School" will prove invaluable to parents, no matter where their sons are educated. Both books on request.

JOHN G. MacVICAR, 35 Walden Place.

FOURTEENTH SUMMER SESSION
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
June 24 — August 2, 1907
Arts, Engineering, Medicine, Law, Pharmacy

Courses for Teachers, Graduates, Undergraduates. Preparatory courses. University credit given. Tuition, $15.00. Healthful location. 1034 students in summer of '06. For particulars address JOHN R EFFINGER, Sec'y, 765 E. University Ave., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Boys' Summer Camp
"Wildmere" in the Maine Woods

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] good. Mountain climbing, [illegible] the life a boy loves. [illegible] trip through the White Mountains. Supervision and [illegible] college-bred leaders and masters. Tutoring [illegible] resident physician. Eighth season begins June [illegible]. Booklet on request.

IRVING R. WOODMAN, Ph. B.,
Adelphi Academy Brooklyn, N Y.

An Education Without Cash

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for a little work done in leisure hours. You select the school — we pay the bills. If you are interested, send a line addressed to

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

CHEVY CHASE COLLEGE AND SEMINARY

A Home School for Young Ladies. Campus of ten acres. New Addition and gymnasium. Special advantages in Music, Art, Elocution and Domestic Science. Healthful location and pure artesian water. Terms reasonable. Address

S. N. BARKER, Lock Drawer 841, Washington, D. C.

Blees Military Academy

MACON, MO. $600,000 plant. Modern, fireproof buildings, especially designed for College preparatory, Business and Physical training. 18 Instructors for 110 boys.

Col. Geo. R. Burnett, LL. B., A. M.,
Box 114 Macon, Missouri (West Point '80 Sup't

Bethel Military Academy. Near Warrenton, Virginia.

Fifty miles from Washington. Unsurpassed location. Prepares for Business, Universities and Government Academies. Excellent record for 43 years. Individual attention. Charges $275. For illust'd catalogue, address Col. Wm. M. Kemper, Supt.

LAW

The DETROIT COLLEGE OF LAW prepares for the bar in all states. Library 16,000 vols. Students may witness 20 courts in daily session. Our Employment Bureau aids self-supporting students. Illustrated Catalog FREE

Address Malcolm McGregor, Sec., Dept. C, Detroit, Michigan.

The Chambersburg Academy For Boys

110th Year. Thorough preparation for any college or technical school. Distinctly a *home* school. Individual instruction. TERMS, $275 PER YEAR. For catalog address

D. Edgar Rice, M. A., Principal, Box 204, Chambersburg, Pa.

WHAT SCHOOL? We Can Help You Decide

Catalogues and reliable information concerning all schools and colleges furnished without charge. (State kind of school.) American School & College Agency
1040 41 Park Row, New York, or, 340 Manhattan Bldg, Chicago

Grand River Institute,

AUSTINBURG, OHIO. Founded 1831. Oldest boarding school in Ohio. Co-educational. College Preparatory, Music, Business and Art Courses. Large endowment. Tuition, room and board only $130 per year. For catalogue, address
O. J. LUETHI, Prin., Drawer 6

The Yeates School Lancaster, Pa. A new site on Main Line P. R. R. New ¼ mile cinder track (220 yds. straight). New gym. with swimming pool, golf, tennis, rifle range, canoeing and boating on our own grounds. Complete scientific and classical preparatory course. Send for Illustrated Register. F. GARDINER, A. M. (Harvard)

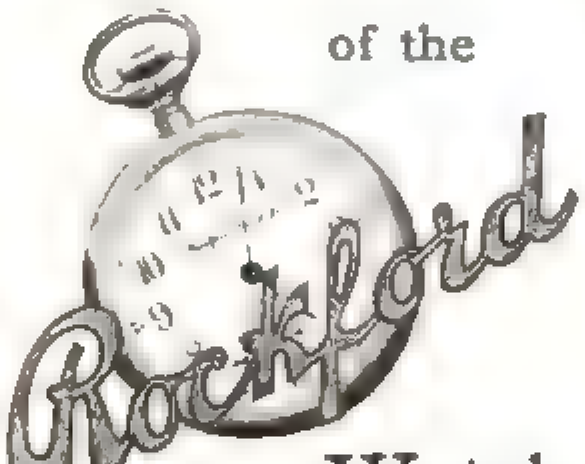
The Pratt Teachers' Agency

70 Fifth Ave., N. Y. Positions in public and private schools and colleges procured for teachers. Parents advised about schools.
Write for particulars. Wm. O. Pratt, Mgr.

Missouri Military Academy

Prepares for the best. Educates the whole boy. Slights nothing. Choice associates. Perfect health. Lovely 100-acre Campus, with lake and stream and shady lawns, for all kinds of manly sports. The ideal school-home for nice boys. Apply early. Col. W. D. FONVILLE, Box A-5, Mexico, Mo.

The Permanent Adjustment of the



Watch

Gives True Time for a Lifetime

It is positive, exact and never-failing — this marvel of science is described in an interesting way in the handsome watch book "The Flight of Time," illustrated here.

Send for this Book

The Flight of Time

It will tell you how to get a correct watch at a correct price. We'll see that you get it.

Rockford Watch Co.
Rockford, Ill.

A Fisherman's Rod reveals the man — determines the kind of fish he is likely to take. To capture fish that fight — the other sort don't count — you need a good rod strong yet willowy; light and responsive. It ought to be neat, compactly built long lived. But all this is a roundabout way of saying "BRISTOL."

"Bristol" STEEL RODS

Guaranteed for three years — look for our trade mark on the reel seat.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOG FREE.

The Horton Manufacturing Company
86 Horton Street, Bristol, Conn., U. S. A.

WURLITZER
BAND
INSTRUMENTS

We Supply the U. S. Government.

Prices Cut in Half

to introduce. Our large new 80 page Band Instrument text book B. Sent Free. Write to-day

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
172 E. 4th St., Cincinnati; or
266 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill

"WEDDING RECORD"

A booklet every newly married couple should have to send to friends as a Souvenir of their Wedding Day. Has [illegible] lavender [illegible] names of Bride, Bridegroom, Bridesmaids, Best Man, Date of Wedding, Newspaper Clippings, etc., etc., besides having a pocket for holding the Wedding Picture.

Sample sent postpaid for 25 cents.

BURGMEIER BOOK BINDERY, Chicago, Illinois

Let me sell Your Patent

My book based upon 16 years experience as a Patent Sales [illegible]. Patent sales exclusively. If you have a Patent for sale call on or write

WILLIAM E. HOYT
Patent Sales Specialist
290 P Broadway N. Y. City

10 Gillette Blades 25c.

Send 10 dull blades with 25c silver. 2c each for extra blades. We resharpen better than new and return in neat case for future use.

Chemical Steel Co., 7 W. Madison St., Chicago

chief difficulty seemed to be that the boys had started out too late in the day. People had received bananas from the grocer or had purchased from the Italian pedlers. I then had the boys try the following plan, which proved most successful:

Each boy solicits orders after school in the neighborhood of his own home and reports to me over 'phone the number of dozen sold. In this way I know exactly how many bananas I will need before sending in my order. Next morning, before school, the boys deliver the bananas.

The boys are now selling on an average of one hundred and twenty dozen per day.

—F. F. M.

Making the Handbill Pay its Way

FOR three years past I have been earning several hundred dollars each year in addition to my income as a public stenographer by doing novel advertising work for the local merchants

Our city of fifty thousand people is located in the centre of a rich agricultural county. Last year, between the first of December and the first of April, forty-five auction sales were held among the farmers of our county. These sales are advertised by distributing handbills announcing the date of sale, the stock, implements and other articles to be sold, the location of owner's farm, where the sale is to be held, the terms of sale and the free lunch at noon.

It occurred to me that the sale-bill furnished an ideal advertising medium for the merchant who wished to reach the farmer. For sale-bills always interest the farmer. He reads them carefully, often preserves them and refers to them several times before they are finally destroyed. It also occurred to me that the person holding a sale would be interested in having his sale advertised as widely as possible, and would gladly entertain a proposition to have one of his sale-bills placed in the hands of every farmer in the county at a very small cost to him

I secured from the auctioneers a list of all the sales to be held in our county, which gave me the address of sellers and date of sales. I wrote to six farmers who were to hold sales in the near future, requesting that they call at my office.

Every one of them called, and I explained to each my proposition, which was this: I would agree to have printed two thousand bills advertising the sale, and would agree to mail one bill to each of two thousand farmers within the county, for ten dollars and the privilege of using the margins of each bill for advertising purposes. The agreement specified the size of bill and the breadth of margin I might devote to advertising.

I demonstrated to each that, should he undertake to mail out two thousand sale-bills without receiving advertising, it would cost him thirty-one dollars.

In addition to this amount, I explained, there would be the work and expense of addressing and stamping the envelopes, folding the bills, and inserting them in the envelopes

My proposition was eagerly accepted by five of the number, who were glad to turn over their advertising to me at such a reasonable figure.

I then began selling space to merchants. I pointed out to them the value of the sale-bill as an advertising medium. I called attention to the fact that the sale-bill had never before been used by the merchants for advertising purposes, and would, therefore, attract much attention.

My proposition to place a merchant's ad. on two thousand sale-bills and mail one bill to each of two thousand farmers within the county for ten dollars was well received. I had little trouble in selling all my space at this price. The printers agreed to print ten thousand bills for me at three dollars per thousand. I spent twenty dollars for postage and three dollars for two thousand large envelopes. While the bills were being printed I stamped and addressed the envelopes.

When the bills were out I inserted five of them (one of each kind) in each envelope. Each envelope with bills inserted weighed much less than two ounces—the amount of printed matter that may be sent for one cent.

From this advertising venture I realized in clear profit forty-seven dollars. Six times within four months I repeated this plan, and my total profits during that time amounted to three hundred and fifteen dollars.

—T. M. K.

Beauties of the Orient

You may have traveled through France, Italy and all Europe, to Cuba, Florida and California, and glorious trips they were—but have you seen

Japan and China?

With every nook and corner permeated with the mysticism of their centuries old civilization—with their odd customs, beautiful gardens, cities, shrines and temples, they offer an endless variety of unique attractions.

Your trip will be a delightful one if made on the mammoth Steamship "Minnesota" following the mild Japan Current from Seattle to the Orient. Illustrated folder descriptive of trip mailed on request. Address any representative of the GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY, NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY, or

Great Northern Steamship Co.

W. C. THORN, Trav. Pass. Agt., 209 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.
W. A. ROSS, Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agt., Seattle, Wash.
A. L. CRAIG, General Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minnesota
BOSTON, 201 Washington St. and 207 Old South Bldg.
NEW YORK, [illegible] Broadway
PHILADELPHIA - 836 and 711 Chestnut St
CHICAGO - 220 and 208 South Clark St

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY
1 Washington Street, Amsterdam, N. Y.

TRADE MARK

"Porosknit"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Summer Underwear

is common-sense underwear for a common-sense age. **It cools your body** by flooding it with air.

¶ The holes in the fabric **let your body breathe**, cause the perspiration to dry immediately, expel all offensive odors through the air spaces, keep you **cool, clean and comfortable.** Elastic, durable, wears long and washes well. Totally unlike any other fabric

"Porosknit" is the ideal summer underwear for men. Ask your dealer and look for the label. If he can't supply you, write us for a free sample of the fabric and our deeply interesting booklet, "**Inside Information.**"

The Rapid

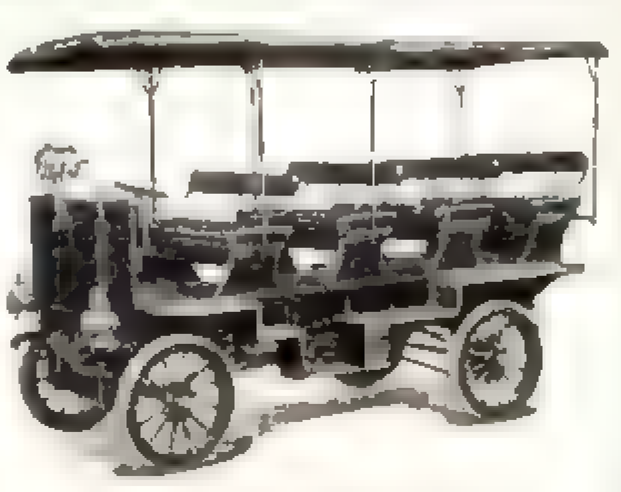
Commercial Power Wagons

Are You Interested in Sight-seeing Cars?

[illegible] to 25 passengers, and present a handsome [illegible] private investment. Prices from $1,800 to $4,000

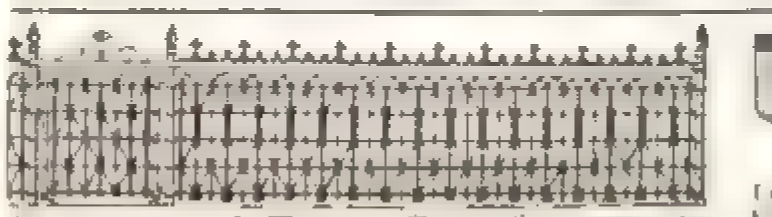
Write me today for our catalogue which illustrates all types of commercial motor cars. We make special bodies to fit your requirements. Every car guaranteed for one year

R. A. HENRY, Sales Manager,
RAPID MOTOR VEHICLE CO., Pontiac, Mich., U. S. A.



"Rapid" 12 Passenger Sight-Seeing Car, Price $1,800

See our Exhibit at the Jamestown Exhibition and have a demonstration



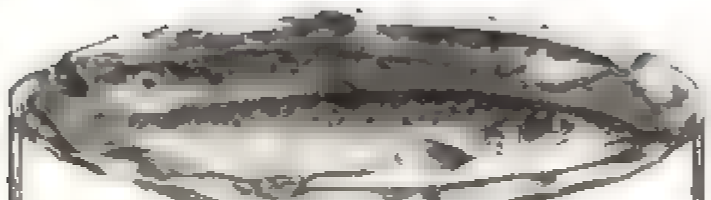
Ornamental Fence Cheaper than wood for lawns, churches and cemeteries—also heavy steel picket fence—sold direct to consumer. Catalogue Free. WARD FENCE CO., Box 90, Marion, Ind.

KANAWHA BOATS AND FRAMES

25 ft SPEED HULL COMPLETE K D $55 Frame $30

[illegible] Catalog Free

KANAWHA BOAT MFG CO Box P WELLSBURG W VA



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FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

PLAYERS: PAST AND PRESENT

(Concluded from Page 17)

and felicities of her acting, cannot impart much more than the outline or vague image of a lovely person, who possessed the exceptional power of converting romantic and poetic ideals into actual human beings. The service that she rendered to the stage and society, the service that made her remarkable while she was living and that makes her memorable now, was her supremely true and deeply affecting interpretation of some of the most beautiful conceptions of human character and conduct that poetic genius has ever evolved.

A Four-Shilling Salary

Fortune, as the Latin poet long ago melodiously observed, is capricious—sometimes giving the garland where least expected, and sometimes suddenly snatching it away. On the occasion of a professional visit to Birmingham, soon after the beginning of her career, the actress received four shillings as her share of the profits of her engagement. Four years later, by acting for six nights at that same theatre, she cleared four hundred pounds. Long afterward, relating that incident, she declared that she would rather act to a shilling and win the hearts of her audience, than obtain thousands of dollars and be coldly received.

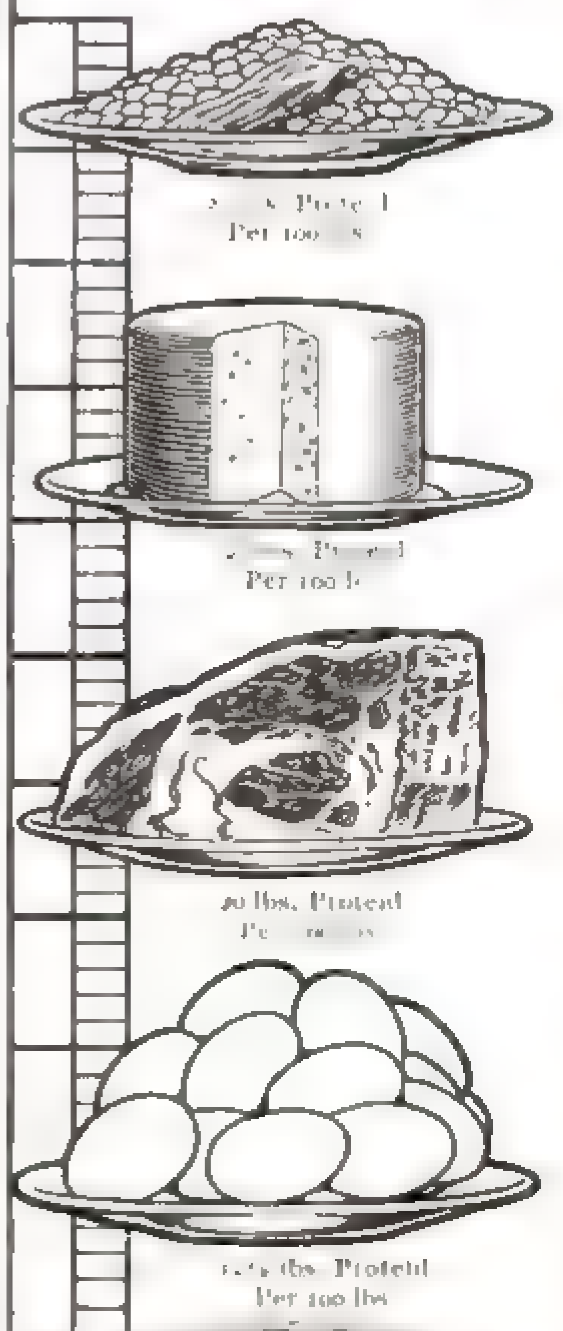
She sailed from New York on July 28, 1880, and, after a brief stay in London, proceeded to Paris, on her way to the south of France. Her intention had been made known to visit Nice. To all outward appearance her sky was then cloudless, her pathway was strewn with roses, and Fate was leading her toward a happy home. Far otherwise proved the event. On a sweet and tranquil August morning she went for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne, where she was stricken with illness, and where, almost immediately, she died. There is, or some years ago there was, in a little room on the second floor of a cabaret, not far from the main entrance to that park, a slab of white marble, affixed to the wall, bearing the grim record that here died the famous English actress, Adelaide Neilson. On the cross above her grave in London these words are written: "Gifted and Beautiful—Resting."

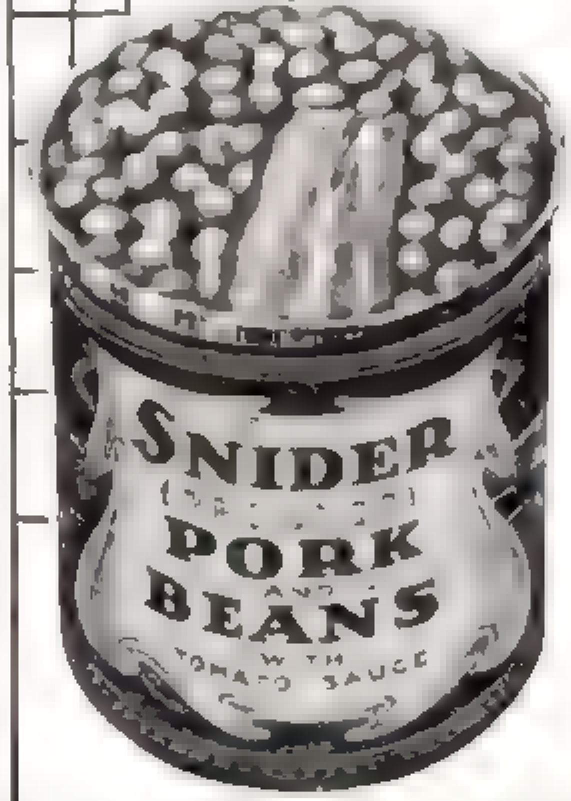
Players Dead and Gone

That cemetery of Brompton in which her ashes repose is perhaps more eloquent than any other kindred spot of dramatic genius passed away. Scores of names that shine in the written records of the drama can there be read upon memorial stones. The pilgrim musing among those solemn monuments and in the stillness and gloom of that dreary solitude, when he recalls the many scenes of splendid life and of proud and joyous triumph in which those creatures of fancy once lived and moved, is irresistibly admonished of the frailty of mortal achievement, the emptiness of mortal ambition, and the evanescence of mortal renown. Even so the present historian, musing over his memories of the gentle, lovely, friendly players whom he has known, the men and women, once so bright and strong, so noble and so beautiful, whose faces are darkened now, and whose voices are silent in this world forever, can but feel how imperfect are his tributes, how impossible it is to save, in words, the light of their eyes, the music of their tones, the glorious vitality with which they thrilled into being the finest creations of poetic genius, and made the actor's most supreme art coincident with the poet's most supreme thought. But he has written of them, in these columns (with two exceptions the actors whom he has thus commemorated are dead and gone), with admiration for their virtues, with tenderness for their faults (by no person better known), with reverence for their memory, and with a very humble sense of his own unworthiness to attempt a labor so important and so solemn as the right estimation of those who can nevermore speak for themselves, and, therewithal, the analysis and celebration of some of the noblest types of genius that have illumined and adorned our age. He can only hope that his sincere endeavor has not been made altogether in vain.

Editor's Note—This is the tenth and last of the series of reminiscences of Mr. Winter of Players: Past and Present.

Beans, and Cheese,—Richest of Body-Builders





CHEESE or Beans when eaten in quantity are, to many people, quite indigestible.

But Beans, *when "Snider-Processed"* are made *very* digestible.

Observe that it is the *Fat* in Cheese, surrounding its Proteids with a waterproof covering that the Digestive Fluids of the stomach cannot easily penetrate, which makes Cheese indigestible.

And, it is the *close texture* of Beans which makes *them* largely impervious to the Digestive Juices.

But,—it's different when Beans are "*Snider-Processed.*"

That process of cooking renders them porous and absorbent while as rich in body-building *Proteid* as the best English Stilton Cheese and *without* its handicap of *Fat*.

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And no *other* food, at even twice or three times their cost contains so *much* available Proteid (tissue-Builder) as Beans, *when "Snider-Processed."*

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Buy a tin of "Snider-Process" Pork & Beans today.

Cut it open before heating it, and note that *every* Bean in it is found *whole*, cream-colored, and perfect to the eye, instead of split, "busted," soupy, and discolored, like other kinds of Pork & Beans.

Taste them and you'll find "Snider-Process" Beans mellow, smooth, and cheesy to the tooth, while deliciously fine in flavor, with that tart-sweet, appetizing, piquancy of the peerless Snider Tomato Catsup with which they are generously surrounded.

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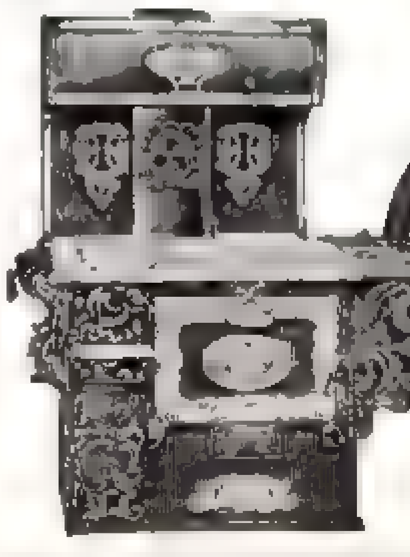

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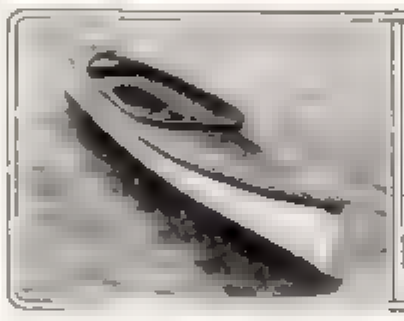

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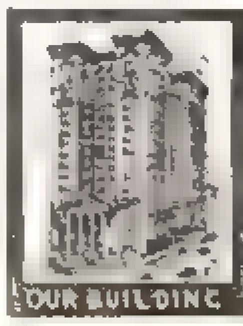

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Owners of Original Patents

THE BROKEN CIRCUIT

(Continued from Page 15)

I looked at the woman with the charlotte russe cap.

"How long have I been here?" I asked.

"Longer than you'd imagine," she answered quietly.

"You mean *weeks?*" I demanded.

She did not deny it. Instead she smoothed my pillows for me.

"You must not talk. You have to stay quiet, very quiet."

I had to stay quiet, I told myself. And I must have been asleep again before I knew it. For when I awakened two men were talking over my bed.

"This is the Bromig case," said the more guttural voice—"the most confoundedly pertinacious specimen since *I've* been here! A compound fracture of the humerus, a messed-up costal cartilage, three ribs out of business, head contusions, and more lacerations than you could shake a stick at! Then Bromig bumped into some old skull depression when he had him on the table!"

"You mean he trephined?" asked the higher-noted voice casually.

"Yes. You know how Bromig does love to house-clean when he gets a head like that!"

"So did the Peruvians in the valley of Yucay!"

"Oh, I know trepanning is prehistoric enough, but it's the psychology of the thing that bothers me! If we haven't got hold of as neat a case of disintegrated personality ——"

I opened my eyes and looked up at the figure leaning over me, with a frown.

"*Hello*, Mister Man!" said the guttural-voiced stranger, a little startled. There was something about his over-friendly intimacy that I resented.

"I don't know you!" I told him testily. It angered me to feel that my voice was nothing more than a whine.

"But I know *you!*" retorted the stranger cheerily. "And what's more, I like you. I can't help admire you."

And he stood there wagging his head at me. He irritated me, so I closed my eyes. Then I suddenly remembered something, and opened them again.

"Who's handling my division?" I asked, in sudden terror.

The two men looked at each other. I could see them draw closer to the bed.

"What *is* your division?" one of them asked me. I had to think hard for a minute or two.

"The Middle Division."

"And what does that include?" he suggested.

"Everything between Hamilton and the Detroit River, with the tunnel thrown in—everything going over that line from MacGuigan's special to the Komoka gravel empties!"

Again the two men looked at each other foolishly, and the shorter man began wagging his head once more gleefully.

"Train-dispatcher!" I heard him whisper to the other man. He said it as though there were something marvelous in such a discovery.

"Tell us what you remember about that division," he suggested, letting his fingers drop casually to my wrist, which they held for a minute or two.

"But is somebody on my key?" I insisted. I knew what it might mean—my being away.

"Everything's looked after," he assured me.

"Tell us how this key trouble began," broke in the other man, a little impatiently.

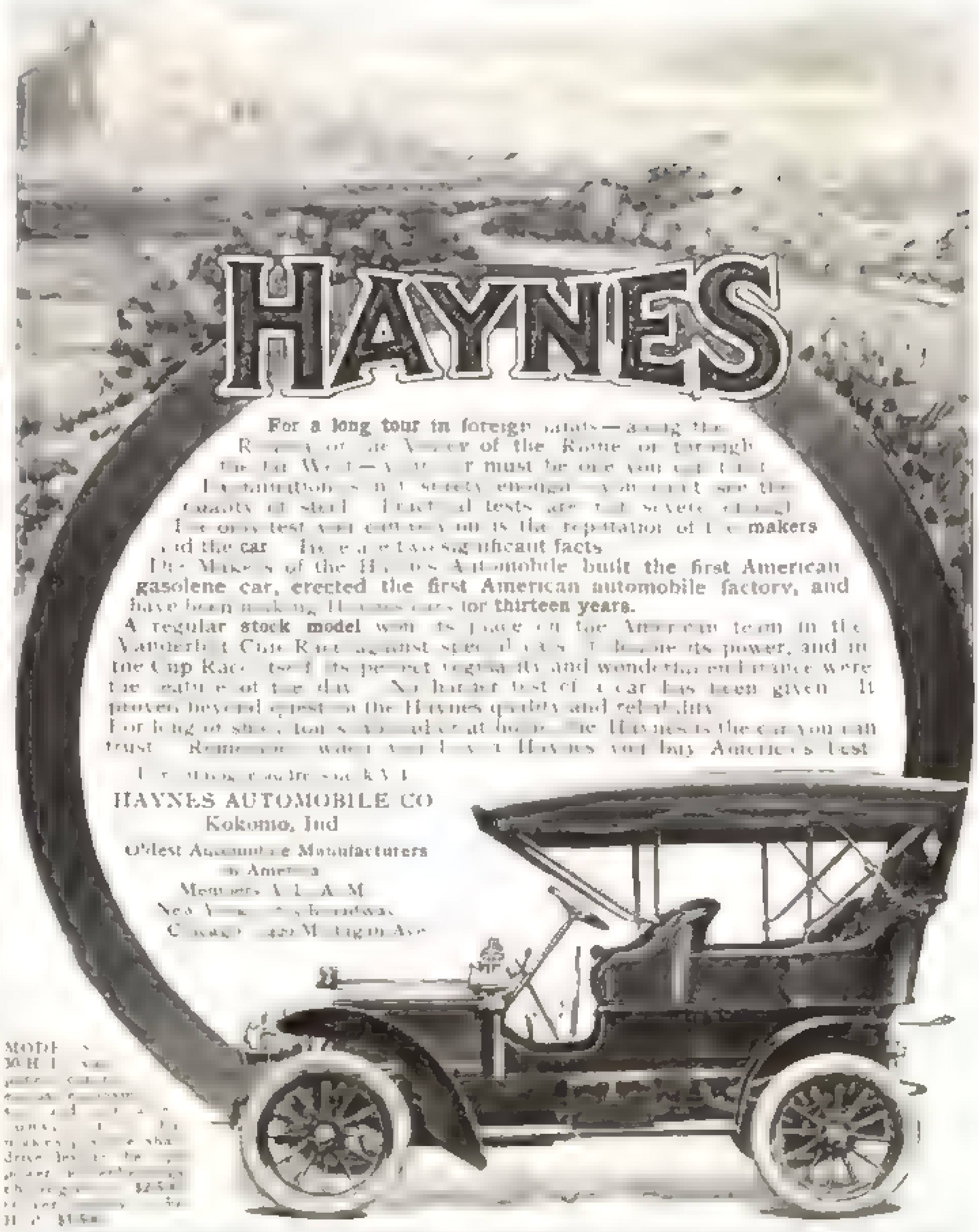
I lay there thinking. It came back to me very slowly.

"Why, I switched from the Flint and Pere Marquette and jumped over to the Grand Trunk. First I was at Strathroy, on the tunnel division, then they gave me a station at Chatham. Then they put me up at the Komoka Junction gravel-pits, to keep things straight when the double-tracking mess began. They knew I wanted to get on; they saw I was ready to *eat* hard work, and that I could do good, clean operating. So they boosted me up to night-dispatcher at London 'The Little'."

"And ——?" prompted my questioner.

I had to stop, and think hard.

"Oh, yes!—The same night the boys wired that promotion down to my little wooden side station by the gravel-pit, a



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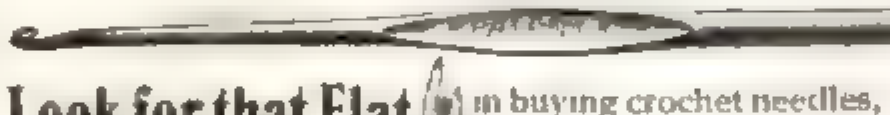

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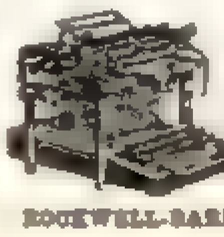

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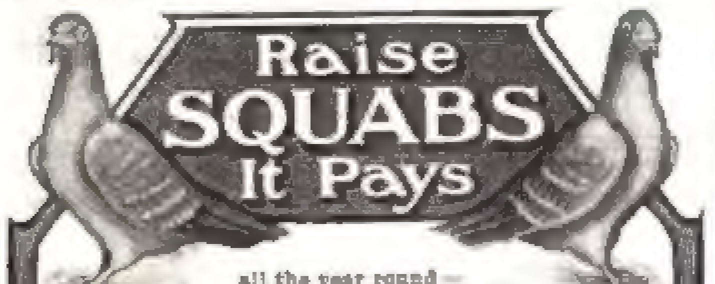

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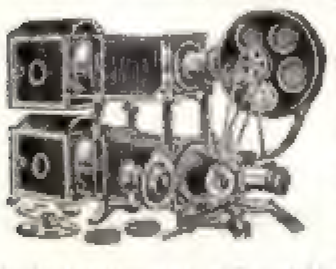

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hobo who'd dropped off a C. & G. T. beef car raided my ticket-office till. We had it hot and heavy — that tramp and me — all over the plantation!

"We fought like wildcats. He pounded me on the head with a coupling-pin, but I stuck to him, and a track-walker came in and helped me tie him down. . . . The division superintendent read the story somewhere. He told the boys I was the right stuff and that he was going to push me. Seven weeks after he'd given me the night-dispatching at London he made me chief day-dispatcher for the whole Middle Division. They were still balled up with their double-tracking. And the new night-operator couldn't keep the pace. So I jumped in an hour or two earlier, and got away an hour or two later. My head began bothering me a little, where that yeggman had hit me. Then I got so I couldn't sleep. Then I remember pounding the brass like mad one night, and it struck me as funny, and I began to laugh!

"Then the man on the wire beside me looked up at me and listened to my 'send.' Then he made one leap, and screamed for help. I can remember that plainly. 'The wire — the wire!' he hollered. 'Get him off the wire! He's gone crazy — he's throwing number eleven head-on into twenty-one!'"

One of the men stirred uneasily. Then he turned and motioned for a passing nurse.

"For the love of Heaven, get Bromig here!" said the other man, looking about. Then he turned back and motioned for me to go on.

"I can remember they got me away and quieted down, and then cut in on every wire they could get hold of, trying to save those two trains. I remember Miller, the new night-man. He sat down and bawled when they wired in it was all right, and number eleven with her five sleepers was sidetracked at Glencoe."

"And what came after that?" asked one of the men.

I lay there thinking. There was nothing after that. And I was tired.

"What then?" demanded the guttural voice again.

"Then I woke up here," I told him peevishly. The man was rubbing his hips with the palms of his hands joyously.

"Won't Bromig wallow in this?" he murmured mysteriously. "Seven whole years — seven years of being *somebody else* — seven years of crawling around with a broken soul that was never properly set, and then to have the thing *broken and reset as straight as a die!*"

I was too tired to listen to his maunderings. I wanted to sleep.

"But which *one* of him is going to live?" asked the thin-noted voice, in what seemed an awed whisper.

"The right one!" exulted the other man. Something in his voice made me open my eyes again. He had stepped back, and was motioning toward a girl in furs, who stood at the door with an armful of roses.

I closed my eyes and opened them again, for the girl was leaning over the bed, looking down at me. She seemed to know me. She seemed nearer to me, in some way, than the others in that place of aching whiteness.

I looked up at her for a long, long time. But, try as I might, I could not remember. I shut my eyes tight, and once more tried to think.

"Don't you know me? Don't you remember?" asked the girl, bending lower over the bed. She seemed hurt. Her voice quavered a little.

"Can't you remember that day you helped ——"

She broke off and drew back, wounded in spirit, I felt.

"Try your name!" suggested the doctor beside her, in a whisper.

"I'm Margaret Shaler — Can't you even remember *that?*" she asked, a little forlornly.

"No," I told her.

Then I wondered why my hand that lay outside the coverlet was wet. I looked at it. They were tears. The girl leaning over the bed was crying, for some reason, against her will. I could feel her hand creep into mine.

Our two hands lay together, the one clutching and holding the other. I scarcely knew why, but it made me feel very happy. It made me hope for life again. It seemed to send a current of something warm and mysterious through all my body as I fell asleep. But I felt sorry I could not remember.

(THE END)

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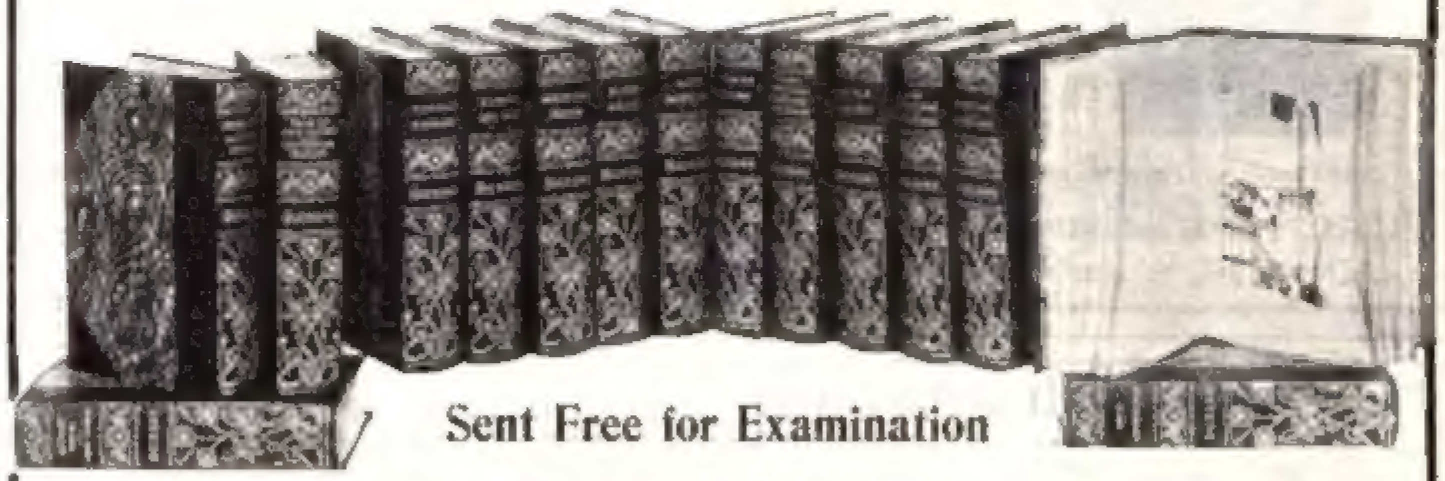

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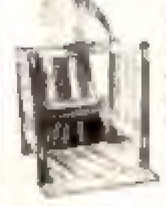

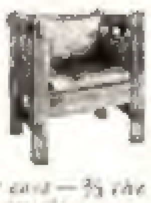

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(P)

A SIX-CYLINDER COURTSHIP

(Continued from Page 6)

sure that he would never, wittingly, pour water into my gasoline. Hadn't I got him into the Amsterdam Club, the hardest club to make in New York? Wasn't I the best friend he had in the world? Besides, it might be that he and Marian were not conscious of ever having seen each other before last night. One always looks so different in the evening.

Logically, then, I had every reason to be optimistic. Actually, however, I became more and more despondent.

Then the telephone bell rang, and I heard myself telling Collins, in a mournful voice, that I was out of town, as usual, which interesting information was repeated into the ear of Mrs. Larkin-Pryor's maid.

An hour later it occurred to me that I was an egregious imbecile not to hunt up Jimmie Redmond and learn my fate direct. After all, there was nothing in the world so trying as uncertainty. I rang for Collins.

"Get Mr. Redmond on the wire, please."

Collins tried six numbers before he met with any success, and even then his success consisted in the very unsatisfactory announcement that "Mr. Redmond had left early that morning for Westchester County."

Was there ever anything more exasperating? Here I was a languishing prisoner, while Jimmie was foozling and driving into bunkers out-of-doors! Or, perhaps he was lifting one of Wallie Stuart's sprung-kneed hunters over a three-foot fence, in mad cry after an evil-smelling anise-bag.

At half-past six I went for a walk, intending to return in half an hour, dress, and go to the club for dinner. It was delightful out-of-doors; just the night for a run, with dinner on a balcony overlooking the Hudson. As I strolled up the avenue, I half resolved to telephone from one of the big hotels near Fifty-ninth Street, and have my car meet me there, trusting to luck to pick up a dinner-companion at the club.

At Fifty-ninth Street I wavered uncertainly. Should I telephone, or shouldn't I? An automobile glided past me, making toward the Park. It was a stunning big automobile, red like mine—the same make as mine. By George, it was mine! "33756 N. Y.!" That was my number swinging at the rear. What did it mean?

Surprise and uncertainty melted into rage. I'd teach them to let my car out without my knowledge! I'd fix that rascally chauffeur! I'd show them they couldn't trifle with William Snowden, Esq. I'd see to it that every owner of every car in the garage should hear of this outrage; I'd ruin their business, by George! I'd sue them; I'd make New York too hot to hold them; I'd ——

Hugging the curb, not two feet away, was a car with a "To Hire" sign on it. The very thing!

The chauffeur in my car was plainly bent on turning a dishonest penny. He was going somewhere to pick up a load. But where would he take them?

I jumped into the automobile so fortuitously at hand. "A turn in the Park, then Riverside Drive," I ordered sharply. In a moment we were off.

We dived into the Park—not a sign of my car anywhere. Down West Seventy-second Street, round a corner into the Drive—still no sign. I might miss them altogether now; I probably would. They might be tooting out St. Nicholas Avenue for all I knew. Maybe that miserable chauffeur was taking his sweetheart for a spin. If he was, I could almost forgive him. Lucky fellow, to have a sweetheart to spin with!

We turned from the Drive to circle past a restaurant, and to inspect the half-dozen cars that are usually to be found there. I counted eight, but mine was not among them. Then on we raced.

It was a rickety old car—a rackety old car; one wondered how it managed to go at all. But go it did; over the Viaduct, a turn to the right, up a hill, Amsterdam Avenue for a few blocks, an abrupt turn to the left, two blocks of Broadway, then into the beautiful Boulevard Lafayette. Of course they had come this way! Who would smother in the Park when he could look down upon the Hudson?

The tail lamp of an automobile twinkled in the distance.

"Approach that car," I ordered, "but do not pass it until I give the word."

We gained on it rapidly. Closer and closer we drew, till I could almost make out the numbers at the rear. Closer still—they were *my* numbers! It was *my* car!

"Follow them," I whispered hoarsely.

We followed them for, perhaps, a mile. Suddenly our quarry made a dash. Were they trying to escape? How absurd of me! They were preparing for the steep road, to take it on the high speed.

A car that can take that hill on the high speed is a corker. Mine could, but I had my doubts as to whether the venerable rattletrap in which I was seated could take it in any circumstances.

We managed it on the low gear, with the muffler cut out. Our ascent was slow, a series of gasps and startling explosions.

At the top of the hill I discharged my driver. "You'd better stay round here a while," I suggested. "I can almost guarantee you a load back to town."

A café ahead was ablaze with lights. People were dining on the porches, people were dining inside; there was a hum of voices, an occasional shrill laughter, the sound of clicking glass and popping corks. Avoiding the porches, I followed the path to the stables, where automobiles awaited the pleasure of their masters.

Yes, there was my beauty!

That rascally chauffeur was eating his dinner, with other rascally chauffeurs, in the little dining-room off the kitchen. Should I confront him there, and tax him with his dishonesty? Wouldn't it be better just to take the car and make off with it? That would prolong his agony. It would frighten him to death. By George, I'd do it! Only, how in the deuce was I to do it without a switch-plug?

I hastily examined the other cars. Perhaps, some careless fellow had forgotten to remove his switch-plug. Would you believe it? One had!

It took but a moment to install it, crank my engine and slide out into the road leading to the rear entrance to the grounds, the road that baby two-cylinder cars and sick four-cylinders always travel when coming to this place, thereby avoiding the heart-breaking hill from the Boulevard.

I had fully intended to return the switch-plug, but —— Some one was coming from the house. I glanced over my shoulder. It was a man in an automobile cap.

I suddenly felt like a thief.

"Hey, there!"

I paid no attention. Instead, I shot out into the darkness. There was no shifting of speeds. My car *was* a car! I had started her on the direct drive.

A few pursuing cries—then silence.

Feeling like a reckless Dick Turpin, and tingling with excitement, I skimmed along toward home. What a dashing adventure! I was almost grateful to the chauffeur for stealing my car. No, I wasn't, either. If I were grateful at all, I should be grateful to Jerry Spinner; such a thing could never have happened with him in the garage. But it was Jerry's day off.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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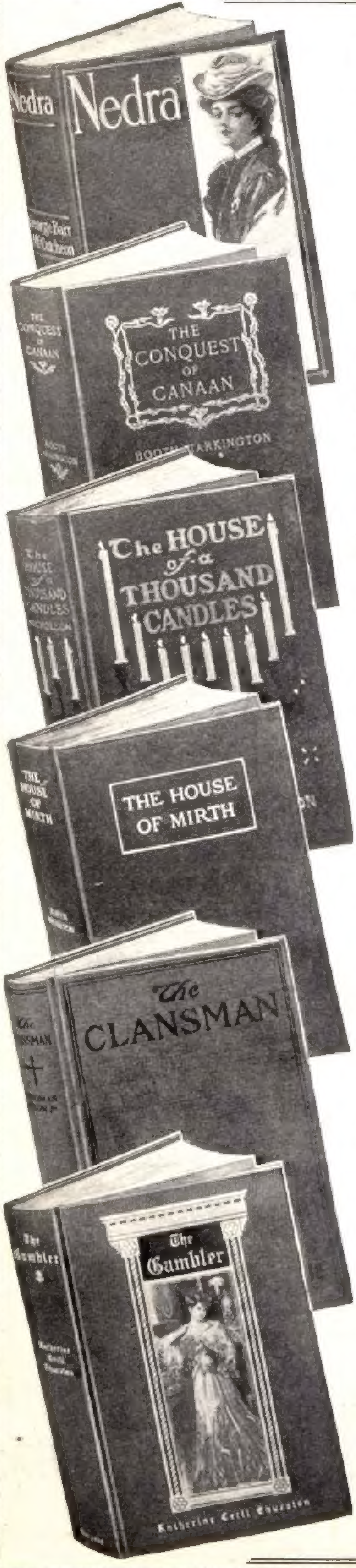
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